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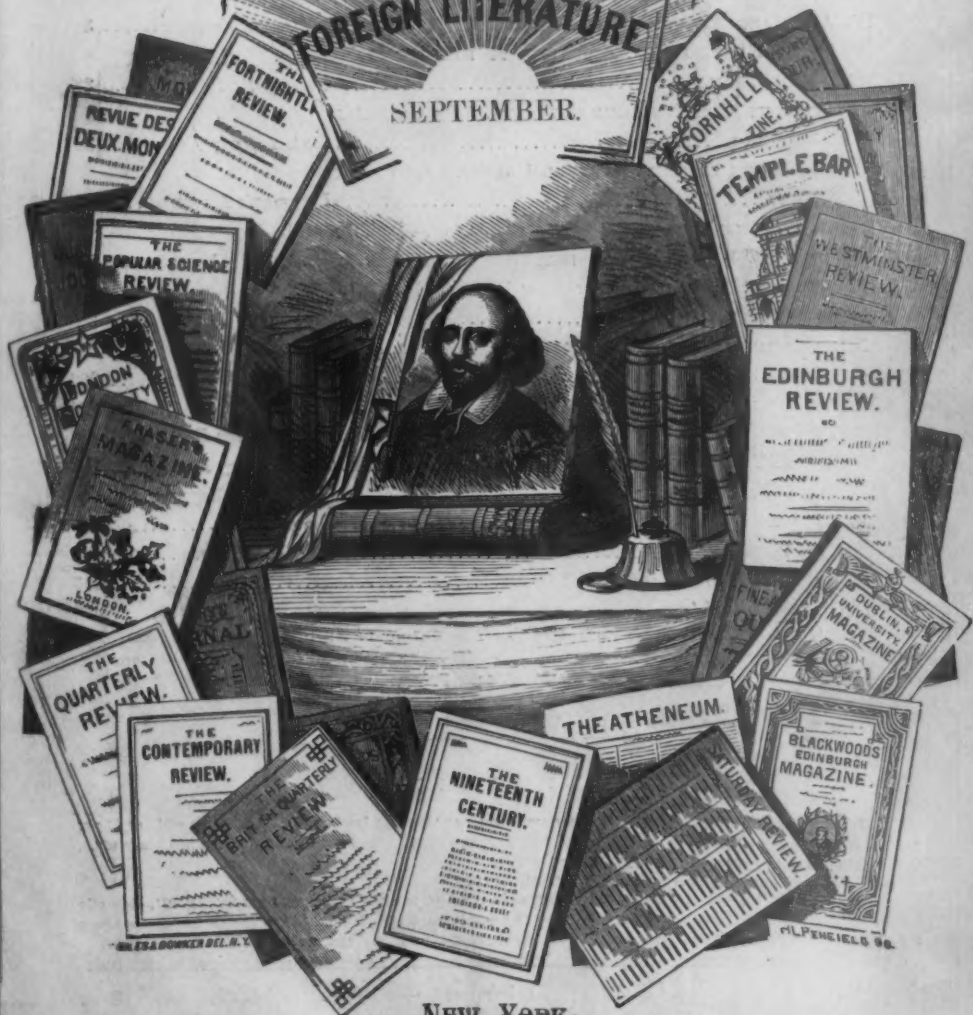
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SEPTEMBER.



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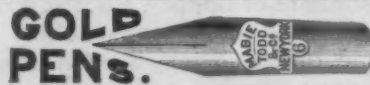
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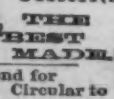
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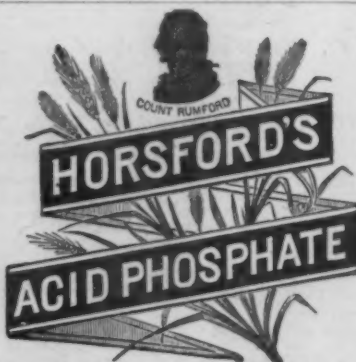
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[COUNT RUMFORD.

BY PROF. JOHN TYNDALL.

ON a bright calm day in the autumn of 1872—that portion of the year called, I believe, in America the Indian summer—I made a pilgrimage to the modest birthplace of Count Rumford, the originator of the Royal Institution. My guide on the occasion was Dr. George Ellis, of Boston, and a more competent guide I could not have had. To Dr. Ellis the American Academy of Arts and Sciences had committed the task of writing a life of Rumford, and this labor of love had been accomplished in 1871, a year prior to my visit to the United States. The name of Rumford was Benjamin Thompson. For thirty years he was the contemporary of another Benjamin, who reached a level of fame as high as his own. Benjamin Franklin and Benjamin Thompson were born within twelve miles of each other, and for six of the thirty years just referred to, the one lived in England and the other

in France. Yet, Dr. Ellis informs us, there is nothing to show that they ever saw each other, or were in any way acquainted with each other, or, indeed, felt the least interest in each other. The name and fame of Rumford, which were resonant in Europe at the beginning of this century, have fallen in England into general oblivion. To scientific men, however, his figure presents itself with singular impressiveness at the present day. This result is mainly due to the establishment, in recent times, of the grand scientific generalization known as the Mechanical Theory of Heat. Boyle, and Hooke, and Locke, and Leibnitz, had already ranged themselves on the side of this theory. But by experiments conducted on a scale unexampled at the time, and by reasonings, founded on these experiments, of singular force and penetration, Rumford has made himself a conspicuous landmark in the history

of the theory. His inference from his experiments was scored in favor of those philosophers who held that heat is a form of motion.

The town of Woburn, connected in my memory with a cultivated companion, with genial sunshine and the bright coloring of American trees, is nine miles distant from the city of Boston. In North Woburn, a little way off, on March 26th, 1753, Rumford was born. He came of people who had to labor for their livelihood, who tilled their own fields, cut their own timber and fuel, worked at their varied trades, and thus maintained the independence of New England yeomen. Thompson's father died before he was two years old. His mother married again, changing her name to Pierce, and had children by her second husband; but the affection between her and her first-born remained strong and unbroken to the end of her life. The boy was placed under the care of guardians, from whom his stepfather, Josiah Pierce, received a weekly allowance of two shillings and fivepence for the child's maintenance. Young Thompson received his first education from Mr. John Fowle, graduate of Harvard College, "an accomplished and faithful man." He also went to a school at Byfield, kept by a relation of his own. At the age of eleven, he was placed for a time under the tuition of Mr. Hill, "an able teacher in Medford," adjoining Woburn. The lad's mind was ever active, and his invention incessantly exercised, but for the most part on subjects besides his daily work. In relation to that work, he came to be regarded as "indolent, flighty, and unpromising." His guardians, at length thinking it advisable to change his vocation, apprenticed him in October, 1776, to Mr. John Appleton, of Salem, an Importer of British goods. Here, however, instead of wooing customers to his master's counter, he occupied himself with tools and implements hidden beneath it. He is reported to have been a skilful musician, passionately fond of music of every kind; and during his stay with Mr. Appleton, whenever he could do so without being heard, he solaced his leisure by performances on the violin.

By the Rev. Thomas Barnard, minis-

ter of Salem, and his son, young Thompson was taught algebra, geometry, and astronomy. By self-practice, he became an able and accurate draughtsman. He did not escape that last infirmity of ingenious minds, the desire to construct a perpetual motion. He breaks ground in physics, by questioning his friend Mr. Baldwin as to the direction pursued by rays of light under certain conditions; he desires to know the cause of the change of color which fire produces in clay. "Please," he adds, "to give the nature, essence, beginning of existence, and rise of the wind in general, with the whole theory thereof so as to be able to answer all questions relative thereto." One might suppose him to be preparing for a competitive examination. He grew expert in drawing caricatures, a spirited group of which has been reproduced by Dr. Ellis. It is called a Council of State, and embraces a jackass with twelve human heads. In 1769, he changed his place in Salem for a situation in a dry goods store in Boston, and soon afterward began the study of medicine under Dr. John Hay, of Woburn.

Thompson keeps a strict account of his debts to Dr. Hay; credits him with a pair of leather gloves; credits Mrs. Hay with knitting him a pair of stockings. These items he tacks on to the more serious cost of his board from December, 1770, to June, 1772, at forty shillings, old currency, per week, amounting to £156. The specie payments of Thompson were infinitesimal, eight of them amounting in the aggregate to £2. His further forms of payment illustrate the habits of the community in which he dwelt. Want of money caused them to fall back upon barter. He debits Dr. Hay with an amusing and diversified list of articles the value of which no doubt had been previously agreed upon between them. The love of order which afterward ruled the actions of the man, was incipient in the boy. At seventeen, he thus spaced out the four and twenty hours of a single day: "From eleven to six, sleep. Get up at six o'clock and wash my hands and face. From six to eight, exercise one half, and study one half. From eight to ten, breakfast, attend prayers, etc. From ten to twelve, study all the time. From

twelve to one, dine, etc. From one to four, study constantly. From four to five, relieve my mind by some diversion or exercise. From five till bedtime, follow what my inclination leads me to; whether it be to go abroad, or stay at home and read either Anatomy, Physic, or Chemistry, or any other book I want to peruse."

In 1771 he managed, by walking daily from Woburn to Cambridge, and back, a distance of some sixteen miles, to attend the lectures on natural philosophy, delivered by Professor Winthrop in Harvard College. He taught school for a short time at Wilmington, and afterward for six weeks and three days at Bradford, where his repute rose so high that he received a call to Concord, a town of New Hampshire, situated higher up than Bradford on the river Merrimac. The Indian name of Concord was, according to Dr. Ellis, Penacook, but Appleton's *Cyclopædia* states it to have been Musquetaquid. Emerson's poem of this title is in harmony with the *Cyclopædia*. In 1733 it had been incorporated as a town in Essex County, Massachusetts. Some of the early settlers in that county had come from our own Essex; and, as regards pronunciation, they carried with them the name of the English Essex town, Rumford, of brewery celebrity. They, however, changed the first *o* into *u*, calling the American town Rumford. Strife had occurred as to the county or State to which Rumford belonged. But the matter was amicably settled at last; and to denote the subsequent harmony, the name was changed from Rumford to Concord. This sweetly quiet spot is historically famous from its being the place where British soldiers first fell in the American war; and within the present century its fame has been enhanced by the life and death of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In later years, when honors fell thick upon him, Thompson was made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. He chose for his title Count Rumford, in memory of his early association with Concord.\*

\* In the autumn of 1872, accompanied by my high-minded friend and relative, General Hector Tyndale, I spent a charming day with Emerson at Concord. Some time previously

In Concord, at the time of Thompson's arrival, there dwelt the widow of a Colonel Rolfe with her infant son. Her husband had died in December, 1771, leaving a large estate behind him. Rumford was indebted to Mrs. Rolfe's father, the Rev. Timothy Walker, for counsel, and to her brother for civility and hospitality. There the widow and teacher met, and their meeting was a prelude to their marriage. Rumford, somewhat ungallantly, told his friend Pictet in after years that she married him rather than he her. She was obviously a woman of decision. As soon as they were engaged, an old curricule, left by her father, was fished up, and, therein mounted, she carried her betrothed to Boston, and committed him to the care of the tailor and hairdresser. This journey involved a drive of sixty miles. On the return they called at the house of Thompson's mother, who, when she saw him, is reported to have exclaimed, "Why, Ben, my son, how could you go and lay out all your winter's earnings in finery?" Thompson was nineteen when he married, his wife being thirty-three.

On two critical occasions in the life of this extraordinary man his appearance on horseback apparently determined the issues of that life. As he rode at a review of the British soldiers at Dover, New Hampshire, on the 13th of November, 1772, his figure attracted the attention of Governor Wentworth, and on the day following he was the great

his house had been destroyed by fire, and while it was rebuilding he occupied the old Manse rendered famous by Hawthorne. He showed us the spot beside the Merrimac, where the first two English soldiers fell, on the 9th of April, 1775. We also saw there the Concord obelisk, marking the ground.

"Where once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world."

We were afterward driven by Emerson himself to Lexington, talking on the way of poets and poetry, and putting science for the time under a bushel. We halted near the Common, so as to enable me to inspect the monument. The inscription contained some strong expressions regarding British aggression. On returning, I remarked that they were all Britons at the time—the colonists being truer Britons than their assailants. It was, in fact, Essex against Essex; and when I spoke of the undesirability of embalming in bitter words the memory of a family quarrel, Emerson smilingly assented.

man's guest. So impressed was Wentworth with his conversation that he at once made up his mind to attach him to the public service. To secure this wise end he adopted unwise means. "A vacancy having occurred in a majorship in the Second Provincial Regiment of New Hampshire, Governor Wentworth at once commissioned Thompson to fill it;" thus placing him over the heads of veterans with infinitely stronger claims. He rapidly became a favorite with the governor, and on his proposing, soon after his appointment, to make a survey of the White Mountains, Wentworth not only fell in with the idea, but promised, if his public duties permitted, to take part in the survey himself. At the time when he exercised this influence, Thompson was not quite twenty years old.

Through official un wisdom, unhappily not confined to that age, the ferment of discontent with the legislation of the mother country had spread in 1774 throughout the colony. Clubs and committees were formed which often compelled men to take sides before the requisite data for forming a clear judgment had been obtained. "Our candor," says Dr. Ellis, "must persuade us to allow that there were reasons, or at least prejudices and apprehensions which might lead honest and right-hearted men, lovers and friends of their birthland, to oppose the rising spirit of independence as inflamed by demagogues, and as foreboding discomfiture and mischief." Thompson became "suspect." He was known to be on friendly terms with Governor Wentworth; but then the governor, when he gave Thompson his commission, was highly popular in the province. Prior to his accession to office Wentworth had strongly opposed every measure of Great Britain which was regarded as encroaching upon the liberties of the colonists. He thought himself, nevertheless, in duty bound to stand by the royal authority when it was openly defied; and this naturally rendered him obnoxious.

"There was something," says Dr. Ellis, "exceedingly humiliating and degrading to a man of an independent and self-respecting spirit in the conditions imposed at times by the 'Sons of Liberty,' in the process of cleansing

himself from the taint of Toryism." Human nature is everywhere the same, and to protect a cherished cause these "sons of liberty" sometimes adopted the tactics of the papal inquisition. Sullen defiance was the attitude of Thompson, and public feeling grew day by day more exasperated against him. In the summer of 1774, he foiled his accusers before a committee appointed to inquire into his conduct. The acquittal, however, gave him but little relief, and extra-judicial plots were formed against him. The Concord mob resolved at length to take the matter into their own hands. One day they collected round his house, and with hoots and yells demanded that he should be delivered up to them. Having got wind of the matter, he escaped in time; and on the assurance of Mrs. Thompson and her brother Colonel Walker that he had quitted Concord the mob dispersed. "To have tarried at Concord," he writes to his father-in-law at this time, "and have stood another trial at the bar of the populace would doubtless have been attended with unhappy consequences, as my innocence would have stood me in no stead against the prejudices of an enraged infatuated multitude—and much less against the determined villainy of my inveterate enemies, who strive to raise their popularity on the ruins of my character."

He returned to his mother's house in Woburn, where he was joined by his wife and child. While they were with him, shots were exchanged and blood was shed at Concord and Lexington. Thompson was at length arrested, and confined in Woburn. A "Committee of Correspondence" was formed to inquire into his conduct. He conducted his own defence, and was again acquitted. The committee, however, refused to make the acquittal a public one, lest, it was alleged, it should offend those who had sought for a conviction. Despair and disgust took possession of him more and more. In a long letter addressed to his father-in-law from Woburn, he defends his entire course of conduct. His principal offence was probably negative; for silence at the time was deemed tantamount to antagonism. During a brief period of farming, he had had working for him some



deserters from the British army in Boston. These he persuaded to go back, and this was urged as a crime against him. He defended himself with spirit, declaring, after he had explained his motives, that if this action were a crime, he gloried in being a criminal. He had made up his mind to quit a country which had treated him so ill; devoutly wishing, "that the happy time may soon come when I may return to my family in peace and safety, and when every individual in America may sit down under his own vine and under his own fig tree, and have none to make him afraid." On October 13th, 1775, he quitted Woburn, reached the shore of Narragansett Bay where he went on board a British frigate. In this vessel he was conveyed to Boston, where he remained until the town was evacuated by the British troops. The news of this catastrophe was carried by him to England. Thenceforward, till the close of the war, he was on the English side.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Thompson was the readiness with which he caught the manners and fell into the ways of great people. This quality probably connects itself with that "over-love of splendor" which his friend Baldwin ascribes to him. On the English side the American War was begun, continued, and ended, in ignorance. Blunder followed blunder, and defeat followed defeat, until knowledge which ought to have been ready at the outset came too late. Thompson for a time was the vehicle of such belated knowledge. He was immediately attached to the Colonial Office, then ruled over by Lord George Germain. Cuvier, in his "Eloge," thus described his first interview with that Minister. "On this occasion by the clearness of his details and the gracefulness of his manners, he insinuated himself so far into the graces of Lord George Germain that he took him into his employment." With Lord George he frequently breakfasted, dined, and supped, and was occasionally his guest in the country. At Stoneland Lodge, the residence of Lord George, his celebrated experiments on gunpowder began. He was a 'born experimentalist,' handy, ingenious, full of devices to meet practical needs. He turned his

attention to improvements in military matters; devised and procured the adoption of bayonets for the fuses of the Horse Guards, to be used in fighting on foot. The results of his experiments on gunpowder were communicated to Sir Joseph Banks. He soon became intimate with Sir Joseph, and in 1779, he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society.

When the war had become hopeless, many of the exiles who had been true to the Royalist cause came to England, where Thompson's official position imposed on him the duty of assuaging their miseries and adjusting their claims. Though no evidence exists "that he failed to do in any case what duty and friendliness required of him," he did not entirely escape the censure of his outlawed fellow countrymen. One of them in particular had been a judge in Salem when Thompson was a shop-boy in Appleton's store. Judge Curwen complained of his fair appearance and uncandid behavior. He must have keenly felt the singular reversal in their relations. "This young man," says the judge, "when a shop-lad to my next neighbor, ever appeared active, good-natured, and sensible; by a strange concurrence of events, he is now Under-Secretary to the American Secretary of State, Lord George Germain, a Secretary to Georgia, Inspector of all the clothing sent to America, and Lieutenant Colonel Commandant of Horse Dragoons, at New York; his income from these sources is, I have been told, near £7000\* a year—a sum infinitely beyond his most sanguine expectations."

As the prospects of the war darkened, Thompson's patron became more and more the object of attack. The people had been taxed in vain. England was entangled in Continental war, and it became gradually recognized that the subjugation of the colony was impossible. To Thompson's credit, be it recorded, he showed no tendency to desert the cause he had espoused, when he found it to be a failing one. In 1782, his chief was driven from power, and at this critical time he accepted the commission of lieutenant-colonel in the British army, and returned to America with a view of

\* This Dr. Ellis considers to be a delusion.

rallying for a final stand such forces as he might find capable of organization. He took with him four pieces of artillery, with which he made experiments during the voyage. His destination was Long Island, New York, but stress of weather carried him to Charleston, South Carolina, where the influence of his presence was soon felt. "Obliged to pass the winter there, he was made commander of the remains of the cavalry in the royal army, which was then under the orders of Lieutenant-General Leslie. This corps was broken, but he promptly restored it, and won the confidence and attachment of the commander. He led them often against the enemy, and was always successful in his enterprises."

He quitted Charleston, and about the middle of April, 1782, reached New York, where he took command of the King's American Dragoons. But early in April, 1783, before the war was formally concluded, he obtained leave to return to England. Finding there no opportunity for active service, he resolved to try his fortune on the Continent, intending to offer his services as a volunteer in the Austrian army against the Turks. The historian Gibbon crossed the channel with him. In a letter dated Dover, September 17th, 1783, Gibbon writes: "Last night, the wind was so high that the vessel could not stir from the harbor; this day it is brisk and fair. We are flattered with the hope of making Calais Harbor by the same tide in three hours and a half; but any delay will leave the disagreeable option of a tottering boat or a tossing night. What a cursed thing to live in an island! this step is more awkward than the whole journey. The triumvirate of this memorable embarkation will consist of the grand Gibbon, Henry Laurens, Esq., President of Congress; and Mr. Secretary, Colonel, Admiral, Philosopher Thompson, attended by three horses, who are not the most agreeable fellow-passengers. If we survive, I will finish and seal my letter at Calais. Our salvation shall be ascribed to the prayers of my lady and aunt, for I do believe they both pray." The "grand Gibbon" is reported to have been terribly frightened by the plunging of his fellow-passengers, the three blood horses.

Pushing on to Strasburg, where Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, then a field marshal in the service of France, was in garrison, Thompson, mounted on one of his chargers, appeared on the parade ground. He attracted the attention of the Prince, who spoke to him, and, on learning that he had been serving in the American war, pointed to some of his officers, and remarked that they had been in the same war. An animated conversation immediately began, at the end of which the stranger was invited to dine with the Prince. After dinner, it is said, he produced a portfolio containing plans of the principal engagements, and a collection of excellent maps of the seat of war. Eager for information, the Prince again invited him for the next day, and when at length the traveller took leave, engaged him to pass through Munich, giving him a friendly letter to the Elector of Bavaria.

The Elector, a sage ruler, saw in him immediately a man capable of rendering the State a good service. He pressed his visitor to accept a post half military and half civil. The proposal was a welcome one to Thompson, and he came to England to obtain the king's permission to accept it. Not only was the permission granted, but on February 23d, 1784, he was knighted by the king. Dr. Ellis publishes the "grant of arms" to the new knight. The original parchment, perfect and unsullied, with all its seals, is in the possession of Mrs. James F. Baldwin, of Boston, widow of the executor of Countess Sarah Rumford. "The knight himself," observes his biographer, "must have furnished the information written on that flowery parchment." He returned to Munich, and on his arrival the Elector appointed him colonel of a regiment of cavalry and aide-de-camp to himself. He was lodged in a palace, which he shared with the Russian Ambassador, and had a military staff and a corps of servants. He soon acquired a mastery over the German and French languages. He made himself minutely acquainted with everything concerning the dominions of the Elector—their population and employments, their resources and means of development, and their relations to other powers. Holding as he did the united offices of Minister of War, Minister of

Police, and Chamberlain of the Elector, his influence and action extended to all parts of the public service. Four years of observation were, however, spent in Munich before he attempted anything practical. Then, as now, the armies of the Continent were maintained by conscription. Drawn away from the normal occupations, the rural population returned after their term of service lazy and demoralized. The pay of the soldiers was miserable, their clothing bad, their quarters dirty and mean; the expense being out of all proportion to the return.

Thompson aimed at making soldiers citizens and citizens soldiers. The situation of the soldier was to be rendered pleasant, his pay was to be increased, his clothing rendered comfortable and even elegant, while all liberty consistent with strict subordination was to be permitted him. Within, the barracks were to be neat and clean; and without, attractive. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were to be taught, not only to the soldiers and their children, but to the children of the neighboring peasantry. He drained the noisome marshes of Mannheim, and converted them into a garden for the use of the garrison. For the special purpose of introducing the culture of the potato, he extended the plan of military gardens to other garrisons. They were tilled, and their produce was owned by non-commissioned officers and privates. The plan proved completely successful. Indolent soldiers became industrious, while through the prompting of those on furlough, little gardens sprang up everywhere over the country. Bavaria was then infested with beggars, vagabonds, and thieves, native and foreign. These mendicant tramps were in the main stout, healthy, and able-bodied fellows, who found a life of thievish indolence pleasanter than a life of honest work. "These detestable vermin had recourse to the most diabolical arts, and the most horrid crimes in the prosecution of their infamous trade." They robbed, they stole, maimed and exposed little children, so as to extract money from the tender-hearted. All this must be put an end to. Four regiments of cavalry were so cantoned that every village had its patrol. This disposition

of the cavalry was antecedent to seizing, as a beginning, all the beggars in the capital. The problem before him might well have daunted a courageous man, but he faced it without misgiving. He brought his schemes to clear definition in his mind before he attempted to realize them. Precepts, he knew, were vain, so his aim was to establish habits. Reversing the maxim that people must be virtuous to be happy, he resolved on making happiness a stepping-stone to virtue. He had learned the importance of cleanliness through observing the habits of birds. Lawgivers and founders of religions never failed, he said, to recognize the influence of cleanliness on man's moral nature. "Virtue never dwelt long with filth and nastiness, nor do I believe that there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain." He had to deal with wretches covered with filth and vermin, to cleanse them, to teach them, and to give them the pleasure and stimulus of earning honest money. He did not waste his means on fine buildings, but taking a deserted manufactory, he repaired it, enlarged it, adding to it kitchen, bakehouse, and workshops for mechanics. Halls were provided for the spinners of flax, cotton, and wool. Other halls were set up for weavers, clothiers, dyers, saddlers, wool-sorters, carders, combers, knitters, and seamstresses. In the prosecution of his despotic scheme all men seemed to fall under his lead. To relieve it of the odium which might accrue if it were effected wholly by the military, he associated with himself and his field officers the magistrates of Munich. They gave him willing sympathy and aid. On New Year's morning, 1790, he and the chief magistrate walked out together. With extended hand a beggar immediately accosted them. Thompson, setting the example to his companions, laid his hand gently upon the shoulder of the vagabond, and committed him to the charge of a sergeant with orders to take him to the Town Hall. At the end of that day not a single beggar remained at large.

With his iron resolution was associated in those days a plastic tact which enabled him to avoid jealousies and collisions that a man of less self-restraint

would infallibly have incurred. To the school for poor students, the Sisters of Charity, the hospital for lepers, and other institutions had been conceded the right of making periodic appeals from house to house; German apprentices had also been permitted to beg upon their travels; all of these had their claims adjusted. After he had swept his swarm of paupers into the quarters provided for them, his hardest work began. Here the inflexible order which had characterized him through life came as a natural force to his aid. "He encouraged a spirit of industry, pride, self-respect, and emulation, finding help even in trifling distinctions of apparel." His pauper workhouse was self-supporting, while its inmates were given the means of enjoying life. He constructed and arranged a kitchen which provided daily a warm and nutritive dinner for a thousand or fifteen hundred persons; an incredibly small amount of fuel sufficing to cook a dinner for this multitude. The military workhouse was also remunerative; its profits for six years exceeding a hundred thousand dollars. He had the art of making himself loved and honored by the people whom he ruled in this arbitrary way. Under stress of work he once broke down at Munich, and fearing that he was dying, the poor of the city went in procession to the church to put up public prayers for him. In 1793 he went to Italy to restore his health. Had he known how to employ the sanative power of Nature, he might have longer kept in working order his vigorous frame. But he was a man of the city. The mountains of Maggiore were to him less attractive than the streets of Verona, where he committed himself to the planning of soup kitchens. He made similar plans for other cities, so that to call his absence a holiday would be a misnomer. He returned to Munich in August, 1794, slowly recovering, but not able to resume the management of his various institutions.

Men find pleasure in exercising the powers they possess, and Rumford possessed, in its highest and strongest form, the power of organization. In him flexible wisdom formed an amalgam with despotic strength. He held undoubtedly that "arrangement, method, provision for the minutest details, subordination,

co-operation, and a careful system of statistics, will facilitate and make effective any undertaking, however burdensome and comprehensive." Pure love of humanity would at first sight seem to be the motive force of his action. Still, it has been affirmed by those who knew him that this was not the case. Fontenelle said of Dodard, that he turned his rigid observance of the fasts of the Church into a scientific experiment on the effects of abstinence, thereby taking the path which led at once to heaven and into the French Academy. In Rumford's case the pleasure of the administrator outweighed, it was said, that of the philanthropist.

When he quitted America, he left his wife and infant daughter behind him, and whether there were any communications afterward between him and them is not known. In 1793, in a letter to his friend Baldwin, he expressed the desire to visit his native country, and to become personally acquainted with his daughter, who was then nineteen. With reference to this projected visit, he asks, "Should I kindly be received? Are the remains of party spirit and political persecution done away? Would it be necessary to ask leave of the State?" A year prior to the date of this letter, Rumford's wife had died, at the age of fifty-two. On January 29th, 1796, his daughter, who was familiarly called "Sally Thompson," sailed for London to see her father.

She "had heard him spoken of as an officer, and had attached to this an idea of the warrior with a martial look, possibly the sword, if not the gun by his side." All this disappeared when she saw him. He did not strike her as handsome, or even agreeable, a result in part due to the fact that he had been ill and was very thin and pale. She speaks, however, of his laughter "quite from the heart," while the expression of his mouth, with teeth of "the most finished pearls," was sweetness itself. She had little knowledge of the world, and her purchases in London he thought both extravagant and extraordinary. After having, by due discipline, learned how to make an English courtesy, to the horror of her father, almost the first use she made of her newly acquired accomplishment was to courtesy to a house-keeper.



In 1796 Rumford founded the historic medal which bears his name, and the same year, accompanied by his daughter, he returned to Germany. France and Austria were then at war, while Bavaria sought to remain rigidly neutral. Eight days after Rumford's arrival, the Elector took refuge in Saxony. Moreau had crossed the Rhine and threatened Bavaria. After a defeat by the French, the Austrians withdrew to Munich, but found the gates of the city closed against them. They planted batteries on a height commanding the city. According to an arrangement with the Elector, Rumford assumed the command of the Bavarian forces, and by his firmness and presence of mind prevented either French or Austrians from entering Munich. The consideration in which he was held is illustrated by the fact that the Elector made Miss Thompson a Countess of the Empire, conferring on her a pension of £200 a year, with liberty to enjoy it in any country where she might wish to reside.

The New England girl, brought up in the quietude of Concord, transplanted thence to London, and afterward to Munich, was subjected to a somewhat trying ordeal. After a short period of initiation, she appears to have passed through it creditably. Her writing does not exhibit her as possessing any marked qualities of intellect. She was bright, gossipy, "volatile," and throws manifold gleams on the details of Rumford's life. He kept through the year a box at the opera, though he hardly ever went there, and hired by the year a doctor named Haubenal. She amusingly describes a quintuple present made to her by her father soon after her arrival in Munich. The first item was "a little shaggy dog, as white as snow, excepting black eyes, ears and nose;" the second was a lady named Veratzy, who was sent to teach her French and music; the third was a Catholic priest, named Dillis, who was to be her drawing-master; the fourth was a teacher of Italian, named Alberti; and the fifth, the before-mentioned Dr. Haubenal, who was to look after her health. She did not at all like the arrangement. She was particularly surprised and shocked at a doctor's offering his services before they were wanted. In fact the little dog

"Cora" was the only welcome constituent of the gift.

The Elector put the seal to his esteem for Rumford by appointing him Plenipotentiary from Bavaria to the Court of London. King George, however, declined to accept him in this capacity. He was obviously stung by this refusal; and the thought which had often occurred to him of returning to his native country now revived. Mr. Rufus King was at that time American Ambassador in London: and he, by Rumford's desire, wrote to Colonel Pickering, then Secretary of State for the United States, informing him of the Count's intention to settle down at or near Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he proposed to live in the character of a German nobleman, renouncing all political action, and devoting himself to literary pursuits. In reply to this communication Mr. King was authorized to offer Rumford, in addition to the post of Superintendent of the Military Academy, that of Inspector-General of the Artillery of the United States; "and we shall moreover be disposed to give to you such rank and emoluments, as would be likely to afford you satisfaction, and to secure to us the advantage of your service."

The hour of final decision approached, but before it arrived another project had laid hold of Rumford's imagination, a project which in its results has proved of more importance to physical science, and of more advantage to mankind, than any which this multifarious genius had previously undertaken. This project was the foundation of the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

His ideas on this subject took definite shape in 1799. They were set forth in a pamphlet of fifty pages, the introduction to which is dated from Rumford's residence in Brompton Row, March 4th, 1799. His aim is to cause science and art to work together; to establish relations between philosophers and workmen; and to bring their united efforts to bear on the improvement of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and on the augmentation of domestic comforts. He specially dwells on the management of fire, it being, as he thinks, a subject of peculiar interest to mankind. Fuel, he asserted, cost the kingdom more than

ten millions sterling annually, which was much more than twice what it ought to cost. In the pall of smoke which hung over London, defacing its edifices and works of art, he saw "unused material which was turned equally to waste and made a means of annoyance and insalubrity." He would bind himself, if the opportunity were allowed him, "to prove to the citizens that the heat and the material of heat thus wasted would suffice to cook all the food in the city, warm every apartment, and perform all the mechanical work done by fire." With his hope, strength, and practical insight, and with the sympathy which he would command, there is no knowing what might be accomplished in the way of smoke abatement were he now among us.

Rumford could at this time count on the sympathy and active support of a number of excellent men, who, in advance of him, had founded a "Society for bettering the condition and increasing the comforts of the poor." He sought the aid of the committee of this Society. It was agreed on all hands that the proposed new Institution promised to be too important to permit of its being made an appendage to any other. A committee consisting of eight members of the old Society was, however, appointed to confer with Rumford regarding his plan. The committee met and ratified Rumford's proposals. Subscribers of fifty guineas each were to be the perpetual proprietors of the Institution; a contribution of ten guineas was to secure the privileges of a life subscriber; while a subscription of two guineas constituted an annual subscriber. The managers, nine in number, were to be chosen by ballot by the proprietors. A Committee of visitors was also appointed, the same in number as the Committee of Managers, and holding office for the same number of years. At a general meeting of the proprietors held at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, in Soho Square, on the 7th of March, 1799, fifty-eight persons, comprising many men of great distinction, were found to have qualified as proprietors by the subscription of fifty guineas each. The Committee of Managers was chosen, and they held their first meeting at the house of Sir Joseph Banks on the 9th of March,

1799. Mr. Thomas Bernard, one of the most active members of the Society from whose committee the first managers were chosen, was appointed Secretary. On the 13th of January, 1800, the Royal Seal was attached to the Charter of the Institution. The King was its Patron, and the first officers of the Institution were appointed by him. The Earl of Winchester was President, Lord Morton, Lord Egremont, and Sir Joseph Banks were Vice-Presidents. The managers were divided into three classes of three each; the first class serving for one, the second for two, and the third for three years. The Earls of Bessborough, Egremont and Morton, respectively, headed the lists of the three classes of managers. Rumford himself was appointed to serve for three years. The three classes of visitors were headed by the Duke of Bridgewater, Viscount Palmerston, and Earl Spencer, respectively. The first Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry was Dr. Thomas Garnett, while the first Treasurer was Mr. Thomas Bernard. A home and foreign secretary, legal counsel, a solicitor and a clerk, were added to the list. One rule established at this time has been adhered to with great fidelity to the present day. No political subject was to be mentioned in the lectures.

The word "Institution" was chosen because it had been least used previously, and because it best indicated the objects of the new Society. The mechanical arts have promoted civilization and refinement. Nations, provinces, towns, and even villages thrive in proportion to the activity of their industry. "Exertion quickens the spirit of invention, makes science flourish, and increases the moral and physical powers of man." The printing-press, navigation, gunpowder, the steam-engine, have changed the whole course of human affairs. The slowness with which improvements make their way among workmen arises from prejudice, suspicion, jealousy, dislike of change, and the narrowing effect of the subdivision of work into many petty occupations. But slowness is also due to the greed for wealth, the desire for monopoly, the spirit of secret intrigue exhibited among manufacturers. Be-

tween these two the philosopher steps in, whose business it is "to examine every operation of Nature and Art, and to establish general theories for the direction and conducting of future processes." But philosophers may become dreamers, and they have therefore habitually to be called back to the study of practical questions which bear upon the ordinary pursuits of life. Science and practice are, in short, to interact, to the advantage of both.

Houses in Albemarle street were purchased, and modified to suit the objects in view. Rumford's obvious intention was to found an Institute of Technology and Engineering. The Institution was to be made a repository for models of all useful contrivances and improvements: cottage fireplaces and kitchen utensils; kitchens for farmhouses and for the houses of gentlemen; a laundry, including boilers, washing, ironing, and drying-rooms; German, Swedish, and Russian stoves; open chimney fireplaces, with ornamental grates; ornamental stoves; working models "of that most curious and most useful machine, the steam-engine;" brewers' boilers; distillers' coppers; condensers; large boilers for hospitals; ventilating apparatus for hot-houses; lime-kilns; steam-boilers for preparing food for stall-fed cattle; spinning-wheels; looms; agricultural implements; bridges of various constructions; human food; clothing; houses; towns; fortresses; harbors; roads; canals; carriages; ships; tools; weapons; etc. Chemistry was to be applied to soils, tillage, and manures; to the manufacture of bread, beer, wine, spirits, starch, sugar, butter, and cheese; to the processes of dyeing, calico-printing, bleaching, painting, and varnishing; to the smelting of ores; the formation of alloys; to mortars, cements, bricks, pottery, glass, and enamels. Above all, "the phenomena of *light* and *heat*—those great powers which give life and energy to the universe—powers which, by the wonderful process of combustion, are placed under the command of human beings—will engage a profound interest."

In reference to the alleged size of the bed of Og, the king of Bashan, Bishop Watson asked Tom Paine to determine the bulk to which a human body may be

augmented before it will perish by its own weight. As regards the projected Institution, Rumford surely had passed this limit, and by the ponderosity of his scheme, had insured either change or ruin. In such an establishment Davy was sure to become an iconoclast. He cared little for models, not even for the apparatus with which his own best discoveries were made, but incontinently broke it up whenever he found it could be made subservient to further ends.

The experimental lectures of Davy were then attracting attention. Rumors of the young chemist reached Rumford, and, at his request, Davy came to London. His life at the moment was purely a land of promise, but Rumford had the sagacity to see the promise, and the wisdom to act upon his insight. Nor was his judgment rapidly formed. Several interviews preceded his announcement to Davy, on the 16th of February, 1801, the resolution of the managers, "That Mr. Humphry Davy be engaged in the service of the Royal Institution, in the capacity of Assistant Lecturer in Chemistry, Director of the Chemical Laboratory, and Assistant Editor of the Journals of the Institution; and that he be allowed to occupy a room in the house, and be furnished with coals and candles, and that he be paid a salary of one hundred guineas per annum." Rumford, moreover, held out to Davy the prospect of becoming, in the course of two or three years, full Professor of Chemistry, with a salary of £300 per annum, "provided," he adds, "that within that period you shall have given proofs of your fitness to hold that distinguished situation." This promise of the professorship in two or three years was ominous for Dr. Garnett, between whom and the managers differences soon arose which led to his withdrawal from the Institution. Davy began his duties on Wednesday, the 11th of March, 1801.

The name of a man who has no intellectual superior in its annals, now appears for the first time in connection with the Institution. At the suggestion of Sir Joseph Banks, Rumford had an interview with Dr. Thomas Young, destined to become so illustrious as the first decipherer of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and as the foremost founder of the undulatory theory of light. Young

accepted an engagement as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Institution, as Editor of its Journals, and as superintendent of the house, at a salary of £300 per annum.

A portion of the motive force of a man of Rumford's temperament may be described as irritability. During the possession of physical vigor and sound health, this force is grasped by the will and directed by intelligence and tact. But when health slackens and physical vigor subsides, that which had been a firmly ruled power becomes an energy wanting adequate control. Rumford's success in Bavaria illustrates his pliancy as much as his strength. But before he started the Royal Institution his health had given way, and his irritability, it is to be feared, got the upper hand. In point of intellect, moreover, he came then into contact with people of larger calibre and more varied accomplishments than he had previously met. He could hardly count upon the entire sympathy of Young and Davy, though I believe he remained on friendly terms with them to the end. They were gems of a different water, if I may use the term, from Rumford. The chief object of his fostering care was, at that time, mechanical invention, applied to the uses of life. The pleasures of Young and Davy lay in another sphere. To them science was an end, not a means to an end. In his excellent work on the Royal Institution Dr. Bence Jones informs us that difficulties were gathering around it in 1803, and it was even proposed to sell it off. Rumford, being in Paris, with the aid of Davy, Mr. Bernard, and Sir John Hippisley, carried on the work, "without workshops, or mechanics' institute, or kitchen, or model exhibition." The place of these was taken by experimental and theoretical researches, which instead of dealing with things achieved, carried the mind into unexplored regions of Nature, forgetful whether the discoveries made in that region had or had not a bearing on the necessities of material life.

Rumford and his Institution had to bear the brunt of ridicule, and he felt it; but men of ready wit have not abstained from exercising it on societies of greater age and higher claims. Shafts of sarcasm without number have been

launched at the Royal Society. It was perfectly natural for persons who had little taste for scientific inquiry and less knowledge of the methods of Nature, to feel amused, if not scandalized, by the apparently insignificant subjects which sometimes occupied the scientific mind. They were not aware that in science the most stupendous phenomena often find their suggestion and interpretation in the most minute—that the smallest laboratory fact is connected by indissoluble ties with the grandest operations of nature. Thus the iridescences of the common soap-bubble, subjected to scientific analysis, have emerged in the conclusion that stellar space is a *plenum* filled with a material substance capable of transmitting motion with a rapidity which would girdle the equatorial earth eight times in a second; while the tremors of this substance in one form constitute what we call light, and, in all forms, constitute what we call radiant heat. Not seeing this connection between great and small; not discerning that as regards the illustration of physical principles there is no great and no small, the wits, considering the small contemptible, permitted sarcasm to flow accordingly. But these things have passed away, while the ridicule and intolerance from which she once suffered, are now, I think unfairly, sometimes laid to the charge of science.

This lapsing of the technical side of Rumford's scheme can hardly be called a defeat, for his Institution flourishes to the present hour. The real defeat of his life was yet to come, and it came through a power pronounced on high authority to be the strongest in the world. While in Paris, he made the acquaintance of Madame Lavoisier, a lady of wealth, spirit, social distinction, and, it is to be added, a lady of temper. Her illustrious husband had suffered under the guillotine on the 8th of May, 1794; and inheriting his great name, together with a fortune of 3,000,000 francs, she gathered round her, in her receptions, the most distinguished society of Paris. She and Rumford became friends, the friendship afterward passing into what was thought to be genuine affection. The Elector of Bavaria took great interest in his projected marriage, and



when that consummation came near, settled upon him an annuity of 4000 florins. In a letter to his daughter he thus describes his bride elect: "I made the acquaintance of this very amiable woman in Paris, who, I believe, would have no objection to having me for a husband, and who in all respects would be a proper match for me. She is a widow without children, never having had any; is about my own age (she was four years younger than Rumford), enjoys good health, is very pleasant in society, has a handsome fortune at her own disposal, enjoys a most respectable reputation, keeps a good house, which is frequented by all the first philosophers and men of eminence in the science and literature of the age, or rather of Paris. And, what is more than all the rest, is goodness itself."

All preliminaries having been arranged, Count Rumford and Madame Lavoisier were married in Paris on the 24th of October, 1805. He describes the house in which they lived, Rue d'Anjou, No. 39, as a paradise. In a letter written to Countess Sarah two months after his marriage, he refers to their style of living as really magnificent; his wife was exceedingly fond of company, in the midst of which she made a splendid figure. She seldom went out, but kept open house to all the great and worthy. He describes their dinners and evening teas, which must have been trying to a man who longed for quiet. The dinners, his daughter says, he could have borne, but the teas annoyed him. Instead of living melodious days, his life gradually became a discord; and on the 15th of January, 1806, he confides to his daughter, as a family secret, that he is "not at all sure that two certain persons were not wholly mistaken in their marriage, as to each other's characters." The dénouement hastened; and on the first anniversary of his marriage he describes his wife as "a female dragon." On the second anniversary, matters were worse. The quarrels between him and Madame had become more violent and open. He gives the following sample of them: "I am almost afraid to tell you the story, my good child, lest in future you should not be good; lest what I am about relating should set you a bad example, make you

passionate, and so on. But I had been made very angry. A large party had been invited I neither liked nor approved of, and invited for the sole purpose of vexing me. Our house being in the centre of the garden, walled around, with iron gates, I put on my hat, walked down to the porter's lodge, and gave him orders, on his peril, not to let any one in. Besides I took away the keys. Madame went down, and when the company arrived, she talked with them—she on one side, they on the other, of the high brick wall. After that she goes and pours boiling water on some of my beautiful flowers." The wrangling went on, and he made up his mind for a separation, purposing to take a house at Auteuil. It would be unfortunate if he could not live more independently than with this unfeeling, cunning, tyrannical woman. "Alas! little do we know people at first sight!" He describes his habitation as no longer the abode of peace. He breakfasts alone in his apartment, while to his infinite chagrin most of the visitors are his wife's determined adherents. "A separation," he says, "is unavoidable, for it would be highly improper for me to continue with a person who has given me so many proofs of her implacable hatred and malice."

The lease of the villa at Auteuil was purchased by Rumford in 1808, and the separation took place "amicably" on the 13th of June, 1809.\* Ever afterward, however, anger rankled in his heart, and he never mentions his wife but in terms of repugnance and condemnation. His release from her filled him at first with unnatural elation, and on the fourth anniversary of his wedding-day he writes to his daughter, "I make choice of this day to write to you, in reality to testify joy, but joy that I am away from her." On the fifth anniversary he writes thus: "You will perceive that this is the anniversary of my marriage. I am happy to call it to mind

\* From 1772 to 1800, Rumford's house at Auteuil had been the residence of the widow of a man highly celebrated in his days as a free-thinker, but whom Lange describes as "the vain and superficial Helvetius." It is also the house where, in the month of January, 1870, the young journalist Victor Noir was shot dead by Prince Pierre Bonaparte.

that I may compare my present situation with the three and a half horrible years I was living with that tyrannical, avaricious, unfeeling woman." The closing six months of his married life he describes as a purgatory sufficiently painful to do away with the sins of a thousand years. Rumford, in fact, writes with the bitterness of a defeated man. His wife retained her friends, while he, who a short time previously had been the observed of all observers, found himself practically isolated. This was a new and bitter experience, the thought of which, pressing on him continually, destroyed all magnanimity in his references to her. Notwithstanding his hostility to his wife, he permitted her to visit him on apparently amicable terms. The daughter paints her character as admirable, ascribing their differences to individual independence, arising from their having been accustomed to rule in their own ways: "It was a fine match, could they but have agreed." One day in driving out with her father, she remarked to him how odd it was that he and his wife could not get on together, when they seemed so friendly to each other, adding that it struck her that Madame de Rumford could not be in her right mind. He replied bitterly, "Her mind is, as it has ever been, to act differently from what she appears."

The statesman Guizot was one of Madame de Rumford's most intimate friends, and his account of her and her house differs considerably from the account of both given by her husband. Rumford became her guest at a time when he enjoyed in public "a splendid scientific popularity. His spirit was lofty, his conversation was full of interest, and his manners were marked by gentle kindness. He made himself agreeable to Madame Lavoisier. She married him, happy to offer to a distinguished man a great fortune and a most agreeable existence." The lady, according to Guizot, had stipulated, on her second marriage, that she should be permitted to retain the name of Lavoisier, calling herself Madame Lavoisier de Rumford. This, it is said, proved disagreeable to the Count, but she was not to be moved from her determination to retain the name. "I have," she says, "at the bottom of my heart a profound convic-

tion that M. de Rumford will not disapprove of me for it, and that on taking time for reflection, he will permit me to continue to fulfil a duty which I regard as sacred." Guizot adds that the hope proved deceptive, and that "after some domestic agitations, which M. de Rumford, with more of tact, might have kept from becoming so notorious, a separation became necessary." Her dinners and receptions during the remaining twenty-seven years of her life, are described as delightful. Cultivated intellects, piquant and serious conversation, excellent music, "liberty of thought and speech without any distrust or disquiet as to what authority might judge or say—a privilege then more precious than any one to-day imagines, just as one who has breathed under an air-pump can best appreciate the delight of free respiration."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1814 describes the seclusion in which Rumford's later days were spent. After the death of the illustrious Lagrange, he saw but two or three friends, nor did he attend the meetings of the National Institute, of which he was a member. Cuvier was then its perpetual secretary, and for him Rumford always entertained the highest esteem. He differed from Laplace on a scientific question, and his dissent was probably not without its penal consequences. Rumford always congratulated himself on having brought forward two such celebrated men as the Bavarian General Wieden, who was originally a lawyer or land steward, and Sir Humphry Davy. The German, French, Spanish, and Italian languages were as familiar to the Count as English. He played billiards against himself; he was fond of chess, which however made his feet like ice and his head like fire. The designs of his own inventions were drawn by him with great skill; but he had no knowledge of painting or sculpture, and little feeling for either. He had no taste for poetry, but great taste for landscape gardening. In later life his habits were most abstemious, and it is said that his strength was in this way so reduced, as to render him unable to resist his last illness. Fêted, honored, titled, and endowed; enrolled as a member of all the leading academies and learned societies of Europe; the correspondent

and friend of potentates, princes, viceroys, and ministers; the recipient of grateful and deferential addresses from great city corporations, this wonderful man tripped at last over the chain which bound him to a wife who lacked the loving pliancy which he demanded, but which, even had it existed, his peremptory nature would have rendered him unable to reciprocate. Though forgotten in England, he is remembered in Bavaria. One of his great works there was the transformation of a piece of desert land into the so-called English garden, at Munich. Here in 1795, during his absence in England, the inhabitants erected a monument to his glory, while his figure

was afterward embodied in a noble statue in the finest street in the Bavarian city. In 1814 he was on the point of returning to England, when he was seized with a nervous fever, which in three days brought him to his end. He succumbed on the 21st of August, 1814, and was buried in the small and now disused cemetery of Auteuil. So passed away the glory of Count Rumford.

The limits assigned to this article have prevented me from touching on the scientific labors of Rumford. This, if time permit, may be done in a subsequent number of this Review.—*Contemporary Review*.

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#### SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

It is well known that certain substances and compositions produce the phenomenon of spontaneous combustion. Explosions in coal-mines, as also in flour-mills, have, so far as it is possible to trace causes, been produced by the generation of heat. The vegetable kingdom is perhaps the greatest offender, and until recent years, the suspicion of felonious practices in regard to firing stacks, has sent many an innocent person to prison.

A century ago, spontaneous combustion, or "inflammation," as it was then designated, occupied the minds of men of science; and the Rev. William Tooke, F.R.S., published some observations on the subject, chiefly taken from his experiences in Russia. Owing to a recent fire in a neighboring village, which did a great amount of mischief, and was said to have had its origin in the doctoring of a cow in a cowhouse in the village, Mr. Rûde, an apothecary of Bautzen, prepared to make some experiments. He knew that the countrymen were in the habit of applying parched rye-bran to their cattle, for curing what was known then as the thick-neck. Accordingly, he roasted a quantity of rye-bran by the fire till it had acquired the color of roasted coffee, and then wrapped it up in a linen cloth. In the space of a few minutes there arose a strong smoke through the cloth, accompanied by the smell of burning. Shortly afterward, the rag grew as black as

tinder, and the bran, now become hot, fell through upon the ground in little balls. The experiment was repeated at different times, and always with the same result.

In the spring of 1780, a fire was discovered on board a frigate off Cronstadt. After the severest scrutiny, no cause for the fire could be found. The probability is, however, strongly in favor of spontaneous combustion; for in the following year the frigate Maria, which also lay at anchor off Cronstadt, was found to be on fire. The fire was, however, early perceived, and extinguished. After strict examination, nothing could be discovered as to its origin. A Commission of inquiry was held, which finally reported that the fire was probably caused by parcels of matting tied together with packthread, which were in the cabin where the fire broke out. It was found that the parcels of matting contained Russian lampblack, prepared from fir-soot moistened with hemp-oil varnish. In consequence of this, the Russian Admiralty gave orders for experiments to be made. They shook forty pounds of fir-wood soot into a tub, and poured about thirty-five pounds of hemp-oil varnish upon it; this stood for an hour, after which they poured off the oil. The remaining mixture they wrapped up in a mat, and the bundle was laid close to the cabin in the frigate Maria where the midshipmen had their berth. To avoid all suspicion, two

officers sealed both the mat and the door with their own seals, and stationed a watch of four officers to take notice of all that passed through the night. As soon as smoke should appear, information was to be given.

The experiment was made about the 26th of April at about eleven A.M. Early in the following morning, about five A.M., smoke appeared issuing from the cabin. The commander was immediately informed by an officer, who through a small hole in the door saw the mat smoking. Without opening the door, he dispatched a messenger to the members of the Commission; but, as the smoke became stronger and fire began to appear, it became necessary to break the seals and open the door. No sooner was the air admitted, than the mat began to burn with greater force, and presently burst into a flame.

Mr. Georgi, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, was appointed to make further experiments, the result of which confirmed the suspicion of spontaneous combustion in the Russian official mind in a remarkable degree.

Montet relates in the "*Mémoires de l'Académie de Paris*" of 1748, that animal substances under certain conditions may kindle into flame, and that he himself had witnessed the spontaneous combustion of dunghills. He states that he had known woollen stuffs prepared at Sevennes to kindle and burn to a cinder. The same thing happened in Germany in 1781, at a wool-comber's, where a heap of wool-combings piled up in a close warehouse seldom aired, took fire of itself. This wool had been little by little brought into the warehouse, and, for want of room, piled up very high, then trodden down, that more might be added to it. Wool, when saturated with oil, as is well known in all districts where woollen manufactures are carried on, is constantly liable to go on fire; hence, all wool-waste is kept in places apart from the general buildings of the factory.

Modern science and careful investigation have done much to remove the mystery which a century ago surrounded all aspects of the subject of spontaneous combustion. It is not much more than a century and a half since the theory first began to obtain that the human body

under certain circumstances, but particularly where the victim had long been addicted to habits of intemperance, was subject to spontaneous combustion. The theory was never held to any extent in our own country; but it found very general acceptance among scientists on the continent; and many cases from that time onward have been published with considerable minuteness of detail. A recent investigator—Dr. Ogston of Aberdeen—has, however, analyzed the complete literature of the subject, and out of about sixty cases bearing upon it, he has not found one trustworthy case from which the existence of such a phenomenon could be deduced. His investigations have confirmed him in the belief of an increased combustibility of the human body under certain conditions; but the majority of reported cases, he thinks, point altogether to accidental ignition under these favorable circumstances. The human body, it may be stated, cannot, in ordinary circumstances, be considered very combustible, seeing that nearly three-fourths of its constitution by weight is composed of water; and what may be considered favorable circumstances to accidental ignition, it must be admitted, does not clearly appear. We have no wish to enter into particulars regarding such cases; we desire rather to elucidate some of the conditions favorable to spontaneous combustion in a variety of circumstances involving the safety of much valuable property, if not of life itself.

The experience, as well as experiments of the Russian Admiralty, above referred to, have found their counterpart in more than one instance in our own country in recent years. In 1840 there was a great fire in Plymouth Dockyard, which, as far as could afterward be ascertained, was due to the spontaneous heating and combustion of heaps of hemp and flax impregnated with oil. More than twenty years later, there were great fires in the Liverpool dock-warehouses, involving immense loss of property, which were ascribed to the heating and spontaneous ignition of damp cotton. Later still, experts were called upon to investigate the causes which led to the destruction by fire of Her Majesty's ships the *Imogene* and the *Talavera*, in Devonport Dockyard; and it



was reported to the Admiralty that the fire could only be traced to the spontaneous ignition of oakum, tow, and similar substances, which had been used by the shipwrights and others in wiping the oil from their tools; the waste thus used having afterward been thrown into a large bin. Instances might readily be multiplied in which vegetable substances, such as cotton, hemp, tow, flax, dry woody-fibre, and we may add rags and waste of all kinds, having become impregnated with oil, have caused fires more or less serious from spontaneous ignition.

Up to a comparatively recent date, considerable vagueness existed as to the exact conditions necessary to favor spontaneous ignition of such substances; but owing to the experiments of Galletly (Chemical Section, British Association, 1872), Attfeld (letters to the *Times*, 1873), and others, we are now in a position to understand clearly the relation to combustion of both animal and vegetable oils. Taking, for example, a handful of cotton-waste after it had been soaked in boiled linseed-oil, the excess of oil being removed by pressure, and placing it among dry-waste in a box into which a thermometer was inserted, and keeping it at a temperature of one hundred and seventy degrees, Galletly found that the mercury began to rise rapidly from five to ten degrees every few minutes; and at the end of seventy-five minutes the thermometer indicated three hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit. At this point the smoke issuing from the box revealed that the cotton was in an active state of combustion, so that, on exposing it to the open air, it quickly burst into flame. In the case of similar materials saturated with raw linseed-oil, and placed in a smaller box, active combustion was doing on in four or five hours; with rape-oil, the cotton was reduced to ashes within ten hours; with Gallipoli oil—a crude olive-oil—rapid combustion was going on within six hours; while castor-oil, with its higher specific gravity, took two days to produce the charring effect. Regarding oils of animal origin, it was found that lard-oil produced rapid combustion in four hours; seal-oil in one hundred minutes; while sperm-oil refused to char the waste. It has since been pointed out that

this last oil was probably adulterated with some mineral oil, all mineral oils having apparently the power of arresting to a considerable extent the development of this destructive influence, when combined with the fatty oils. This is explained in scientific language by saying, that the one class of oils are oxidizable, and the other class non-oxidizable.

We may be excused for explaining what the term oxidizable means, as the explanation contains the rationale of spontaneous combustion, so far as oil-saturated substances are concerned; and the lesson is fraught with importance. Every one knows what is meant by drying in the air any substance saturated with water or spirit. The wetted substance dries because the free play of air around it absorbs its moisture, or, in ordinary language, causes the water or spirit to evaporate; and the process is so elementary and well understood, that it requires no further explanation. The same substance, however, saturated with any fatty oil, does not dry in the same way from the evaporation of the oil; it dries by reason of absorbing oxygen from the atmosphere; in other words, it becomes oxidized; and in this process it undergoes a species of combustion, differing not in character, but only in degree, from that which coal once lighted undergoes in our fireplaces. If we imagine the heat given out in the process of drying, or as it may be called, of slow combustion, not being allowed to escape, but, on the other hand, rather confined in its sphere, and so made to help to feed the process of heat-raising, we have all the elements required to make up an interesting but now well-known instance of spontaneous combustion. Such are in reality the conditions which more or less surround the spontaneous ignition of all vegetable substances impregnated with fatty oils; and it is not too much to say, that although the conditions are not so widely known as they might be, or as they should be, still they are now sufficiently known to cause all wool and other waste in large factories to be carefully looked after.

A similar result to that just described is produced if wheat or corn or barley, etc., be stacked in the green state or in a damp state; but in all such cases, the

chemical explanation differs from the foregoing. All such substances contain nitrogen, and are liable, under favorable circumstances, such as damp, absence of currents of air, etc., to fermentation. During this process of fermentation—a somewhat intricate chemical one, on which we do not need to enlarge—heat is evolved, and the preliminary stages of this process, in which stacks have been seen "to smoke," must be familiar to many of our readers. Many instances might be given of reported cases of spontaneous combustion from the heating of victuals in stack; but owing to the doubts which often surround such of being acts of incendiarism, we will give particulars of one typical case only, not quite modern, but sufficiently well authenticated to make it stand out as characteristic of this class. It is taken from the *Annales d'Hygiène*, 1843. A quantity of oats stored in a barn had been consumed by fire, and the proprietor suspected the act to be one of incendiarism. Several experts were consulted; and on inquiring into all the circumstances, they unanimously concluded that the fire was the result of spontaneous combustion, caused by the fermentation of the grain stored in a damp state. Several things pointed unmistakably to this conclusion, such as the fact, that the oats were proved to have been stored damp; that laborers had noticed the heat of the oats several days previous to the fire; that some of the sheaves that had been removed the day previous to the fire to be thrashed, were charred and discolored; and above all, that the centre of a large pile of sheaves was burned and blackened, while the outside of the sheaves retained their natural color. No more conclusive evidence, we think, could be produced in support of spontaneous combustion than is here given.

Other substances which are not fermentable, such as cotton, flax, and jute, are nevertheless liable to spontaneous combustion from simple oxidation, if stored in the damp state; and more than one instance might be given of ships laden with such goods being destroyed at sea by fire, the presence of which could only be reasonably accounted for on the theory of spontaneous ignition. Only a few years ago, a ship

heavily laden with wool from Australia arrived at Plymouth with fire raging among the wool in the hold. The fire had been burning for two days, and without doubt had been caused by the wool getting damp, heating, and then igniting. Had the fire occurred only a few days earlier, the probability is there would have been a terrible catastrophe. In the same year, a ship laden with jute and castor-oil from Calcutta was discovered when off Portland to be on fire. It was ultimately totally destroyed. In this case, the fire could only be accounted for on the supposition that some of the oil had leaked, and come into contact with the jute, causing oxidation, as already explained.

Before passing from the spontaneous ignition of organic substances, we may quote an interesting case from the *Chemical News*, 1870. A fire occurred in that year in a silk-mercer's establishment in Paris; and the expert who investigated the whole circumstances could only account for it on the theory of the spontaneous ignition of a lot of silks massed together. The peculiarity of this case was, not that the silks had been stored in bulk in a damp state, but in too dry a state; the probability, however, being greatly in favor of the theory, that the chemicals employed in dyeing the silk had very much to do with the origin of the fire.

Many chemical compounds, as well as mixtures, are very liable to spontaneous combustion, the action in such cases generally being much more rapid and energetic than in the cases just considered. Of the chemical compounds, we might take the now well-known nitroglycerine as typical. This substance, if not carefully prepared and purified, is certain to undergo decomposition, ultimately ending in spontaneous combustion of a terribly energetic character. We might also take the phosphorus composition used in the making of lucifer-matches, or the potash compositions used to produce colored fires in theatres and pyrotechnic displays, as representative. The phosphorus mixtures (matches) all ignite in the mass at a comparatively low temperature, in the majority of cases not greatly exceeding that of an ordinary summer sun's rays—or in other words, at a temperature

ranging from one hundred and ten to one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit ; while the potash mixtures (colored fires) ignite at a black heat—or, in other words, at a temperature below nine hundred degrees. Notwithstanding the difference in the igniting point of the two preparations, the potash mixtures are the more dangerous of the two, and more than one instance has occurred in the experience of the writer in which they have ignited at ordinary temperatures spontaneously. The principal cause of spontaneous combustion in these mixtures is the presence of some impurity in one or other of the ingredients, such as a trace of free acid in the sulphur or other ingredient entering into their composition ; but instances have also occurred in which friction or concussion has produced the same results. In the case of lucifer-matches, even with the low temperature at which they ignite, there are probably fewer authenticated cases of fires resulting from spontaneous ignition in the storing and keeping of them, than from almost any other preparation of an equally dangerous kind. There is, however, one source of danger which may not be generally known, and which cannot be too well known—namely, the penchant that mice and similar vermin have for phosphorous preparations. We have no hesitation in pointing to friction caused by the nibbling of these little tormentors, as a fertile cause of fires of undiscovered origin.

It is somewhat remarkable that although gunpowder is another of this most dangerous class of mixtures, there is not, so far as we are aware, one authentic case on record of its spontaneous ignition either in storing or using. Professor Abel, in a lecture before the Royal Institution, a number of years ago, gave particulars of an explosion of gunpowder at the government works at Waltham Abbey, which, in the cause producing it, is characteristic of most accidents of this kind. Although not altogether a case of spontaneous combustion, it bears directly upon the subject, and it shows above all the care and ability bestowed by experts on any investigation which they are called upon to make ; and to this, along with a better knowledge of the conditions favorable to the generation of combustion, do we

assign the reason why there are fewer cases reported in recent years arising from this cause, compared with fifty or one hundred years ago. With a short account of this explosion, we will close our observations, even although we cannot pretend to have done much more than touched on the modern aspects of this interesting subject.

In the works referred to, there were several mills in one continuous building, each one surrounded on three sides by massive walls ; the compartment inclosing each mill being so arranged that the roof and one side were capable of being very easily blown away in the event of an explosion, so that the force of the explosion exhausting itself in this direction, there would be less destruction of property. In one of these mills, the ingredients of the gunpowder had been mixed in the damp state as usual by means of the millstones ; the composition had been nearly all removed from the bed of the mill, and the men were engaged in the operation of slightly lifting the millstones with a crowbar, so as to get at the remaining part of the gunpowder—amounting to about half a pound—upon which the millstones rested. This operation the men had in this instance performed with a naked crowbar, and not, as was the usual practice, protected with leather. The result was that an explosion occurred, through the ignition of some of the particles of gunpowder exposed to the friction ; one man being fatally, and several others badly injured, apart from the destruction of property which followed. So far, the matter was evidently plain enough ; but, strange to say, the explosion extended, notwithstanding all the precautions adopted, from this one mill to two mills on the one side, and one mill on the other side ; and of course it was necessary to discover how this should have occurred, to prevent, if possible, a repetition of the disaster.

This probably cannot be better described than in the words of Professor Abel himself. "In the incorporation of gunpowder, a small quantity of dust is always unavoidably produced, notwithstanding that the mixture is kept constantly damp while under the mills ; small particles of the powder, therefore, continually attach themselves to the

walls, and although these are swept carefully from time to time, it is impossible to prevent small portions from remaining on them. It was imagined that the individual mills were so perfectly separated and isolated from each other by the plan of the building, that an explosion from one could not communicate to the other, particularly as an arrangement existed whereby an explosion in one mill would instantly cause a mass of water to fall upon the powder in the other mills; but there was a small shaft running through the wall from one mill to another by which this descent of water was insured; and this shaft passed through very small openings in the walls, closed by tight little doors, so that there

were only one or two little crevices communicating from one mill to the other. These, however, were sufficient to allow the explosion to pass from one mill to the others, and to bring about the explosion of the powder upon the mill-beds before the water could reach it. The powder-dust had formed a train upon the walls, and the flame of the first explosion reaching this, was led to the openings just spoken of, and thus passed from mill to mill."

In conclusion, we would urge the necessity of having mills and other factories constantly swept free from that apparently harmless substance, dust.—*Chambers's Journal*.

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### THE COMING OF THE PRIARS.

BY AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

WHEN King Richard of England, whom men call the Lion-hearted, was wasting his time at Messina, after his boisterous fashion, in the winter of 1190, he heard of the fame of Abbot Joachim, and sent for that renowned personage, that he might hear from his own lips the words of prophecy and their interpretation.

Around the personality of Joachim there has gathered no small amount of *mythus*. He was, as appears, the inventor of that mystical method of Hermeneutics which has in our time received the name of "the year-day theory," and which, though now abandoned for the most part by sane men, however devout and superstitious, yet has still some advocates in the school of Dr. Cumming and kindred visionaries. Abbot Joachim proclaimed that a stupendous catastrophe was at hand. Opening the Book of the Revelation of St. John he read, pondered, and interpreted. A divine illumination opened out to him the dark things that were written in the sacred pages. The unenlightened could make nothing of "a time, times, and half a time;" to them the terrors of the 1260 days were an insoluble enigma long since given up as hopeless, whose answer would come only at the Day of Judgment. Abbot

Joachim declared that the key to the mystery had been to him revealed. What could "a time, times, and half a time" mean, but three years and a half? What could a year mean in the divine economy but the *lunar* year of 360 days? for was not the moon the symbol of the Church of God? What were those 1260 days but the sum of the days of three years and a half? Moreover, as it had been with the prophet Ezekiel, to whom it was said, "I have appointed thee a day for a year," so it must needs be with other seers who saw the visions of God. To them the "day" was not as our brief prosaic day—to them too had been "appointed a day for a year." The "time, times, and half a time" were the 1260 days, and these were 1260 years, and the stupendous catastrophe, the battle of Armageddon, the reign of Antichrist, the new heavens and the new earth, the slaughter and the resurrection of the two heavenly witnesses, were at hand. Eleven hundred and ninety years had passed away of those 1260. "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth," said Joachim; "Antichrist is already born, yea born in the city of Rome!"

Though King Richard, in the strange interview of which contemporary historians have left us a curious narrative, exhibited much more of the spirit of the



scoffer than of the convert, and evidently had no faith in Abbot Joachim's theories and his mission, it was otherwise with the world at large. At the close of the twelfth century a very general belief, the result of a true instinct, pervaded all classes that European society was passing through a tremendous crisis, that the dawn of a new era or, as they phrased it, "the end of all things," was at hand.

The Abbot Joachim was only the spokesman of his age who was lucky enough to get a hearing. He spoke a language that was a jargon of rhapsody, but he spoke vaguely of terrors, and perils, and earthquakes, and thunderings, and the day of wrath; and because he spoke so darkly men listened all the more eagerly, for there was a vague anticipation of the breaking up of the great waters, and that things that had been heretofore could not continue as they were.

Verily when the thirteenth century opened, the times were evil, and no hope seemed anywhere on the horizon. The grasp of the infidel was tightened upon the Holy City, and what little force there ever had been among the rabble of Crusaders was gone now; the truculent ruffianism that pretended to be animated by the crusading spirit showed its real character in the hideous atrocities for which Simon de Montfort is answerable, and in the unparalleled enormities of the sack of Constantinople in 1204. For ten years (1198-1208) through the length and breadth of Germany there was ceaseless and sanguinary war. In the great Italian towns party warfare, never hesitating to resort to every kind of crime, had long been chronic. The history of Sicily is one long record of cruelty, tyranny, and wrong—committed, suffered, or revenged. Over the whole continent of Europe people seem to have had no homes; the merchant, the student, the soldier, the ecclesiastic were always on the move. Young men made no difficulty in crossing the Alps to attend lectures at Bologna, or crossing the Channel to or from Oxford and Paris. The soldier or the scholar was equally a free-lance, ready to take service wherever it offered, and to settle wherever there was bread to win or money to

save. No one trusted in the stability of anything.

To a thoughtful man watching the signs of the times, it may well have seemed that the hope for the future of civilization—the hope for any future whether of art, science, or religion—lay in the steady growth of the towns. It might be that the barrier of the Alps would always limit the influence of Italian cities to Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean; but for the great towns of Belgium and Germany what part might not be left for them to play in the history of the world? In England the towns were as yet insignificant communities compared with such mighty aggregates of population as were to be found in Bruges, Antwerp, or Cologne; but even the English towns were communities, and they were beginning to assert themselves somewhat loudly while clinging to their chartered rights with jealous tenacity. Those rights, however, were eminently exclusive and selfish in their character. The corporate towns were ruled in all cases by an oligarchy. The increase in the population brought wealth to a class, the class of privileged traders, associated into guilds, who kept their several *mysteries* to themselves by vigilant measures of protection. Outside the well-guarded defences which these trades-unions constructed, there were the masses—hewers of wood and drawers of water—standing to the skilled artisan of the thirteenth century almost precisely in the same relation as the bricklayer's laborer does to the mason in our own time. The *sediment* of the town population in the Middle Ages was a dense slough of stagnant misery, squalor, famine, loathsome disease, and dull despair, such as the worst slums of London, Paris, or Liverpool know nothing of. When we hear of the mortality among the townsmen during the periodical outbreaks of pestilence or famine, horror suggests that we should dismiss as incredible such stories as the imagination shrinks from dwelling on. What greatly added to the dreary wretchedness of the lower order in the towns was the fact that the ever-increasing throngs of beggars, outlaws, and ruffian runaways were simply left to shift for themselves. The civil authorities took no account of them as long as they quietly rotted

and died; and, what was still more dreadful, the whole machinery of the Church polity had been formed and was adapted to deal with entirely different conditions of society from those which had now arisen.

The idea of the parish priest taking the oversight of his flock, and ministering to each member as the shepherd of the people, is a grand one, but it is an idea which can be realized, and then only approximately, in the village community. In the towns of the Middle Ages it was not even attempted. The other idea, of men and women weary of the hard struggle with sin and fleeing from the wrath to come, joining together to give themselves up to the higher life, out of the reach of temptation and safe from the witcheries of Mammon—that, too, was a grand idea, and not unfrequently it had been carried out grandly. But the monk was nothing and did nothing for the townsman; he fled away to his solitude; the rapture of silent adoration was his joy and exceeding great reward; his nights and days might be spent in praise and prayer, sometimes in study and research, sometimes in battling with the powers of darkness and ignorance, sometimes in throwing himself heart and soul into art which it was easy to persuade himself he was doing only for the glory of God; but all this must go on far away from the busy haunts of men, certainly not within earshot of the multitude. Moreover, the monk was, by birth, education, and sympathy, one with the upper classes. What were the rabble to him? In return the rich burgher hated him cordially, as a supercilious aristocrat and Pharisee, with the guile and greed of the Scribe and lawyer superadded.

Upon the townsmen—whatever it may have been among the countrymen—the ministers of religion exercised the smallest possible *restraint*. Nay! It was only too evident that the bonds of ecclesiastical discipline which had so often exercised a salutary check upon the

unruly had become seriously relaxed of late, both in town and country; they had been put to too great a strain and had snapped. By the suicidal methods of Excommunication and Interdict all ranks were schooled into doing without the rites of religion, the baptism of their children, or the blessing upon the marriage union. In the mean time it was notorious that even in high places there were instances not a few of Christians who had denied the faith and had given themselves up to strange beliefs, of which the creed of the Moslem was not the worst. Men must have received with a smile the doctrine that Marriage was a Sacrament when everybody knew that, among the upper classes at least, the bonds of matrimony were soluble almost at pleasure.\* It seems hardly worth while to notice that the observance of Sunday was almost universally neglected, or that sermons had become so rare that when Eustace, Abbot of Flai, preached in various places in England in 1200, miracles were said to have ensued as the ordinary effects of his eloquence. Earnestness in such an age seemed in itself miraculous. Here and there men and women, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, raised their sobbing prayer to heaven that the Lord would shortly accomplish the number of His elect and hasten His coming, and Abbot Joachim's dreams were talked of and his vague mutterings made the sanguine hope for better days. Among those mutterings had there not been a speech of the two heavenly witnesses who were to do—ah! what were they not to do? When and where would they

\* Eleanor of Aquitaine, consort of Henry II., had been divorced by Louis VII. of France. Constance of Brittany, mother of Arthur—Shakespeare's idealized Constance—left her husband, Ranulph, Earl of Chester, to unite herself with Guy of Flanders. Conrad of Montferat divorced the daughter of Isaac Angelus, Emperor of Constantinople, to marry Isabella, daughter of Amalric, King of Jerusalem, the bride repudiating her husband Henfrid of Thours. Philip II. of France married the sister of the King of Denmark one day and divorced her the next; then married a German lady, left her, and returned to the repudiated Dane. King John in 1189 divorced Hawisia, Countess of Gloucester, and took Isabella of Angoulême to wife, but how little he cared to be faithful to the one or the other the chronicles disdain to ask.

\* The 20th Article of the Assize of Clarendon is very significant: "Prohibet dominus rex ne monachi . . . recipiant aliquem de minuto populo in monachum," etc.—Stubbs's "Benedict Abbas," Pref. p. cliv.

appear? And these heavenly witnesses, who were they?

Eight years before King Richard was in Sicily a child had been born in the thriving town of Assisi, thirteen miles from Perugia, who was destined to be one of the great movers of the world. Giovahni Bernardone was the son of a wealthy merchant at Assisi, and from all that appears an only child. He was from infancy intended for a mercantile career, nor does he seem to have felt any dislike to it. One story—and it is as probable as the other—accounts for his name Francesco by assuring us that he earned it by his unusual familiarity with the French language, acquired during his residence in France while managing his father's business. The new name clung to him; the old baptismal name was dropped: posterity has almost forgotten that it was ever imposed. From the mass of tradition and personal recollections that have come down to us from so many different sources it is not always easy to decide when we are dealing with pure invention of pious fraud, and when with mere exaggeration of actual fact, but it scarcely admits of doubt that the young merchant of Assisi was engaged in trade and commerce till his twenty-fourth year, living in the main as others live, but perhaps early conspicuous for aiming at a loftier ideal than that of his every-day associates, and characterized by the devout and ardent temperament essential to the religious reformer. It was in the year 1206 that he became a changed man. He fell ill—he lay at Death's door. From the languor and delirium he recovered but slowly—when he did recover old things had passed away; behold! all things had become new. From this time Giovanni Bernardone passes out of sight, and from the ashes of a dead past, from the seed which has withered that the new life might germinate and fructify, Francis—why grudge to call him *Saint Francis*?—of Assisi rises.

Very early the young man had shown a taste for Church restoration. The material fabric of the houses of God in the land could not but exhibit the decay of living faith; the churches were falling into ruins. The little chapel of St. Mary and Angels at Assisi was in a scandalous condition of decay. It

troubled the heart of the young pietist profoundly to see the Christian church squalid and tottering to its fall while within sight of it was the Roman temple in which men had worshipped the idols. There it stood, as it had stood for a thousand years—as it stands to this day. Oh shame! that Christian men should build so slightly while the heathen built so strongly!

To the little squalid ruin St. Francis came time and again, and poured out his heart, perplexed and sad; and there, we are told, God met him and a voice said, "Go, and build my church again." It was a "thought beyond his thought" and with the straightforward simplicity of his nature he accepted the message in its literal sense and at once set about obeying it as he understood it. He began by giving all he could lay his hands on to provide funds for the work. His own resources exhausted, he applied for contributions to all who came in his way. His father became alarmed at his son's excessive liberality, and the consequences that might ensue from his strange recklessness; it is even said that he turned him out of doors; it seems that the commercial partnership was cancelled; it is certain that the son was compelled to make some great renunciation of wealth, and that his private means were seriously restricted. That a man of business should be blind to the preciousness of money was as sufficient a proof then, as now, that he must be mad.

O ye wary men of the world, bristling with the shrewdest of maxims, bursting with the lessons of experience, ye of the cool heads and the cold gray eyes, ye whom the statesman loves, and the tradesman trusts, cautious, sagacious, prudent; when the rumbling of the earthquake tells us that the foundations of the earth are out of course, we must look for deliverance to other than you. A grain of enthusiasm is of mightier force than a million tons of wisdom such as yours; then when the hour of the great upheaval has arrived, and things can no longer be kept going!—"Build up my church," said the voice again to this gushing emaciated fanatic in the second-rate Italian town, this dismal bankrupt of twenty-four years of age, "of lamentably low extraction," whom

no University claimed as her own, and whom the learned pundits pitied, and at last he understood the profounder meaning of the words. It was no temple made with hands, but the *living* Church that needed raising. The dust of corruption must be swept away, the dry bones be stirred; the breath of the divine Spirit blow and re-animate them. Did not the voice mean that? What remained but to obey?

In his journeyings through France it is hardly possible that St. Francis should not have heard of the poor men of Lyons whose peculiar tenets at this time were arousing very general attention. It is not improbable that he may have fallen in with one of those translations of the New Testament into the vernacular executed by Stephen de Emsa at the expense of Peter Waldo, and through his means widely circulated among all classes. Be it as it may, the words addressed by our Lord to the seventy, when he sent them forth to preach the kingdom of heaven, seemed to St. Francis to be written in letters of flame. They haunted him waking and sleeping. "The lust of gain is the spirit of Cain!" what had it done for the world or the Church but saturate the one and the other with sordid greed? Mere wealth had not added to the sum of human happiness. Nay, misery was growing; kings fought, and the people bled at every pore. Merchants reared their palaces, and the masses were perishing. Where riches increased, their pride and ungodliness were rampant. What had corrupted the monks, whose lives should be so pure and exemplary? What but their vast possessions, bringing with them luxury and the paralysis of devotion and of all loftier endeavor? It was openly maintained that the original Benedictine Rule could not be kept now as of yore. One attempt after another to bring back the old monastic discipline had failed deplorably. The Cluniac revival had been followed by the Cluniac laxity, splendor, and ostentation. The Cistercians, who for a generation had been the sour puritans of the cloister, had become the most potent religious corporation in Europe; but theirs was the power of the purse now. Where had the old strictness and the old fervor gone? Each man was lusting

for all that was not his own; but free alms, where were they? and pity for the sad, and reverence for the stricken, and tenderness and sympathy? "O gentle Jesus, where art Thou? and is there no love of Thee anywhere, nor any love for Thy lost sheep, Thou crucified Saviour of men?"

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Knocking at his heart—not merely buzzing in his brain—the words kept smiting him, "Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses, neither scrip for your journey, neither two coats, nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat!" Once men had changed the face of the world with no other equipment. Faith then had removed mountains. Why not again? He threw away his staff and shoes; he went forth with literally a single garment; he was girt with a common rope round his loins. He no more doubted of his mission, he no more feared for the morrow than he feared for the young ravens that he loved and spake to in an ecstasy of joy.

Henceforth there was "not a bird upon the tree but half forgave his being human;" the flowers of the field looked out at him with special greetings, the wolf of the mountains met him with no fierce glare in his eye. Great men smiled at the craze of the monomaniac. Old men shook their gray heads and remembered that they themselves had been young and foolish. Practical men would not waste their words upon the folly of the thing. Rich men, serenely confident of their position, affirmed that they knew of only one who could overcome the world—to wit, the veritable hero, he who holds the purse-strings. St. Francis did not speak to these. "Oh ye miserable, helpless, and despairing; ye who find yourselves unutterably forlorn—so very, very far astray; ye lost souls whom Satan has bound through the long weary years; ye of the broken hearts, bowed down and crushed; ye with your wasted bodies loathsome to every sense, to whom life is torture and whom death will not deliver; ye whose very nearness by the wayside makes the traveller as he passes shudder with uncontrollable horror lest your breath should light upon his garments, look! I am poor as you—I am one of your—"



selves. Christ, the very Christ of God, has sent me with a message to you. Listen!"

It is observable that we never hear of St. Francis that he was a sermon-maker. He had received no clerical or even academical training. Up to 1207 he had not even a license to preach. It was only after this that he was—and apparently without desiring it—ordained a deacon. In its first beginnings, the Franciscan movement was essentially moral, not theological, still less intellectual. The absence of anything like dogma in the sermons of the early Minorites was their characteristic. One is tempted to say it was a mere accident that these men were not sectaries, so little in common had they with the ecclesiastics of the time, so entirely did they live and labor among the laity, of whom they were and with whom they so profoundly sympathized. The secret of the overwhelming, the irresistible attraction which St. Francis exercised is to be found in his matchless simplicity, in his sublime self-surrender. He removed mountains because he believed intensely in the infinite power of mere goodness. While from the writhing millions all over Europe, the millions ignorant, neglected, plague-stricken, despairing, an inarticulate wail was going up to God, St. Francis made it articulate. Then he boldly proclaimed: "God has heard your cry! It meant this and that. I am sent to you with the good God's answer." There was less than a step between accepting him as the interpreter of their vague yearnings and embracing him as the ambassador of heaven to themselves.

St. Francis was hardly twenty-eight years old when he set out for Rome, to lay himself at the feet of the great Pope Innocent the Third, and to ask from him some formal recognition. The pontiff, so the story goes, was walking in the garden of the Lateran when the momentous meeting took place. Startled by the sudden apparition of an emaciated young man, bare-headed, shoeless, half-clad, but—for all his gentleness—a beggar who would take no denial, Innocent hesitated. It was but for a brief hour, the next he was won. Francis returned to Assisi with the Papal sanction for what was, probably, a draught of his

afterward famous "Rule." He was met by the whole city, who received him with a frenzy of excitement. By this time his enthusiasm had kindled that of eleven other young men, all now aglow with the same divine fire. A twelfth soon was added—he, too, a layman of gentle blood and of knightly rank. All these had surrendered their claim to everything in the shape of property, and had resolved to follow their great leader's example by stripping themselves of all worldly possessions, and suffering the loss of all things. They were beggars—literally barefooted beggars. The love of money was the root of all evil. They would not touch the accursed thing lest they should be defiled—no, not with the tips of their fingers. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Beggars they were, but they were brethren—*Fratres* (*Frères*). We in England have got to call them *Friars*. Francis was never known in his lifetime as anything higher than *Brother Francis*, and his community he insisted should be called the community of the lesser brethren—*Fratres Minores*—for none could be or should be less than they. Abbots and Priors, he would have none of them. "He that will be chief among you," he said, in Christ's own words, "let him be your servant." The highest official among the *Minorites* was the *Minister*, the elect of all, the servant of all, and if not humble enough to serve, not fit to rule.

People talk of "Monks and Friars" as if these were convertible terms. The truth is that the difference between the Monks and the Friars was almost one of kind. The Monk was supposed never to leave his cloister. The Friar in St. Francis's first intention had no cloister to leave. Even when he had where to lay his head, his life-work was not to save his own soul, but first and foremost to save the bodies and souls of others. The Monk had nothing to do with ministering to others. At best his business was to be the salt of the earth, and it behooved him to be much more upon his guard that the salt should not lose his savor, than that the earth should be sweetened. The Friar was an itinerant evangelist, always on the move. He was a preacher of righteousness. He lifted up his voice against sin and

wrong. "Save yourselves from this untoward generation!" he cried; "save yourselves from the wrath to come." The Monk, as has been said, was an aristocrat. The Friar belonged to the great unwashed!

Without the loss of a day the new apostles of poverty, of pity, of an all-embracing love, went forth by two and two to build up the ruined Church of God. Theology they were, from anything that appears, sublimely ignorant of. Except that they were masters of every phrase and word in the Gospels, their stock in trade was scarcely more than that of an average candidate for Anglican orders; but to each and all of them Christ was simply *everything*. If ever men have preached Christ, these men did; Christ, nothing but Christ, the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end. They had no system, they had no views, they combated no opinions, they took no side. Let the dialecticians dispute about this nice distinction or that. There *could* be no doubt that Christ had died and risen, and was alive forevermore. There was no place for controversy or opinions when here was a mere simple, indisputable, but most awful fact. Did you want to wrangle about the aspect of the fact, the evidence, the what not? St. Francis had no mission to argue with you. The pearl of great price—will you have it or not? Whether or not, there are millions sighing for it, crying for it, dying for it. To the poor at any rate the Gospel shall be preached now as of old.

To the poor by the poor. Those masses, those dreadful masses, crawling, sweltering in the foul hovels, in many a southern town with never a roof to cover them, huddling in groups under a dry arch, alive with vermin; gibbering *cretins* with the ghastly wens; lepers by the hundred, too shocking for mothers to gaze at, and therefore driven forth to curse and howl in the lazar-house outside the walls, there stretching out their bony hands to clutch the frightened almsgiver's dole, or, failing that, to pick up shreds of offal from the heaps of garbage—to these St. Francis came.

—More wonderful still!—to these outcasts came those other twelve, so utterly had their leader's sublime self-surrender

communicated itself to his converts. "We are come," they said, "to live among you and be your servants, and wash your sores, and make your lot less hard than it is. We only want to do as Christ bids us do. We are beggars too, and we too have not where to lay our heads. Christ sent us to you. Yes. Christ the crucified, whose we are, and whose you are. Be not wroth with us, we will help you if we can."

As they spoke, so they lived. They *were* less than the least, as St. Francis told them they must strive to be. Incredible cynicism was put to silence. It was wonderful, it was inexplicable, it was disgusting, it was anything you please; but where there were outcasts, lepers, pariahs, there, there were these penniless Minorites tending the miserable sufferers with a cheerful look, and not seldom with a merry laugh. As one reads the stories of those earlier Franciscans, one is reminded every now and then of the extravagances of the Salvation Army.

The heroic example set by these men at first startled, and then fascinated, the upper classes. While laboring to save the lowest, they took captive the highest. The Brotherhood grew in numbers day by day; as it grew, new problems presented themselves. How to dispose of all the wealth renounced, how to employ the energies of all the crowds of brethren. Hardest of all, what to do with the earnest, highly-trained, and sometimes erudite convert who could not divest himself of the treasures of learning which he had amassed. "Must I part with my books?" said the scholar, with a sinking heart. "Carry nothing with you for your journey!" was the inexorable answer. "Not a Breviary? not even the Psalms of David?" "Get them into your heart of hearts, and provide yourself with a treasure in the heavens. Who ever heard of Christ reading books save when He opened the book in the synagogue, and *then* closed it and went forth to teach the world forever?"

In 1215 the new Order held its first Chapter at the Church of the Portiuncula. The numbers of the Brotherhood and the area over which their labors extended had increased so vastly that it was already found necessary to nominate

Provincial Ministers in France, Germany, and Spain.

While these things were going on in Italy, another notable reformer was vexing his righteous soul in Spain. St. Dominic was a very different man from the gentle and romantic young Italian. Of high birth, which among the haughty Castilians has always counted for a great deal, he had passed his boyhood among ecclesiastics and academics. He was twelve years older than St. Francis. He studied theology for ten years at the University of Palencia, and before the twelfth century closed he was an Augustinian Canon. In 1203, while St. Francis was still poring over his father's ledgers, Dominic was associated with the Bishop of Osma in negotiating a marriage for Alphonso the Eighth, King of Castille. For the next ten years he was more or less concerned with the hideous atrocities of the Albigensian war. During that dark period of his career he was brought every day face to face with heresy and schism. From infancy he must have heard those around him talk with a savage intolerance of the Moors of the South and the stubborn Jews of Toledo nearer home. Now his eyes were open to the perils that beset the Church from sectaries who from within were for casting off her divine authority. Wretches who questioned the very creeds and rejected the Sacraments, yet perversely insisted that they were Christian men and women, with a clearer insight into Gospel mysteries than Bishops and Cardinals or the Holy Father himself. Here was heresy rampant, and immortal souls, all astray, beguiled by evil men and deceivers, "whose words doth eat as doth a canker." Dominic "saw that there was no man, and marvelled that there was no intercessor."

It was not ungodliness that Dominic, in the first instance, determined to war with, but ignorance and error. These were to him the monster evils, whose natural fruit was moral corruption. Get rid of them, and the depraved heart might be dealt with by-and-by. Dominic stood forth as the determined champion of orthodoxy. "Preach the word in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort"—that was his panacea.

His success at the first was but small. Preachers with the divine fervor, with the gift of utterance, with the power to drive truth home—are rare. They are not to be had for the asking; they are not trained in a day. Years passed, but little was achieved; Dominic was patient. He had, indeed, founded a small religious community of sixteen brethren at St. Rouain, near Toulouse—one of these, we are told, was an Englishman—whose aim and object were to produce an effect through the agency of the pulpit, to confute the heretics and instruct the unlearned. The Order, if it deserved the name, was established on the old lines. A monastery was founded, a local habitation secured. The maintenance of the brotherhood was provided for by a sufficient endowment; the petty cares and anxieties of life were in the main guarded against; but when Innocent the Third gave his formal sanction to the new community, it was given to Dominic and his associates, on the 8th of October, 1215, as to a house of *Augustinian Canons*, who received permission to enjoy in their corporate capacity the endowments which had been bestowed upon them. In the following July Innocent died, and was at once succeeded by Honorius the Third. Dominic set out for Rome, and on the 22d of December he received from the new Pope a bare confirmation of what his predecessor had granted, with little more than a passing allusion to the fact that the new canons were to be emphatically *Preachers* of the faith. In the autumn of 1217 Dominic turned his back upon Languedoc forever. He took up his residence at Rome, and at once rose high in the favor of the Pope. His eloquence, his earnestness, his absorbing enthusiasm, his matchless dialectic skill, his perfect scholastic training—all combined to attract precisely those cultured churchmen whose fastidious sense of the fitness of things revolted from the austerities of St. Francis and the enormous demands which the Minorites made upon their converts. While Francis was acting upon the masses from Assisi, Dominic was stirring the dry bones to a new vitality among scholars and ecclesiastics at Rome.

Thus far we have heard little or nothing of poverty among the more highly

educated *Friars Preachers*, as they got to be called. That seems to have been quite an afterthought. So far as Dominic may be said to have accepted the Voluntary Principle and, renouncing all endowments, to have thrown himself and his followers for support upon the alms of the faithful, so far he was a disciple of St. Francis. The Champion of Orthodoxy was a convert to the Apostle of Poverty.

How soon the Dominicans gave in their adhesion to the distinctive tenet of the Minorites will never now be known, nor how far St. Francis himself adopted it from others; but a conviction that holiness of life had deteriorated in the Church and the cloister by reason of the excessive wealth of monks and ecclesiastics was prevalent everywhere, and a belief was growing that sanctity was attainable only by those who were ready to part with all their worldly possessions and give to such as needed. Even before St. Francis had applied to Innocent the Third, the poor men of Lyons had come to Rome begging for papal sanction to their missionary plans; they met with little favor, and vanished from the scene. But they too declaimed against endowments—they too were to live on alms. The Gospel of Poverty was "*in the air*."

In 1219 the Franciscans held their second general Chapter. It was evident that they were taking the world by storm; evident, too, that their astonishing success was due less to their preaching than to their self-denying lives. It was abundantly plain that this vast army of fervent missionaries could live from day to day and work wonders in evangelizing the masses without owning a rood of land, or having anything to depend upon but the perennial stream of bounty which flowed from the gratitude of their followers. If the Preaching Friars were to succeed at such a time as this, they could only hope to do so by exhibiting as sublime a faith as the Minorites displayed to the world. Accordingly, in the very year after the second Chapter of the Franciscans was held at Assisi, a general Chapter of the Dominicans was held at Bologna, and there the profession of poverty was formally adopted, and the renunciation of all means of support, except such as might be offered

from day to day, was insisted on. Henceforth the two orders were to labor side by side in magnificent rivalry—mendicants who went forth like Gideon's host with empty pitchers to fight the battles of the Lord, and whose desires, as far as the good things of this world went, were summed up in the simple petition, "Give us this day our daily bread!"

Thus far the friars had scarcely been heard of in England. The Dominicans—trained men of education, addressing themselves mainly to the educated classes, and sure of being understood wherever Latin, the universal medium of communication among scholars, was in daily and hourly use—the Dominicans could have little or no difficulty in getting an audience such as they were qualified to address. It was otherwise with the Franciscans. If the world was to be divided between these two great bands, obviously the Minorites' sphere of labor must be mainly among the lowest, that of the Preaching Friars among the cultured classes. When the Minorites preached among Italians or Frenchmen they were received with tumultuous welcome. They spoke the language of the people; and in the vulgar speech of the people—rugged, plastic, and reckless of grammar—the message came as glad tidings of great joy. When they tried the same method in Germany, we are told, they signally failed. The gift of tongues, alas! had ceased. That, at any rate, was denied, even to such faith as theirs. They were met with ridicule. The rabble of Cologne or Bremen, hoarsely grumbling out their grating gutturals, were not to be moved by the most impassioned pleading of angels in human form, soft though their voices might be, and musical their tones. "Ach Himmel! was sagt er?" growled one. And peradventure some well-meaning interpreter replied: "Zu suchen und selig zu machen." When the Italian tried to repeat the words his utterance, not his faith, collapsed! The German-speaking people must wait till a door should be opened. Must England wait too? Yes! For the Franciscan missionaries England too must wait a little while.

But England was exactly the land for



the Dominican to turn to. Unhappy England! Dominic was born in the same year that Thomas Becket was murdered in Canterbury Cathedral; Francis in the year before the judgment of the Most High began to fall upon the guilty King and his accursed progeny. Since then everything seemed to have gone wrong. The last six years of Henry the Second's reign were years of piteous misery, shame, and bitterness. His two elder sons died in arms against their father, the one childless, the other, Geoffrey, with a baby boy never destined to arrive at manhood. The two younger ones were Richard and John. History has no story more sad than that of the wretched king, hard at death's door, compelled to submit to the ferocious vindictiveness of the one son, and turning his face to the wall with a broken heart when he discovered the hateful treachery of the other. Ten years after this Richard died childless, and King John was crowned—the falsest, meanest, worst, and wickedest king that ever sat upon the throne of England. With him the dread Nemesis went on. How young Arthur perished we can but darkly suspect; and John's only remaining nephew, Otho, Emperor of Germany, practically came to an end after the fatal battle of Bouvines. His only surviving niece was consort of Louis the Eighth of France—that insolent who landed the last army of invasion upon our shores. And now John himself was dead; and "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child!" for Henry the Third was crowned, a boy just nine years old.

If the Royal House had been smitten even to the verge of extinction, not less wofully had the land suffered. For eight years England had lain under the terrible interdict; for most of the time only a single bishop had remained in England. John had small need to tax the people; he lived upon the plunder of bishops and abbots. The churches were desolate; the worship of God in large districts almost came to an end. Only in the Cistercian monasteries, and in them only for a time, and to a very limited extent, were the rites of religion continued. It is hardly conceivable that the places of those clergy who died during the eight years of the interdict

were supplied by fresh ordinations; and some excuse may have been found for the outrageous demands of the Pope to present to English benefices in the fact that many cures must have been vacant, and the supply of qualified Englishmen to succeed them had fallen short.

Strange to say, in the midst of all this religious famine, and while the Church was being ruthlessly pillaged and her ministers put to rebuke, there was more intellectual activity in the country than had existed for centuries. The schools at Oxford were attracting students from far and near; and when, in consequence of the disgraceful murder of three *clerics* in 1209, apparently at the instance of King John, the whole body of masters and scholars dispersed—some to Cambridge, others to Reading—it is said their number amounted to 3000. These were for the most part youths hardly as old as the undergraduates in a Scotch university in our own time; but there was evidently an ample supply of competent teachers, or the reputation of Oxford could not have been maintained.

It was during the year after the Chapter of the Dominicans held at Bologna in 1220, that the first brethren of the order arrived in England. They were under the direction of one Gilbert de Fraxineto, who was accompanied by twelve associates. They landed early in August, probably at Dover. They were at once received with cordiality by Archbishop Langton, who put their powers to the test by commanding one of their number to preach before him. The Primate took them into his favor, and sent them on their way. On the 10th of August they were preaching in London, and on the 15th they appeared in Oxford, and were welcomed as the bringers-in of new things. Their success was unequivocal. We hardly hear of their arrival before we learn that they were well established in their school and surrounded by eager disciples.

Be it remembered that any systematic training of young men to serve as evangelists—any attempt to educate them directly as preachers well furnished with arguments to confute the erring, and carefully taught to practise the graces of oratory—had never been made in England. These Dominicans were already

the Sophists of their age, masters of the dialectic methods then in vogue, whereby disputation had been raised to the dignity of a science. Then a scholar was looked upon as a mere pretender who could not maintain a *thesis* against all comers before a crowded audience of sharp-eyed critics and eager partisans, not too nice in their expressions of dissent or approval. The exercises still kept up for the Doctor's degree in Divinity at Oxford and Cambridge are but the shadows of what was a reality in the past. Whether we have not lost much in the discontinuance of the old *Acts* and *Apponencies*, which at least assured that a young man should be required to stand up before a public audience to defend the reasonableness of his opinions, may fairly be doubted. The aim of the Dominican teachers was to turn out trained preachers furnished with all the tricks of dialectic fence, and practised to extempore speaking on the most momentous subjects. Unfortunately the historian, when he has told us of the arrival of his brethren, leaves us in the dark as to all their early struggles and difficulties, and passes on to other matters with which we are less concerned. What would we not give to know the history, say during only twenty years, of the labors of the Preaching Friars in England? Alas! it seems never to have been written. We are only told enough to awaken curiosity and disappoint it.

Happily, of the early labors of the Franciscan friars in England much fuller details have reached us, though the very existence of the records in which they were handed down was known to very few, and the wonderful story had been forgotten for centuries when the appearance of the *Monumenta Franciscana* in the series of chronicles published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls in 1858 may be said to have marked an event in literature. If the late Mr. Brewer had done no more than bring to light the remarkable series of documents which that volume contains, he would have won for himself the lasting gratitude of all seekers after truth.

The Dominicans had been settled in Oxford just two years when the first band of Franciscan brethren landed in England on the 11th of September, 1224.

They landed penniless; their passage over had been paid by the monks of Fécamp; they numbered in all nine persons, five were laymen, four were clerics. Of the latter three were Englishmen, the fourth was an Italian, Agnellus of Pisa by name. Agnellus had been some time previously destined by St. Francis as the first *Minister* for the province of England, not improbably because he had some familiarity with our language. He was about thirty years of age, and as yet only in deacon's orders. Indeed, of the whole company *only one was a priest*, a man of middle age who had made his mark and was famous as a preacher of rare gifts and deep earnestness. He was a Norfolk man born, Richard of Ingworth by name and presumably a priest of the diocese of Norwich. Of the five laymen one was a Lombard, who may have had some kinsfolk and friends in London, where he was allowed to remain as warden for some years, and one, Lawrence of Beauvais, was a personal and intimate friend of St. Francis, who on his death-bed gave him the habit which he himself had worn.

The whole party were hospitably entertained for two days at the Priory of the Holy Trinity at Canterbury. Then Brother Richard Ingworth, with another Richard—a Devonshire youth conspicuous for his ascetic fervor and devotion, but only old enough to be admitted to minor orders—set out for London, accompanied by the Lombard and another foreigner, leaving behind them Agnellus and the rest, among them William of Esseby, the third Englishman, enthusiastic and ardent as the others, but a mere youth and as yet a novice. He, too, I conjecture to have been a Norfolk or Suffolk man, whose birth-place, *Ashby*, in the East Anglian dialect, would be pronounced nearly as it is written in Eccleston's manuscript. It was arranged that Richard Ingworth should lose no time in trying to secure some place where they might all lay their heads, and from whence as a centre they might begin the great work they had in hand. The Canterbury party were received into the Priest's House and allowed to remain for a while. Soon they received permission to sleep in a building used as a school during the day-time, and while the boys were being

taught the poor friars huddled together in a small room adjoining, where they were confined as if they had been prisoners. When the scholars went home the friars crept out, lit a fire and sat round it, boiled their porridge, and mixed their small beer, sour and thick as we are told it was, with water to make it go further, and each contributed some word of edification to the general stock, brought forward some homely illustration which might serve to brighten the next sermon when it should be preached, or told a pleasant tale, thought out during the day—a story with a moral. Of the five left behind at Canterbury it is to be observed that no one of them was qualified as yet to preach in the vernacular. William of Esseyby was too young for the pulpit, though he became a very effective preacher in a few years. He was, however, doing good service as interpreter, and doubtless as teacher of English to the rest.

Before long the cheerfulness, self-denial, and devout bearing of the little company at Canterbury gained for them the warm support and friendship of all classes. They had a very hard time of it. Sometimes a kind soul would bring them actually a dish of meat, sometimes even a bottle of wine, but as a rule their fare was bread—made up into *twists*, we hear, when it was specially excellent—wheat-bread, wholesome and palatable; but, alas! sometimes barley-bread, washed down with beer too sour to drink undiluted with water. Alexander, the master of the Priest's House at Canterbury, before long gave them a piece of ground and built them a temporary chapel, but when he was for presenting them with the building, he was told that they might not possess houses and lands, and the property was thereupon made over to the corporation of Canterbury to hold in honorable trust for their use, the friars *borrowing* it of the town. Simon Langton, too, Archdeacon of Canterbury, the primate's brother, stood their friend, and one or two people of influence among the laity, as Sir Henry de Sandwich, a wealthy Kentish gentleman, and a lady whom Eccleston calls a "noble countess," one Inclusa de Baginton, warmly supported them and liberally supplied their necessities. It is worthy of notice that at Canterbury

their first friends were among the wealthy, *i.e.*, those among whom a command of English was not necessary.

While Agnellus and his brethren were waiting patiently at Canterbury, Ingworth and young Richard of Devon with the two Italians had made their way to London and had been received with enthusiasm. Their first entertainers were the Dominican friars who, though they had been only two years before them, yet had already got for themselves a house, in which they were able to entertain the newcomers for a fortnight. At the end of that time they hired a plot of ground in Cornhill of John Travers, the Sheriff of London, and there they built for themselves a house, such as it was. Their cells were constructed like sheep-cotes, mere wattels with mouldy hay or straw between them. Their fare was of the meanest, but they gained in estimation every day. In their humble quarters at Cornhill they remained preaching, visiting, nursing, begging their bread, but always gay and busy, till the summer of 1225, when a certain John Iwyn—again a name suspiciously like the phonetic representative of the common Norfolk name of *Ewing*—a mercer and citizen, offered them a more spacious and comfortable dwelling in the parish of St. Nicholas. As their brethren at Canterbury had done, so did they: they refused all houses and lands, and the house was made over to the corporation of London for their use. Not long after the worthy citizen assumed the Franciscan habit and renounced the world, to embrace poverty.

In the autumn of 1225 Ingworth and the younger Richard left London, Agnellus taking their place. He had not been idle at Canterbury, and his success in making converts had been remarkable. At Canterbury and London the Minorites had secured for themselves a firm footing. The Universities were next invaded. The two Richards reached Oxford about October, 1225, and as before were received with great cordiality by the Dominicans and hospitably entertained for eight days. Before a week was out they had got the loan of a house or hall in the parish of St. Ebbs, and had started lectures and secured a large following. Here young Esseyby joined them, sent on it seems by Agnellus from

London to assist in the work ; a year or so older than when he first landed, and having shown in that time unmistakable signs of great capacity and entire devotion to the work. Esseby was quite able to stand alone. Once more the two Richards moved on to Northampton, where an "opening from the Lord" seemed to have presented itself. By this time the whole country was on the tip-toe of expectation and crowds of all classes had given in their adhesion to the new missionaries. No ! it was *not* grandeur or riches or honor or learning that were wanted above all things—not these, but Goodness, Meekness, Simplicity, and Truth. The love of money *was* the root of all evil. The Minorites were right. When men with a divine fervor proclaim a truth, or even half a truth, which the world has forgotten, there is never any lack of enthusiasm in its acceptance. In five years from their first arrival the friars had established themselves in almost every considerable town in England, and where one order settled the other came soon after, the two orders in their first beginning co-operating cordially. It was only when their faith and zeal began to wax cold that jealousy broke forth into bitter antagonism.

In no part of England were the Franciscans received with more enthusiasm than in Norfolk. They appear to have established themselves at Lynn, Yarmouth, and Norwich in 1226. Clergy and laity, rich and poor, united in offering to them a ready homage. To this day a certain grudging provincialism is observable in the East Anglian character. A Norfolk man distrusts the settler from "the Shires" who comes in with new-fangled reforms. To this day the home of wisdom is supposed to be in the East. When it was understood that the virtual leader of this astonishing religious revival was a Norfolk man, the joy and pride of Norfolk knew no bounds. Nothing was too much to do for their own hero. But when it became known that Ingworth had been welcomed with open arms by Robert Grosseteste, the foremost scholar in Oxford—he a Suffolk man—and that Grosseteste's friend, Roger de Weseham, was their warm supporter, son of a Norfolk yeoman, whose brethren were to be seen any day in Lynn market—the

ovation that the Franciscans met with was unparalleled. There was a general rush by some of the best men of the county into the order.

Already St. Francis had found it necessary to include in the fraternity a class of recognized associates who may be described as the *unattached*. These were the *Tertiaries*—laymen who were not prepared to embrace the vows of poverty and to surrender their all—but well-wishers pledged to support the Minorites, and to co-operate with them when called upon, showing their goodwill sometimes in visiting the sick and needy, sometimes in engaging in the work of teaching, or accompanying the preachers when advisable, and bound by their engagement to set an example of sobriety and seriousness in their dress and manners. Up to this time the word *religious* had been applied only to such as were inmates of a cloister. Now the truth dawned upon men that it was possible to live the higher life even while pursuing one's ordinary vocation in the busy world. The tone of social morality must have gained enormously by the dissemination of this new doctrine, and its acceptance among high and low. It became the fashion in the upper classes to enroll one's self among the Tertiaries, and every new enrolment was an important accession to the stability, and, indeed, to the material resources of the Minorites ; and when—apparently within a few days of one another—no less than five gentlemen of knightly rank, of whom at least one, Sir Giles de Merc, had only recently been employed as an envoy by the king to his brother Richard in Gascony, and another, Sir Henry de Walpole, was among the most considerable and wealthy men in the eastern counties, Henry the Third spoke out his mind and showed that he was not too well-pleased. Really these friars were going on too fast—turning men's heads ! At Lynn the Franciscans were specially fortunate in their warden, whose austerity of life, gentle manners, and profoundly sympathetic temperament obtained for him unbounded influence. Among others Alexander de Bassingbourne\*—seneschal of Lynn for Pan-

\* The name is again changed into *Bissingbourne* by Eccleston, who writes it as he heard it from Norfolk people.



dulph, Bishop of Norwich, and, as such, a personage of importance, became his convert and joined the new order; but the number of Norfolk clergy and scholars who actually became friars must have been very large indeed; they were quite the picked men among the Franciscans in England. Of the first eighteen masters of Franciscan schools at Cambridge, at least ten were Norfolk men, while of the first five Divinity readers at Oxford whose names have been recorded, after those of Grosseteste and Roger de Weseham, four were unmistakably East Anglians. No one familiar with Norfolk topography could fail to be struck by this fact, and the queer spellings of some places, which puzzled even Mr. Brewer, are themselves suggestive.\*

St. Francis died at Assisi on October 4th, 1226. With his death troubles began. Brother Elias, who was chosen to succeed him as Minister General of the Order, had little of the great founder's spirit, and none of his genius. There was unseemly strife and rivalry, and on the Continent it would appear that the Minorites made but little way. Not so was it in England; there the supply of brethren animated by genuine enthusiasm and burning zeal for the cause they had espoused was unexampled. Perhaps there more than anywhere else such laborers were needed, perhaps too they had a fairer field. Certainly there they were truer to their first principles than elsewhere. Outside the city walls at Lynn and York and Bristol; in a filthy swamp at Norwich, through which the drainage of the city sluggishly trickled into the river, never a foot lower than its banks; in a mere barn-like structure, with walls of mud, at Shrewsbury, in the "Stinking Alley" in London, the Minorites took up their abode, and there they lived on charity, doing for the lowest the most menial offices, speaking to the poorest the words of hope, preaching to learned and simple such sermons—short, homely, fervent, and emotional—as the world had not heard for many a day. How could such evangelists fail

to win their way? Before Henry the Third's reign was half over the predominance of the Franciscans over Oxford was almost supreme. At Cambridge their influence was less dominant only because at Cambridge there was no commanding genius like Robert Grosseteste to favor and support them. St. Francis's hatred of book-learning was the one sentiment that he never was able to inspire among his followers. Almost from the first scholars, students, and men of learning were attracted by the irresistible charm of his wonderful moral persuasiveness; they gave in their adherence to him in a vague hope that by contact with his surpassing holiness virtue would go out of him, and that somehow the divine goodness which he magnified as the one thing needful would be communicated to them and supply that which was lacking in themselves; but they could not bring themselves to believe that culture and holiness were incompatible or that nearness to God was possible only to those who were ignorant and uninstructed. We should have expected learning among the Dominicans, but very soon the English Franciscans became the most learned body in Europe, and that character they never lost till the suppression of the monasteries swept them out of the land. Before Edward the First came to the throne, in less than fifty years after Richard Ingworth and his little band landed at Dover, Robert Kilwarby, a Franciscan friar, had been chosen Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bonaventura, the General of the Order, had refused the Archbishopric of York. In 1281 Jerome of Ascoli, Bonaventura's successor as General, was elected Pope, assuming the name of Nicholas the Fourth.

Meanwhile such giants as Alexander Hales and Roger Bacon and Duns Scotus among the Minorites—all Englishmen be it remembered—and Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus among the Dominicans, had given to intellectual life that amazing lift into a higher region of thought, speculation, and inquiry which prepared the way for greater things by-and-by. It was at Assisi that Cimabue and Giotto received their most sublime inspiration and did their very best, breathing the air that St. Francis himself had breathed and listening day

\* *E. g.* Turnham represents the Norfolk pronunciation of *Thornham*. Heddele is *Hadleigh*, in Suffolk spelt phonetically; Ravingham is *Raveningham*, Assewelle is *Ashwell* [cf. p. 93, *Esseby* for *Ashby*], Sloler is *Sloley*, Leveringfot is *Letheringset*.

by day to traditions and memories of the saint, told peradventure by one or another who had seen him alive or even touched his garments in their childhood. It may even be that there Dante watched Giotto at his work while the painter got the poet's face by heart.

To write the history of the Mendicant Orders in England would be a task beyond my capacity, but no man can hope to understand the successes or the failures of any great party in Church or State until he has arrived at some comprehension, not only of the objects which it set itself to achieve, but of its *modus operandi* at the outset of its career.

The Friars were a great party in the Church, organized with a definite object, and pledged to carry out that object in simple reliance upon what we now call the *Voluntary Principle*. St. Francis saw, and saw much more clearly than even we of the nineteenth century see it, that the Parochial system is admirable, is a perfect system for the village, that it is unsuited for the town, that in the towns the attempt to work it had ended in a miserable and scandalous failure. The Friars came as helpers of the poor town clergy, just when those clergy had begun to give up their task as hopeless. They came as missionaries to those whom the town clergy had got to regard as mere *pariahs*. They came to strengthen the weak hands, and to labor in a new field. *St. Francis was the John Wesley of the thirteenth century, whom the Church did not cast out.*

Rome has never been afraid of fanaticism. She has always known how to utilize her enthusiasts fired by a new idea. The Church of England has never known how to deal with a man of genius. From Wicklif to Frederick Robertson, from Bishop Peacock to Dr. Rowland Williams, the clergyman who has been in danger of impressing his personality upon Anglicanism, where he has not been the object of relentless persecution, has at least been regarded with timid suspicion, has been shunned by all prudent men of low degree, and by those of high degree has been—forgotten. In the Church of England there has never been a time when the enthusiast has not been treated as a very *unsafe* man. Rome has found a place

for the dreamiest mystic or the noisiest ranter—found a place and found a sphere of useful labor. We, with our insular prejudices, have been sticklers for the narrowest uniformity, and yet we have accepted, as a useful addition to the Creed of Christendom, one article which we have only not formulated because, perhaps, it came to us from a Roman Bishop, the great sage Talleyrand—*Surtout pas trop de zèle!*

The Minorites were the Low Churchmen of the thirteenth century, the Dominicans the severely orthodox, among whom spiritual things were believed to be attainable only through the medium of significant form. Rome knew how to yoke the two together, Xanthos and Balios champing at the bit, but always held well in hand. At the outset the two orders were so deeply impressed by the magnitude of the evils they were to combat that they hardly knew there was anything in which they were at variance. Gradually—yes, and somewhat rapidly—each borrowed something from the other. The Minorites found they could not do without culture; the Dominicans renounced endowments; by-and-by they drew apart into separate camps, and discord proved that the old singleness of purpose and loyalty to a great cause had passed away. Imitators arose. Reformers they all professed to be, improvers of the original idea. Augustinian Friars, Carmelites, Bethlehemites, Bonhommes, and the rest. Friars they all called themselves—all pledged to the Voluntary Principle, all renouncing endowments, all professing to live on alms.

I have called St. Francis the John Wesley of the thirteenth century. The parallels might be drawn out into curious detail, if we compared the later history of the great movements originated by one and the other reformer. The new orders of Friars were to the old ones what the Separatists among the Wesleyan body are to the Old Connection. They had their grievances, real or imagined, they loudly protested against corruption and abuses, they professed themselves anxious only to go back to first principles. But Rome absorbed them all, they became the Church's great army of volunteers, perfectly disciplined, admirably handled; their very jealousies and

rivalries turned to good account. When John Wesley offered to the Church of England precisely their successors, we would have no commerce with them; we did our best to turn them into a hostile and invading force.

The Friars were the Evangelizers of the towns in England for 300 years. When the spoliation of the religious houses was decided upon, the Friars were the first upon whom the blow fell—the first and the last.\* But when their property came to be looked into, there was no more to rob but the churches in which they worshipped, the libraries in which they studied, and the houses in which they passed their lives. Rob the county hospitals to-morrow through the length and breadth of the land, or make a general scramble for the possessions of the Wesleyan body, and how many broad acres would go to the hammer?

Voluntaryism leaves little for the spoiler.

As with the later history of the Friars in England, so with the corruptions of the Mendicant orders—though they were as great as malice or ignorance may have represented them—I am not concerned. That the Minorites of the fourteenth century were very unlike the Minorites of the thirteenth I know; that the other Mendicant orders declined, I cannot doubt—

What keeps a spirit wholly true  
To that ideal which he bears?  
What record? Not the sinless years  
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue.

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\* The king began with the Franciscan convent of Christ Church, London, in 1532; he bestowed the Dominican convent at Norwich upon the corporation of that city on the 25th of June, 1540.

The rule of St. Francis was a glorious ideal; when it came to be carried into practice by creatures of flesh and blood, it proved to be something to dream of, not to live. And yet, even as it was, its effects upon the Church, nay upon the whole civilized world, were enormous. If, one after another, the Mendicant orders declined, if their zeal grew cold, their simplicity of life faded, and their discipline relaxed; if they became corrupted by that very world which they promised to purify and deliver from the dominion of Mammon—this is only what has happened again and again, what must happen as long as men are men. In every age the prophet has always asked for the unattainable, always pointed to a higher level than human nature could breathe in, always insisted on a measure of self-renunciation which saints in their prayers send forth the soul's lame hands to clutch—in their ecstasy of aspiration hope that they may some day arrive at. But, alas! they reached it—never. And yet the saint and the prophet do not live in vain. They send a thrill of noble emotion through the heart of their generation, and the divine tremor does not soon subside; they gather round them the pure and generous—the lofty souls which are not all of the earth earthy. In such, at any rate, a fire is kindled by the spark that has fallen from the altar. By-and-by it is the fuel that fails; then the old fire, after smouldering for a while, goes out, and by no stirring of the dead embers can you make them flame again. You may cry as loudly as you will, "Pull down the chimney that will not draw, and set up another in its place!" That you may do if you please; another fire you may have, but the new will not be as the old.—*Nineteenth Century*.

## ASSES AND APES.

BY PHIL. ROBINSON.

Your asses and your apes,  
And other brutes in human shapes.—*Beattie*.

"The ass, that heavy, stupid, lumpish beast"—*Oldham*; "slouthfull"—*Spenser*; "whom nature reason hath denied"—*Groome*; "heavy-headed thing"—*Wordsworth*; "slow beast"—*Southey*; "obstinate, dull, etc."—*Swift, Gay, etc.*; "serious"—*King*; "solemn, puir lang-legs"—*Allan Ramsay*.

AN ass is a delicate subject, and recognizing from my study of the poets the fatal facility with which the asinine epithet slips off men's pens, I am conscious that critics may recall against me Byron's sneer at Wordsworth:

Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass  
The bard who soars to elegize an ass;  
How well the subject suits his noble mind!  
A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the ass, is the poets' own maxim; and so, since (in my volume on "The Poets' Birds"\*) I have found a kind word for that much-underrated bird, I propose to say a word for this much-underrated beast; and if nobody else will sympathize with me, I can rely, I know, upon Lord Shaftesbury.

Glory has been pernicious to the ass. So saith an ancient of wisdom; and it may be that the donkey, satisfied with past honors and conscious of the worth that was once set upon him, has become indifferent to the opinion of a degenerate race of men who knew him not in his prime—his golden prime, in the good old days of Haroun Al-Raschid. So he retires from public favor, like some great actor or author, who has pleased the taste of his time but finds a generation overtaking him that has no congenial sympathies; and so, loftily withdrawing with his obsolete laurels, he walks the world wrapped as in a cloak with self-conscious merit and voluntarily undistinguished.

For myself, when I watch a donkey at his work, be his master a good or a bad one, there grows upon me somehow a suspicion that the animal "whose talent for burdens is wonderful" is deliberately concealing other talents, and

that his meekness arises from condescension rather than submission; that he prefers to subject himself to perennial crucifixion rather than tediously prove his patents to nobility. Legend says it bears the cross upon its back to keep men in perpetual recollection of the exaltation of the humble to offices of honor, and that its meekness is to remind us that even under such honors we should still remain humble.\* But legend is often audaciously wrong. For when our Saviour went into Jerusalem on an ass He selected the beast upon which it was then considered most honorable to ride. The donkey was (and still is) the steed of the rich, the high in place, and the luxurious. There was no humility intended or expressed in that notable "procession;" on the contrary, it was our Saviour's one and only assertion of personal consequence, His solitary condescension to the earthly ambitions of His disciples. Moreover, viewed naturally instead of traditionally, the cross-stripe on the donkey's back gives the "heavy-headed thing" a very interesting significance, for it may be the last lingering vestige of a zebrine ancestry. All the other stripes have been thrashed off its hide. Bewildered by ill-usage, they have run together and mixed up into a color that, like the character of the wearer, is monotonous, dull, serious, solemn. I prefer then the natural and matter-of-fact explanation of the emblem on the donkey's back to the legendary one, for it directly associates the poor animal with its proud wild-life past, and by a single stripe of color suffices to restore "the heavy, stupid, lumpish thing" of the poets to its original Asiatic and African honors and freedom.

\* Chatto and Windus: London.

\* In Scotland, they say the stripe is the bruise of Balaam's staff.



Didst thou from service the wild ass discharge,  
 And break his bonds, and bid him live at  
 large;  
 Through the wide waste, his ample mansion  
 roam,  
 And lose himself in his unbounded home?  
 By nature's hand magnificently fed,  
 His meal is on the range of mountains spread;  
 As in pure air aloft he bounds along,  
 He sees in distant smoke the city throng;  
 Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd  
 train,  
 The threat'ning drivet, and the servile rein.\*

The poets, *more poetico*, accept the  
 easy significance of the monkish fancy in  
 preference to the more eloquent parable  
 of the scientific fact, and refer the cross  
 to Calvary rather than Central Africa.  
 So Rogers, seeing "the paniered ass,  
 browsing the hedge by fits," did not  
 probably recognize therein the old in-  
 stinct of asinine vigilance when the wild  
 ass—"the ass of savage kind," as  
 Watts calls it—grazed only two steps  
 at a time, and kept stopping between  
 mouthfuls to raise its head, in order to  
 scan the horizon and sniff the breeze.  
 Nor perhaps did Wordsworth, who saw  
 the ass,

with motion dull  
 Upon the pivot of his skull  
 Turn round his long left ear,

associate the gesture with days of sus-  
 picious freedom, when the long left ear  
 of the sentinel ass caught the first whis-  
 per of approaching danger and gave time-  
 ly warning to the herd of otherwise fatal  
 surprise.

For once upon a time the wild asses,  
 the onagers, were the only representa-  
 tives of the family, and they were so  
 swift of foot and so courageous that the  
 East and the South wore their hides as  
 robes of honor, and kings and chiefs  
 took the wild ass for their cognizance  
 and badge. Oriental children wore  
 shreds of ass-skin round their necks  
 that they might grow up generous and  
 brave. Did Ali, "the Lion of the  
 Lord," intend any disparagement of the  
 Prophet's favorite horse when he named  
 his own donkey Duldul after it? Thus  
 prized, the wild ass soon came under  
 domestication, and the under-sized  
 drudge of the London streets is the  
 latest and most degraded variation of the  
 species. But intermediate between the

proud vagabond of the desert and the  
 costermonger's "moke" come many ani-  
 mals more worthy, physically, of their  
 lineage. In Egypt, the white ass still  
 claims something of the respect, and  
 fetches the high price, of olden days;  
 and during the Egyptian war I remem-  
 ber seeing more than one of these animals  
 figuring conspicuously in the British  
 camp. Sir Henry Havelock did not  
 disdain to add one to his cortège, and  
 the honorable W. Fitzpatrick, M.P.,  
 rode to the front, as used to ride the  
 fifty sons of Jair. All over Asia Minor  
 the donkey of superior caste is the  
 recognized "hack" of the well-to-do,  
 and I have seen them not only in the  
 Levant, but in Southern Europe and in  
 Eastern Africa, sumptuously caparison-  
 ed as steeds, and of a size and form that  
 dignified their office far better than  
 some of the ponies of the Cossacks of  
 the Don, the Tattoos of India, the  
 bronchos of Western America, or the  
 rat-like chargers of Beluchi warriors. I  
 have seen in the flesh all the animals I  
 mention, and do not write, therefore,  
 without foundation, or from any merely  
 whimsical desire to rehabilitate the  
 poets' butt.

And I have overwhelming authority  
 from the Past for my respect for  
 donkeys. The purely stupid ass was  
 unknown to antiquity. Take Hindoo  
 mythology alone. There we find the  
 donkey in divine, demoniacal, or ghan-  
 darvic aspects—that is, benign, malign,  
 or merely vagabond and loose-moralled  
 —but never ignominious or ridiculous.  
 The ass of Indra is a potent personage,  
 and, as the warrior that conquers at  
 Yamas, rises to the dignity of the Solar  
 Hero, the Sun itself. Or, if you will,  
 take the more familiar Greek and Latin.  
 What was the ass Lucius but the Sun?  
 Sacred to Bacchus it paced along trium-  
 phant in Dionysian feasts; it was hon-  
 ored, as it well deserved, in the wor-  
 ship of Vesta, and sacrificed as a worthy  
 offering to the God of War.

A god gave Midas donkey's ears, but  
 it was just like the brutal intolerance of  
 a god to do so. The perpetrator of the  
 insult was Apollo (who ought to have  
 know better), whose music the Phrygian  
 king had pronounced inferior to that of  
 Pan, and so to gag honest criticism the  
 god, forsooth, gave Midas donkey's

\* Young's paraphrase of Job.

ears! For myself, admiring fearlessness in critics, and admiring also the music of nature above that of art, I shall always believe that Midas was right and that Apollo was fairly beaten, just as I shall continue to believe that George the Fourth was really fat even though Leigh Hunt had to go to prison for saying so. And mark the mean ingenuity of Apollo's retaliation. Pan, whom Midas preferred, sometimes wore asses' ears himself. They were his emblem of acute hearing, of a perception open to the subtlest harmonies of the woods and fields, and so in lengthening the Phrygian's ears the sulky divinity thought to put an affront upon Midas's patron, too. It is for posterity to avenge the critic on his petty-minded tormentor. Again,

Silenus on his ass,  
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass  
Tipsily quaffing.

is not, either in Keats or the classics, made ridiculous by his vehicle; for it should not be forgotten that the jolly old man being placed on an ass points to the importance of the animal in Bacchic worship, and is not intended to derogate from the dignity of the boon companion of the gods. Says a learned commentator\* upon the pageant, "the ass was in fact the symbol of Silenus' wisdom and his prophetic powers."

But I regret that the esteem in which it was held should so often have marked out the donkey as a proper object for sacrifice. But so it was. The Scythians slew it in honor of the God of battles, and the Egyptians in honor of the God of learning. When it was a red one,† the Copts thrust it with much pious ceremonial over the top of a precipice, as a "scape goat" for the people, just as the Nagas to this day select red cocks for augury and sacrifice—not that red was always an honored color; Cain's hair, they say, was red, and Nebuchadnezzar's, for his sins, was turned to the same color.

As for its voice, "the loud clarion of the braying ass," as Pope calls it, the donkey fares badly at poets' hands.

\* Cox.

† Hence, by an oblique prolongation of the scape-goat idea, "wicked as a red ass" became a Coptic proverb.

And indeed I defy any one to hear a donkey fairly out and not to laugh at the cavernous melancholy of the animal's concluding notes. It commences with an ardor that has something of military enthusiasm in it, but suddenly, as if the memory of secret griefs had supervened, the voice drops from the full-breathed outcry that rings across the Bikaneer wastes to a dolorous pumping up of hollow groans and husky sobs that had justified the venerable Philemon in his mirthful death far better than the sight of a donkey eating figs. But Philemon, poor dry old soul, was in his ninety-seventh year, and needed no great excuse for dying. Yet if I had to find some excuse myself for dying of laughter, when I was only three years off the century, I think I should have myself transported to some spot on the banks of holy Ganges where washermen congregate, and their pleasantly demise while laughing at their donkeys braying.

To all the echoes south and north  
And east and west, the ass sent forth  
A loud and piteous bray.

And again :

Once more the ass did lengthen out  
More ruefully an endless shout,  
The long, dry, see-saw of his horrid bray

Wordsworth, like the other poets, recognizes the melancholy of the donkey's voice, but (like the others), afraid of making the animal natural, takes no notice of the unrivalled ludicrousness of the sounds it produces. When it frightened John Gilpin's horse, the ass "did sing most loud and clear," but this is the nearest approach to appreciation of this great jest of nature that I know of in verse.

Not that even its voice is altogether ridiculous. "The braying of Silenus his ass" (*intempestivos edidit ore sonos*) "conducted much to the prostigation of the giants."

So, when at Bathos earth's big offspring  
strove,  
To scale the skies, and wage a war with Jove,  
Soon as the ass of old Silenus bray'd,  
The trembling rebels in confusion fled. \*

And though the "*auctor clamoris*" may be subsequently sacrificed, it is not from

\* Garth, "The Dispensary."

any depreciation of his vehement services, but rather in recognition of them. It has honorable mention in Holy Writ, and in the Ass-mass of the monks, commemorative of the flight into Egypt,

Asinus egregius,  
Asinus dominorum,  
\* \* \*  
Super dromedarios  
Velox Madianeos,

there was a hee-haw refrain, the choir on one side taking the *hee*, and the others the *haw*. Moreover, in the myths of many countries, and the fairy tales of nearly all, the donkey's voice plays sometimes a serious and important part.

Ah! those dreadful yells, what soul can hear  
That owns a carcase and not quake for fear?  
Demons produce them doubtless, brazen clawed  
And fanged with brass, the demons are  
abroad;\*

Its character in fable and folk-lore is not always that which the poets attribute to it. It has other traits than stupidity and credulity. For though it is outwitted and betrayed by the fox, it outwits the wolf, and kicks all its teeth down its throat. Though it absurdly proposes to chirp like a grasshopper, and undertakes the rôle of lap-dog, it philosophizes very sagaciously on the fortunes of the war horse.

The ass, whom nature reason has denied,  
Content with instinct for his surer guide,  
Still follows that and wiselier does proceed;  
He ne'er aspires with his harsh braying note  
The songsters of the wood to challenge out;  
Nor, like this awkward smatterer in arts,  
Sets up himself for a vain ass of parts. †

The frogs, it is true, make fun of it, but the ass in turn flouts the mule. Under a mistaken sense of its own powers, it amiably proposes to serenade the beasts—Swift calls it "the nightingale of brutes"—and, with a self-respect that is not unbecoming, it falls into the error of supposing that the homage paid to the image which it carries is intended for itself. But on the other hand, it is always found sensibly selecting creature comforts over mere vain glory, and possessed of a considerable sense of humor. Till its glee overcame its dis-

cretion, the donkey in the lion's skin had a "high old time of it," as the Americans say, and kept all the beasts of the forest in a ridiculous stampede by its well-acted part; and I can quite understand the long-eared one laughing prodigiously over the consternation and hubbub he was causing. Indeed, I am half inclined to think with Blomfield, that when the donkey played the part of "the Fakenham Ghost" he did so with full sense of the practical joke.

Nor while mirthful itself has it failed to conduce to mirth in others, for, besides Philemon's disastrous cachinnation, we know that Chrisippus also fatally over-laughed himself on seeing an ass eat apples off a silver dish, and that Agelastus (Crassus of that ilk) only laughed once in all his life, and that was on seeing an ass eat thistles.

Butler, I may note, confounds these various catastrophes for the sake of his rhyme.

Or he that laughed until he choked his whistle  
To rally on an ass that ate a thistle.

The poets, however, have recognized only one aspect of the animal, namely, the familiar "cuddy," and, of its classical and historical honors, only two or three. The animal of Balaam finds due reference; but, so it seems to me, in order to point a personality or a jest. Thus, Crashaw:

The ass of old had power to chide its wilful  
lord,  
And hast not thou the power to speak one  
word?  
Not less a marvel, sure, this silence is in thee,  
Than that the ass of old to speak had liberty.

Marvel has—

We ought to be wary and bridle our tongue,  
Bold speaking hath done man and beast wrong.  
When the ass so boldly rebuked the prophet  
Thou know'st what danger had like to come of  
it.  
Though the beast give his master ne'er an ill  
word,  
Instead of a cudgel Balaam wished for a sword.

As an occupant of the stable on the first Christmas-day, it commands deference. Faber curiously and pleasantly explains its patience thus:

For long the ass with silent shadowy head  
Gazed on the infant Saviour.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Cowper. "Needless Alarms."

† Oldham. "Satires of Boileau imitated."

and for the ass  
So gazed on Him who saves both man and  
beast,  
Lifted his patient nature to a calm  
Transcending far the purposes of sleep.

Allan Ramsay has a donkey that is a very particular fool—"egregiously an ass"—but Peter Bell's, on the other hand, is an unnatural monster of drivelling intelligence. Crabbe, however, strikes the just middle in his "Resentment."

Close at the door where he was wont to dwell,  
There his sole friend, the ass, was standing by,  
Half dead himself to see his master die.

But there were many asses (besides those I have already referred to) of which the world has wide cognizance. The "Brickiebrit" donkey, that wept coins of the realm and Ali Baba's drove; the ass with the silver nose that hunted hares, and the little ass which the Queen bore and that itself married a queen; the donkey-cabbages and the musician of Bremen—yet nowhere in folk-lore is it odious or even unlovable. But the poets have need of an animal that shall illustrate, as they think, an easy sneer, so when they do not use the owl they use the donkey.

Metaphors and images are therefore abundantly drawn from this animal. Every one, from Moore's Sovereign,

A royal ass, by grace divine  
And right of ears, most asinine,

to Crabbe's Schoolboy, is pelted with the epithet.

"The man's a donkey—let him bray," suffices in Mackay to stand by itself as all-sufficient and not requiring explanation. Mankind in general belong to the species: says Cowper,

Man is the genuine offspring of revolt,  
Stubborn and sturdy, a wild ass's colt.

So do nations collectively and separately, as in Byron—

The world is a bundle of hay,  
Mankind are the asses who pull;  
Each tugs it a different way,  
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

or as Oldham in his Satires, placing a donkey in London, asks—

What would he think on a Lord Mayor's Day  
Should he the pomp and pageantry survey,  
Or view the judges and their solemn train  
March with grave decency to kill a man?

What would he say, were he condemned to stand  
For one long hour in Fleet Street or the Strand;  
To cast his eyes upon the motley throng,  
The two-legged herd, that daily pass along?

If, after prospect of all this, the ass  
Should find the voice he had in Æsop's days,  
Then, doctor, then, casting his eyes around  
On human fools, which everywhere abound,  
Content with thistles, from all envy free,  
And shaking his grave head, no doubt he'd  
cry,  
Good faith! man is a beast as much as we!

Individual classes of persons are specifically asses. Thus, in Falconer, kings—

While fools adore and vassal lords obey,  
Let the great monarch ass thro' Gotham bray;

and, in Barry Cornwall (I cross myself saying it), aldermen—

Oh, the tradesman he is rich, sirs,  
The farmer well to pass,  
The soldier he's a lion,  
The alderman's an ass!

Lovers—"the grave lover ever was an ass" (Johnson); sailors—"though he plays the ass on shore, he is lion of the sea" (Cowper); and courtiers (Moore):

Lord Harrowby, hoping that no one imputes  
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,  
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,  
That had these said creatures been asses and  
ponies,  
The Court would have started no sort of objection,  
As asses were there always sure of protection.

And, need I say it, critics. Individuals addressed by this title are "too numerous to mention," and, from Swift's Duke of Marlborough to Byron's Wordsworth, they are most of them not only ass, but partly also ape.

Summing up, then, the poets' donkeys, I find them a dull pack, for the poets as a rule seem to use the animal merely as the schoolboy does—as affording a ready epithet of abuse that comes within the comprehension of the meanest capacity—and to agree with Burns that the donkey's thick hide was given it by a compassionate Providence as a provision against preordained cudgelling. But if any other view of the ass be worth taking, I venture to think the poets should have been the first to find it out and to utilize it.

"Freakish monkey"—Oldham; "abhorred



baboons"—*Montgomery*; "apes with hateful stare"—*Hood*.

The poets' apes—under which name I include (with due apologies to naturalists) the baboons and monkeys—are a deplorable creation. They are not "hateful" in the natural sense that the octopus or man-eating tigers or rattlesnakes might be, but they are unnaturally deformed into a despicable travesty of man at his worst and meanest. "A chattering, idle, airy kind," as Parnell calls them, is just criticism, and so is Shelley's "restless apes;" for these are epithets from Nature; but it is scarcely generous, I think, first of all to fancy a questionable resemblance between ourselves and monkeys, and then to abuse the monkey for all the vices and meannesses of the worst among us. There are just as good monkeys among monkeys as there are men among men. But, I take it, there are no monkeys so bad (as monkeys) as there are men—as men. To put it in another way—it might be said with considerable show of proofs that there are no monkeys so bad but that men might be found to match them, while there *are* men so bad that no monkeys could be found to match them. Every monkey is fit to be called a man of some sort or another. Every man is not fit to be called even a monkey of any kind. What baboon, for instance, might not be affronted by comparison with O'Dynamite Rossa? But the poets proceed upon a perfectly different method. The ape, they say, is the worst kind of a libel on a man—and an ape besides. Having reduced the human to its lowest, they call the monkey human and add "brute" besides! The truth is, as the wise of all times have pointed out, man has a grudge against the Simian folk for being so like himself in body. Other animals, less amiable in themselves, are accepted with resignation, condoned with apologies, or treated with deference. But, as Congreve says,

Baboons and apes ridiculous we find,  
For what? for ill-resembling human kind;

and poets find them worse than ridiculous; they find them every whit as bad as men. Says Goldsmith:

Of beasts it is confessed the ape  
Comes nearest us in human shape;

Like man, he imitates each fashion,  
And malice is his ruling passion.

And yet, when the monkey itself suggests that it is a man, parrots and foxes are deputed to laugh down its pretensions.

Says one of the species, in Barry Cornwall:

For a monkey is much on a par  
with man.

There's a difference—

*Parrot.* Ho, ho! I shall crack my sides.

*Monkey.* Though few see't till we sit side by side.

On the one hand a man has a longer  
nose,

And struts in clean linen wherever  
he goes;

But what has he like to the monkey's  
tail?—

*Parrot.* Ho! ho! ho! ho!

And again in Spenser's delightful "Mother Hubbard's Tale," when the fox and ape rob the sleeping lion of his sceptre, crown, and robe, and then fall to disputing as to who should wear the regalia, the ape claims the preference over its companion on the ground of its resemblance to man.

Then too I am in person, in stature,  
Most like a man, the Lord of every creature.

But the fox flouts it.

When ye claime your selfe for outward shape  
Most like a man, man is not like an ape  
In his chiefe parts, that is in wit and spirite.

So in Æsop, when the ape, passing through a graveyard, falls to deplorable weeping, its comrade, the donkey, asks the reason for such immoderate melancholy, and at the ape's reply that it always weeps thus when in the presence of its "poor dead ancestors" the long-eared one laughs hugely.

This resemblance, however, being postulated, the poets run easily on to debit the ape and its cousins with every human weakness that is especially contemptible. They are "pert" and "vain" in a score of poets; "dapper," "coxcombs," "beaux," "lady-killers" in others. Now every one of these epithets connotes a purely artificial character, and are all of them therefore inapplicable to the animal world.

It is the "monkey-beau"—"the buffoon-ape."

Long did the beau claim kindred with the ape,  
And shone a monkey of sublimer shape;

Skilful to flirt the hat, the cane, the glove,  
And wear the pert grimace of monkey-love ;  
Of words unmeaning poured a ceaseless flood,  
While ladies look'd as if they understood ;  
So chats one monkey to his brother,  
Chatters as if he understood the other.\*

"The mimic apes" "that love to  
practise what they see."

Yet except in these very restricted  
phases the poets have seldom sought for  
metaphor or moral from these singularly  
suggestive animals. Young finds an  
analogy between the monkey grasping at  
the reflection in the glass and man striving  
to find happiness in riches :

As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd—  
They fail to find what they so plainly see ;  
Thus men in shining riches see the face  
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade,  
But gaze, and touch, and peep and peep again,  
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

The ape epithet is applied as liberally  
and promiscuously as the asinine, and  
falls therefore on many of the same  
classes and individuals. Mankind  
generally are apes as well as asses, and  
so are certain nations, notably French-  
men—"monkeys in action, paroquets in  
talk"—and so again also certain classes  
of men and women, such as courtiers,  
lovers, and (*horresco referens*) critics.

The critics hence may think themselves de-  
creed  
To jerk their wits and rail at all they read,  
Foes to the tribe from which they trace their  
clan,  
As monkeys draw their pedigree from man.

Nor does the alderman escape this  
time either, for, though he is freely  
written down an ass, Somerville says :

A genius can't be forced, nor can  
You make an ape an alderman.

Asses and apes in fact go together with  
much of the same arbitrary association  
as the bat and the owl among the poets'  
"birds." Anything or anybody that  
the poet takes a fancy to dislike for the  
moment is either ape or ass, or both.  
To such curious extremes is this some-  
times carried that ambition is both  
monkey and donkey. Says Herbert,  
"the higher the ape goes the more he  
shows his tail ;"† and again Young—

\* Leyden, "Epistle."

† Herbert forgets apes have no tails at all.  
This loss of the caudal ornament is accounted  
for by Spenser as follows : "The ape and fox

What Nature has denied fools will pursue,  
As apes are ever walking upon two.

While in Shenstone, ambition "pricks  
up asses' ears !" Again Rochester, in  
his detestable attack upon Sir Car  
Scrope, makes the knight both ape and  
ass :

When in thy person we more clearly see  
That satire's of divine authority,  
For God made one on man when he made thee  
To show there were some men, as there are  
apes,  
Fram'd for mere sport, who differ but in  
shapes :  
In thee are all these contradictions join'd,  
That make an ass prodigious and refin'd.

Yet the monkey is not a fool—cer-  
tainly not "a fool of the greatest size,"  
as Christiana would say. In fables it is  
often the butt of other creatures, but it  
is its inquisitiveness as a rule that gets  
it into trouble, not its folly. The poets  
describe it as half an idiot and with very  
bad intentions—"just skilled to know  
the right and choose the wrong"—but I  
have so often myself taken advantage in  
their wild forest state of their generous  
credulity and otherwise laudible thirst  
for knowledge, that I speak as an expert  
when I say that though I have harm-  
lessly astonished them with trains of  
gunpowder and frightened a whole com-  
munity out of all gravity by painting one  
of their number an agreeable vermilion,  
I never saw anything in their behavior,  
sober or drunk, composed or alarmed,  
that led me to think them particularly  
foolish, as compared with men. Indeed,  
when undisturbed in mind the monkey  
has a philosophical gravity which com-  
pels my admiration, although I confess  
the alternating fits of monkey frivolity  
and indecorum exasperate me.

Since Father Noah squeezed the grape  
And took to such behaving  
As would have shamed our grandsire ape  
Before the days of shaving.\*

having stolen the sleeping lions' crown and  
usurped his palace, misgovern so infamously  
that high Jove is incensed, wakes up the slum-  
bering monarch, and tells him what has hap-  
pened. The lion returns roaring to his palace,  
bursts in and captures the usurpers :

The ape's long tail (which then he had) he quight  
Cut off, and both ears pared of their height ;  
Since which all apes but half their ears have left  
And of their tails are utterly bereft.

\* Wendell Holmes.

If they would only sit still a little longer and look me fairly in the eyes, I should like to ask the monkey, baboon, or ape some questions of which the solutions interest me greatly. Why are they always so sad-faced, when evidently the most content? And where is the missing link? Is it true that they speak among themselves in a *lingua franca* of their own, and that under the impulse of hidden panic they can articulate?

I remember once in India, at the Allahabad Club, a monkey calling in a frenzy of terror to its native attendant by name. It had seen a cobra coming toward it, and distinctly articulated its master's servant's name—and this more than one person vouched for. Is, then, the tradition correct that monkeys refuse to talk lest they should be made to work?

Play at dummy like the monkeys  
For fear mankind should make them flunkeys.

I should like, too, to ask them about the dog-faced men of Tartary and the Soko and the Pongo, Susumete and Eugenea, and to get at the truth about Du Chaillu's gorillas. But as they are, the monkeys are impossible in conversation. They are too sudden, too unforeseen in their transformations from sense to ribaldry to be rational, too furtive in expression to be straightforward in reply, too fond of scratching neighbors to keep to the point. What a curious community of fur this is, by the way! I know nothing like it, except the unanimous scratching of Hindoo fakirs.

They seem to me sometimes to be the "fatal children" of the animal world, predestined to go wrong. They do not, it is true, rise to the achievements of King Arthur, Sir Tristram of Bevis, or Olga the Dane, Telephos, Perseus or Œdipus, or any other of the famous "sons of sorrow," but they often arrive innocently like them at great catastrophes, their Kismet apparently leading them by the nose right up to, and over, the precipice. At other times they seem deliberately affecting humanity, just as Bunyan had a craze to be thought a Jew; at others they convene in solemn assembly on purpose, so it seems, to burlesque us, for the whole Sanhedrim when assembled will gravely fall to, and search the fur of the smallest of the

congregation; very much as Domitian would ceremoniously convene the Senate, and then ask them the best stuffing for a mullet.

As they exist in nature—the sunny, merry, monkey-world of tree-tops—the four-handed folk meet with hardly a reference. In his "Reign of Summer," Montgomery has them in the presence of the jaguar:

The monkeys in grotesque amaze  
Down from their bending perches gaze,  
But when he lifts his eye of fire  
Quick to the topmost boughs retire.

And again in the "Pelican Island" we have a glimpse of wild life:

A monkey pilfering a parrot's nest,  
But ere he bore the precious spoil away  
Surprised behind by beaks and wings and claws  
That made him scamper gibbering.

And once more:

The small monkeys capering on the boughs  
And rioting on nectar and ambrosia,  
The produce of that paradise run wild;  
No—these were merry if they were not w

But even Montgomery, with an unusual deviation from his characteristic sympathy with the animal world, breaks off suddenly into abuse of the monkey cousins, the baboons:

Man's untutored hordes were sour and sullen  
Like those abhorred baboons, whose gluttonous taste  
They followed safely in their choice of food,  
And whose brute semblance of humanity  
Made them more hideous than their prototypes  
That bore the genuine image and inscription  
Defaced, indeed, but yet indelible.

This poetical reversion of the more orthodox theory of evolution is curious.

Rogers gives a passing line to "the marmoset"—

Dreams on his bough and plays the mimic yet.

And Gay out of his fancy draws an excellent picture of the "bhunder-logue" on the Ganges—

Ah! sir, you never saw the Ganges—  
There dwell the nations called Quidnunkies  
(So Monomotapa calls the monkeys);  
On either bank from bough to bough  
They meet and chat (as we may now);  
Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,  
They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug,  
And just as chance or whim provoke them,  
They either bite their friends or stroke them.

But, as usual, this is only the introduction of spiteful analogy:

Thus have I seen some active prig,  
To show his parts, bestride a twig;  
L—d! how the chattering tribe admire,  
Not that he's wiser, but he's higher;  
All long to try the vent'rous thing  
(For pow'r is but to have one's swing);  
From side to side he springs, he spurns  
And bangs his foes and friends by turns.

The tremendous honors of the tribe  
in the Egypt of the past, the India of to-day,  
receive no fuller recognition than  
in such lines as Oldham's:

In Egypt oft has seen the sot bow down  
And reverence some defied baboon.

Nothing more than this!—for these  
decayed divinities of an old-world worship,  
for the green monkey of Ethiopia  
that had a shrine in every temple in  
Memphis; for Thoth, the god of letters,  
the moon, the Bacchus of the Nile; for  
Pthah, the all-wise pigmy baboon that  
Hermopolis revered; for "the wise  
ones," the sacred monkeys and baboons  
of Hindostan; the ourangs, "the wise  
old men of Malaya;" for the creatures  
that the Sanskrit renders as the sun; the

insignia of Arjuna, the dread son of  
Indra; for Sugrivas prince of the  
baboons and Balin the snow-white ape;  
for the great "pluvial monkey"—  
delicious beast—that Gubernatis is so  
wise about; for the "Lords" of the  
Benares temples; for the lineal posterity  
of Hanuman himself! Was ever a more  
tremendous monkey, ape, or man, than  
the long-tailed friend of Rama? How  
magnificent his flight across Asia! the  
rivers in their courses turned, the trees  
on the hills tore themselves up by their  
roots, the mountains themselves swayed  
over, to follow in the fierce rush of the  
current made by his passage! And  
then, was ever tail greased, before or  
since, to such momentous purpose as  
when Hanuman let the Philistines grease  
his, thinking, poor dupes, that the  
strength would go out of him thereby;  
and then, rising Samson like, he sets his  
own tail ablaze, and, rushing through  
the royal city of Lanka, fired it in every  
quarter, and from a neighboring peak  
surveyed the prodigious conflagration!—  
*Belgravia.*

# SOUTH KENSINGTON HELLENISM: A DIALOGUE.

PLATO AND LANDOR.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

PLA. Say no more, my friend. I  
have long forgiven you the affront.

LAN. Forgiven me! . . . Zounds!  
I must correct him in that. I will  
submit to no such indignity even in the  
Shades. . . . You have misunderstood  
me, O Plato. I asked no forgiveness  
for anything I have written concerning  
you. What I have just said was meant  
but to assure you that, poorly as I think  
of your dialogues, I bear you no personal  
ill-will.

PLA. I never provoked the ill-will of  
any one; and as to my writings, I am  
indifferent to the opinion of a barbarian.

LAN. That was well said, and I take  
no offence at it. As a Greek, you would  
naturally despise my judgment on such  
a matter, and I, as an Englishman,  
should despise you if you pretended to  
defer to it. I lived my whole life among

men who were barbarians to me, and I  
never stooped to solicit their suffrages.

PLA. Barbarians, to you a barbarian?  
You speak in riddles. But stay! I re-  
member. I have heard men talk of you  
as a Greek.

LAN. "Born out of due time." An  
inapt expression, to my thinking, bor-  
rowed without much attention to pro-  
priety from St. Paul.

PLA. How is it inapt? It seems to  
me appropriate.

LAN. The Greek spirit is immortal,  
and no man's birth into its service can  
be an anachronism. A Greek cannot be  
born out of due time; but he can be  
born devilishly out of due place, saving  
your presence; and that was the case  
with me.

PLA. You seem then to be bringing a  
charge against your country rather than



your times. In what respect, O exile from Hellas, were your countrymen barbarians?

LAN. Do not, I entreat you, indulge in satire. It is the one form of intellectual energy to which your genius seems to have been least adapted. Nothing, as I have already told you, can be more frigid than the raillery of your dialogues.

PLA. Let me ask you then, without satire, in what respect were your countrymen more barbarian than yourself?

LAN. In every element of distinction between barbarism and culture. One-half of them were Persians in everything but the taste for philosophy, the other half Scythians in every habit but that of nomadism. Pleasure was the sole pursuit of the one and pursuit the only pleasure of the other.

PLA. Surely, my friend, you are describing them—these last, at any rate—in the language of metaphor.

LAN. Not at all, I assure you. The English country gentleman does not dwell, indeed, in a wheeled house, or drink mare's milk; but, for the destruction of life, or the endurance of fatigue, I would match him against the toughest Scythian hunter that ever cooled his dusty feet in the Tanais.

PLA. That your countrymen are of a more than Persian luxury I can believe. I have heard as much, indeed, in converse with those of them who have most lately joined us. But they are no longer as tasteless in their profusion as they were wont to be. So, at least, I am informed.

LAN. Your witnesses must have been fortunate in their experience then, or you unfortunate in their incompetence. My own inquiries confirm me in a directly contrary belief.

PLA. Of whom then have you inquired? I have again and again been told that the literature of Athens was never so assiduously studied, nor its arts so ardently beloved, as among your countrymen to-day.

LAN. Pedants and dilettanti we had always with us. We were never to seek in the learning of Greek particles; and as for our love of Greek art, we proved it long ago by a sincerer flattery than even that of imitation.

PLA. You mean by—

LAN. I mean by spoliation. Our passion for Athenian marbles is at any rate indisputable. We are collectors of them as Cacus was a collector of oxen. But it is eighty years since we did homage to Athene, by pillaging the Parthenon, and I may well ask for some newer examples of our Hellenic enthusiasm.

PLA. You seem to be ill-acquainted with the latest changes which the manners of your country have undergone. The language of Athens, they tell me, is no longer the study of the scholar alone, nor the monuments of ancient Greece his exclusive care. An explorer of the vestiges of our earliest history is greatly honored by your whole people. Not only, again, do they study the Athenian drama, but they endeavor to represent it. Do you not know that both the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus and *The Ajax* of Sophocles have been lately brought by them upon the scene?

LAN. I do know it; but I doubt whether you can have heard of their last piece of masquerading in this kind. You have? Then what think you of it? Aha! You are confused.

PLA. I do not understand you.

LAN. I suspect you understand me but too readily. My countrymen have been corrupting the political education of their youth with a scenic representation of Homer.

PLA. Your merriment is incomprehensible to me. I have nothing to unsay in my teachings.

LAN. Of course not. What philosopher ever had?

PLA. I think the same of the poetic mythology as I ever did; but from all I can learn of this people of yours it would be impossible for them to stray further from the paths which I marked out in my *Politeia* than they do at present.

LAN. There, by Jove, you are right. Gold, silver, brass; Rulers, Guardians, Producers, they have all wandered pretty far a-field. But excuse me if I decline a discussion on this subject. I have written enough about it to offend you already.

PLA. Be it so. But whatever the vices of the Homeric gods and heroes, you will admit, I suppose, that those who represent their doings in the dra-

matic form intend to do honor to Homer. Or shall we say that. . . .

LAN. No, let us not say so. I know what this style portends, and I beg you will spare yourself the trouble of these elaborate preparations. I am no sophist to need all the dialectical bird-lime you are for spreading in my path. On the contrary, I will walk without ado into any trap you please to set for me.

PLA. I say, then, that these barbarian choragi seem to be seeking in quite a new fashion to do honor to the poetry of Greece. Neither, as I hear, were they pedants or triflers who lately distributed the part and taught the chorus. At the head of them was the first of your philosophers, as I at least am bound to think him.

LAN. The first of our philosophers! Who? Where? When?

PLA. I mean the chief of your Academy.

LAN. Of our Academy? Oho! I perceive your mistake. An academy in my country is anything but an abode of philosophy. It is an assembly of artists; and he whom you supposed to be the first of our philosophers is in reality the official chief of our painters.

PLA. He is at any rate, then, neither pedant nor trifle. It is the pure charm of Greek poetry which must have attracted him.

LAN. Yes, or a sense of the picturesque in Greek costume; that seems to me motive enough from the painter's point of view. But the women would take care that that element of the matter was not neglected.

PLA. The women?

LAN. Oh, I was forgetting; you are perhaps unprepared for such a scandal. The female parts in these Homeric tableaux were performed by women, the wives and daughters of the actors. . . . Compose yourself; I will not pursue the painful subject further. But you may now, perhaps, begin to doubt whether the beauties which the performance was designed to exhibit were those of Homer.

PLA. The chief beauty of Homer is undraped simplicity.

LAN. So it was of the Homeric damsels, I am told, at the late representation. I can understand the Hellenic enthusiasm of young and pretty women,

and their devotion to a cause in which a graceful figure may be so effectively and liberally displayed. Upon them, no doubt, the performance has exercised a most improving effect. The drama, however, is meant to educate, not those who act in it, but those who witness it.

PLA. And were not the benches crowded with applauding spectators?

LAN. What if they were? You know not the nation of whom you are speaking; or, rather, you are unaware that you are not now speaking of any "nation" at all; no more than I could speak of Poseidon if I were to say Aphrodite. The ocean of our Democracy is unfathomed, and these idlers are but the foam on its surface.

PLA. But are not the tastes of your wealthy and cultivated citizens an index to the tendencies of the whole people?

LAN. For the sake of your illusions I hope not; for if so the tendency of the whole people is toward a most contemptible levity.

PLA. Yet the studies of which we have been speaking appeared to me to be serious.

LAN. Serious studies may be pursued in a frivolous spirit; and they are so when they are taken up as a mere relief from more honest and undisguised frivolities.

PLA. And is it only thus that your wealthy citizens are studying the poetry and drama of Greece?

LAN. I will answer that question by another. You seem to have often conversed with newcomers from my country. Have you ever heard any of them let fall the name of Jumbo?

PLA. I do not remember to have done so. The word is unfamiliar to me. Yet stay, I seem to recall it. Is it not the name of a barbarian god?

LAN. Associated with Mumbo it is. By itself it is the name only of an idol; but of one which for several weeks, I believe, received the homage of the most highly civilized community in Europe.

PLA. Explain yourself more clearly.

LAN. It would not be worth while. Suffice it to you to know that the nation in whom you take such interest have no more become votaries of Homer than they have become worshippers of the elephant. The drama and poetry of Greece take their turn in our world of

fashion with the latest singer, the latest traveller, the latest murderer; and they will be thrown aside in their turn for some newer novelty of vacuous minds.

PLA. I am persuaded, my friend, that you think too ill of your country and its manners. You judge of it from your own remembrance of it alone. But do you find no change for the better in those among your countrymen who have the most lately joined us here? Do you not find them more studious of the things of the mind than they were wont to be?

LAN. Of what things of the mind? Of those which relate to science or to art? If to science, yes. But I thought we were speaking of art.

PLA. We are, and it was art I meant.

LAN. Then, no! I cannot say so. I have found it quite otherwise.

PLA. What? Do they not send us more poets? Do they not send us more painters?

LAN. Ay, truly; they send us any number—and all of them immortal. It is true they are a little difficult to distinguish from each other. The poets seem to have written all their poems with a paint-brush, and the painters were apparently unable to complete their pictures without the pen. But what has this to do with the things of the mind?

PLA. Much, surely; unless poetry and art among you have ceased to be an exercise of the faculties according to a law of right reason. Have they?

LAN. I would rather let the painters answer for themselves. But as for the poets, I do not feel justified in associating the name of reason with many of their performances; nor, exceptions excepted, can I even think of them in connection with the idea of "law."

PLA. Do you mean that they reject the supreme authority of reason as a guide and moderator in their compositions?

LAN. I mean that they not only reject but insult it. A poem by one of these poets is either a riot of the imagination or a mutiny of the passions; and Reason would present herself there with as much rashness as an unpopular magistrate at a tumult among the cobblers. They would pelt her from the scene with rotten adjectives.

PLA. You are, indeed, describing a lawless and licentious class of men.

LAN. In matters of art they profess to be, as they call it, a "law unto themselves;" a pretension than which none could be more alien from the orderly and reverent spirit of the Greek.

PLA. No, indeed. And yet your account of these men surprises me; for I had heard that the chief of your younger poets has rivalled the greatest of our own poets in the tragic drama.

LAN. It is true, and of him I would fain say nothing. I had his reverence, and he has my admiration. However widely he may seem to have departed of late, and in some of his compositions, from the antique model, his genius will bring him back again in the end. It is of others—others of a newer and weaker school than he—that I have been speaking.

PLA. Yet even these express reverence for Greek art and for the Greek spirit, and I doubt not feel it.

LAN. It is impossible, O Plato, that you can have met any of them, or you would never think so.

PLA. Nay, I have been in their company more than once.

LAN. And failed to convict them of imposture? . . . Perhaps, then, it *was* all Socrates. There may be something in the Boswell theory of the Platonic Dialogues after all.

PLA. I cannot hear what you are saying.

LAN. I was merely repeating to myself a passage from one of the Homeric hymns. But let us return to these friends of ours. I shall forever remember my first encounter with one of the tribe. Shall I relate it to you?

PLA. It would greatly interest me to hear it.

LAN. He had just landed at the wharf among a boat-load of (apparently) his admirers. Dis and Persephone! What countenances! Never can Father Charon have ferried over so woe-begone a crew. I felt sorry for the worthy old man, he seemed so dispirited by his company. But the passengers were nothing to their coruphaiois.

PLA. What then was the aspect of the man?

LAN. It would need the genius of an Aristophanes—and his vocabulary—to

do justice to it. He was of about the middle height, but reduced below it by a stoop. The length of his hair might have proclaimed him a Spartan, were it not that one saw he could have come of no race which follows the practice of exposing its sickly children. His visage was long even to prolixity; his mouth semihiant and unalterably sad. He had the eyes of a dolphin and the legs of a Strymonian crane.

PLA. Apotropaian Apollo! Avert the omen! And you, my friend, refrain from unlucky words! What should this portent threaten?

LAN. Nothing worse than tediousness; reassure yourself. I approached and greeted the newcomer, mentioning to him my name. He said he had passionately longed to see me; and he looked, indeed, as if he had been passionately longing for something. But he added that he was glad to see me; and he did not look as if he was glad of anything.

PLA. What was the cause of his melancholy?

LAN. He was lamenting that there should be no better bread than can be made with wheat. Ah, I see you do not know them! These men, O Plato, are perpetually bemoaning the shortness of human life, and saying unkind things about Death; protesting against that cosmic sadness which they are continually hugging to their hearts, and complaining of the shortness of those pleasures which they seem to enjoy like a stomach-ache.

PLA. This is a strange condition of mind which you describe. Death, we know, is a terror to the vulgar, and pleasures are unsatisfying to those who pursue nothing else. But the wise man is above both fear of the one and care for the other.

LAN. The wise man? Yes; but no one ever thought that these men had any philosophy to support them. But of what use to them is art—art of which the end is joy? These men to call themselves Greeks! Is it Greek to be forever pulling a long face at Pan and begging him to leave his piping and answer riddles? Is it Greek to have no sense of a soul of immortal gladness in all things? Greek, to whine eternally over human destiny and clamor fretfully to the Powers who have ordained it?

PLA. These young men seem indeed to have little reverence for the gods.

LAN. They reverence nothing. They have neither that nor any other quality of those Greeks of whom they prate. Their minds are—but why speak of their minds? Their art itself exposes them for pretenders. For what were the chief virtues of the art of Athens in its greatest period? Were they not simplicity, manliness, repose, reserve?

PLA. You are right, my friend. I should so enumerate them.

LAN. Then how stand the writings of our pseudo-Hellenes as regards these qualities. Let us have done with their poetry. Do you know their prose?

PLA. Nay, how should I know it?

LAN. How? Did you not say that you had conversed with some of these men?

PLA. Yes.

LAN. Then you have heard their prose. You cannot have escaped it. What did you think of it?

PLA. It certainly seemed to me to be wanting in moderation.

LAN. Moderation? Never in the history of literature has there arisen so dissolute a prose. Luxurious excess, a supra-feminine love of softness and splendor, is its inseparable and predominant mark.

PLA. They claim, however, to show taste and discrimination in the adornment of their writings.

LAN. They do; and I allow their claim. But what then? Having discovered new dyes, and acquired new cunning in the beautiful arrangement of colors, they fail to see that an inordinate passion for the kind of pleasure which such arrangements give is in itself a sin against the continence of Art. A Persian grandee was probably a beautiful sight enough; but if a satrap of Xerxes had apparelled himself as these men bedizen their prose, the king would have beheaded him for his effeminacy.

PLA. You easily dispose, then, of their claim to one of the virtues you have mentioned. They are wanting in manliness.

LAN. They are; and in the simplicity which is seldom found apart from it. As for repose, how in the world can a man remain at rest who is forever longing to draw attention to the grace of his attitude or the lace of his tunic?



PLA. There is still the virtue of reserve.

LAN. Reserve is restraint, and restraint is painful, and pain is intolerable to the self-indulgent. When did one of these men ever deny his senses the pleasure of a glowing epithet, however more appropriate would have been a colorless and neutral word?

PLA. I cannot, indeed, approve of their manner of discoursing either upon the painter's or upon the sculptor's art.

LAN. Men cannot discourse fitly upon one matter when they are thinking of another; and these men compose their dissertations not so much to set forth their subject as to display themselves. But it is not from vanity alone that they neglect to castigate their style. An over-colored diction is the natural product of a too sensuous imagery, and with this they indulge themselves rather for their own gratification than for that of their readers.

PLA. But do they not understand that in this pleasure as in all others they should observe a rule of temperance?

LAN. No doubt they do, like all other voluptuaries; but they are the least fitted of all men, both in spirit and in training, to resist this species of temptation. They may fancy themselves Greeks to their heart's content; but in truth they can trace no descent from classical antiquity at all. They are the late-born children of the Renaissance, and their only real affinities are with the thoughts, the passions, and the foible of that unrepentful time. Whatever sincerity there is in them displays itself only in their sympathy with its art, its poetry, its ideas. Their Hellenism is a sham product, redolent of that modern and modish suburb in which its latest festival was held.

PLA. Why, then, is its falsity not detected? Have you no recognized standard of excellence, no immutable tests of truth in the poet's work, and in all other work?

LAN. No, we have neither these, nor the desire for them, nor the belief in them. Every man constructs his own.

PLA. You surprise me. In what other art or handicraft among your people does the worker submit himself to the judgment of the ignorant?

LAN. In what art or handicraft does

he not? In the greatest of all arts he certainly does. In politics we have long since shaken off the tyranny of competence, and to-day in my country any man is a political expert who has clergy enough to make a cross on a ballot paper.

PLA. How then does your State subsist?

LAN. By the grace of the gods. The English democracy is the most remarkable in the world. It is at once the strongest and the weakest, the fiercest and the tamest, the least instructed in the learning of books and the most highly trained in the discipline of life. None was ever so studious of liberty yet so submissive to control; none so angrily intolerant of remediable hardships and yet so sanely and so nobly patient under those which nature has imposed.

PLA. To what is this happy balance of their tendencies to be referred?

LAN. I know not. I know only that it exists, and that the unbroken tranquillity of our country attests it. The subversive impulses of this people are the superficial ones; their Conservative instincts lie deeper; but we know that they must be there. Westward through the Hellespont, and eastward through the Pillars of Heracles, the surface-currents both from the Euxine and from the Atlantic pour perpetually into the Inland Sea; but the waters of its basin keep their bounds, and they must needs, therefore, be depleted, through one channel or the other, by the back-set of some deeper-flowing stream. Even so is it with the democracy of England. It is forever being fed full through the two-fold inlet of Teaching and Circumstance; yet the shores of our society remain unwasted, and the rocks of our Constitution still lift their heads above the waves.

PLA. Among such a people there must be some inbred principle of obedience, and it should be easy to educate them to perceive what is beautiful as well as what is just.

LAN. The fault is not in the nation but in its circumstances. It is as docile in its tastes as in its politics, but there are none to direct it in either. Wealth and luxury have debauched one set of guides, as faction and ambition have corrupted the other.

PLA. To the former, the wealthy class, you surely do injustice. Their very willingness to be led in this matter of Hellenic studies is a proof that you do. To show such willingness is to have already gone half-way toward perception of the Beautiful.

LAN. Let us join then, O Plato, in devoting the son of Telamon to the Eumenides. For no man ever destroyed so many potential percipients of the Beautiful in a single day.

PLA. Among the Trojans?

LAN. No, among the sheep: who surpass all other animals in willingness to be led. If docility to guidance is to serve for an augury of future taste, it must at least be intelligent. A blind and blatant scurrying in one another's footsteps gives no more promise of capacity in the human than in the ovine species; and I deem it no matter of boasting for the silly troop that they have been started by the chatter of some coxcomb, instead of by the jingling of a wether's bell.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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WITHOUT GOD, NO COMMONWEALTH.

BY CARDINAL MANNING.

I WILL set down, as briefly as I can, the meaning and reasons for the proposition I here affirm—namely, "that the social and civil commonwealth of mankind had its origin, and still has its perpetuity, in the knowledge of God, and in obedience to Him springing from that knowledge," so that without God no commonwealth is possible. If this can be shown to be true, it follows that the theory now so easily and commonly accepted—namely, that religion and politics ought to be separated; that between Church and State there ought to be no union; that the State in its origin and action is secular, that it has neither religion nor religious duties; that religion must be left to individuals as a matter between each several man and God, or at most ought to be treated by churches or communions, or voluntary associations of such individuals; that the abolition of oaths, judicial and parliamentary, has no bearing on religion; and that the effacing of the Name of God from the public acts of the State would even tend to the promotion of Christianity, cannot stand. All this rests upon the theory that the State has no relation to God. Such is the teaching of such writers as Comte, Buckle and Macaulay. But this theory is contrary to the belief of the Old World, and, until the last generations, to the faith of the New. It is at variance with the experience of mankind, and in direct opposition to the order which God has constituted both by nature and by revelation.

I say by nature and by revelation, because, though I am conscious that I am dealing with many who deny all revelation, I am dealing also with more who profoundly believe in it; because some who deny the facts of revelation will not, or cannot, deny the facts of nature; and, lastly, because I cannot consent to argue this question as if God were already not only deposed from His Sovereignty but also outlawed from the world which He, and not our politicians and philosophers, has made.

1. I will begin, then, by defining the terms of the proposition, that without God no commonwealth is possible. By commonwealth I mean a condition in which men are bound together, and protected by laws, for their common welfare. By civil life I mean the public life of men, as united in cities, or confederations of cities, or in nations. By social life I mean the private life of such cities or nations, in all their voluntary commerce and intercourse external to the civil law, as between families and families, or between the several members of the same family. By political I also mean civil, its Latin equivalent. When a cedar of Lebanon shall rise to its stature and spread its branches without a root, then such a commonwealth may arise and endure without a root. The civil and social relations of men imply duties and obligations to each other, and these spring from and are enforced by law. But law must also spring from a root which is immutable, or there can be no common obligation; and this

common obligation must have a sanction to enforce it higher than the halter of the hangman, and more imperative in conviction and persuasion than any Act of Parliament. What, then, is this law, and where is it written?

2. The root of the commonwealth is in the homes of the people. The civil and social life springs from, and is controlled by, the domestic life of mankind. There are three imperishable relations in human life—authority, obedience, and brotherhood. When the first son of man was born into the world, authority and obedience, which were latent, unfolded themselves into vigor; when a second was born, brotherhood, with all its equities, was constituted forever. And these three relations were not the result of original compact, or of enactments of men, but are inseparable from the order of human life, and intrinsically contained in the essence and structure of the human family. Authority, obedience, and brotherhood are the three ultimate and all-sufficing laws of the human commonwealth. Equality, liberty, and fraternity are the parody and perversion of this divine order. Authority is, therefore, founded not in the human will but in the nature of man; obedience is an obligation not created by man for himself, but imposed upon him. Brotherhood is a natural law which binds all men to do to others as they would be done by; to render to every man his due; and in mutual benevolence, when needed, to go beyond it. If any man shall say that these relations, obligations, and duties are of human creation, or that they are enactments of the human will, I will not dispute with him, except by saying that I could as soon believe the law of gravitation, or the ebb and flow of the tide, to be by human legislation. It is to be noted that they who deny to these primary laws a foundation in nature, are precisely those who maintain the parody of equality, liberty, and fraternity, which, as I hope to show, is a denial of all law except the license of the will of man.

3. There can only be conceived two fountains of law. It springs either from the will of God, or from the will of man; and this inevitable alternative we will examine, so far as we can in so narrow a space. If the primary laws of the

human family be from nature, they are from God; and all human society—domestic, social, civil—springs from God, and has its coherence and perpetuity from God. The root of all Commonwealth is then planted in the will of God. Therefore even the heathen world was nearer the truth when it venerated a *Dea Roma*, than they who deny the natural or divine law as the foundation of human society. For if these primary laws be only from man, they have no sanction higher than human coercion to enforce them, and no intrinsic obligation over the conscience or will of man. They would be only penal laws, which men of their free choice might disobey and risk the penalty. Then there could exist no Commonwealth, because no common law of higher authority than the will of man. Such an aggregate of men can be called a State only by courtesy. It is an inorganic and unsocial multitude.

4. Let us first take the hypothesis that the primary laws of the human family are not from man but from nature—that is, from God.

There does not exist, so far as I know, in the history of the world any Commonwealth in which these laws of domestic life are not treated as divine. Take the Hebrew Commonwealth simply as a secular history. Compare with it the domestic, social, civil life of the Greek or Roman world. With all the relaxations of divorce, and all the severities of its penal code, the Commonwealth of Israel was in justice, equity, mercy, moral purity, and rectitude as high above the highest civilization of Athens or Rome, as it was below the Christian Society which has been grafted upon it. What then was the foundation of that Commonwealth but the recognition of the laws of nature as the laws of God, and of God as the Supreme Lawgiver and Judge of men?

But even the Greek and Roman world as distinctly and precisely recognize these primary laws of human society to be divine. Every hearth in Greece was sacred to *Hestia*, and the fire that burned upon it was the emblem of the purity of domestic life. Every hearth therefore was a domestic altar. *Hestia* was partaker in the honors paid at every shrine. In the *Prytaneia* of the cities

where the sacred fire was kept forever burning, *Hestia* had a share — for a Commonwealth is but an organic aggregate of homes; and as the order and relations of home were sacred, so were the order and relations of the Commonwealth.

So also in the Roman world. The fire on the hearth was sacred, *Hestia*, or *Vesta*, the Divine Guardian of the sanctities and purities of home, was the lawgiver of domestic life. The sacred fire burned perpetually in the *Regia*, which was the hearthstone of the Commonwealth. I refrain from saying, what everybody knows, that the recognition of Divine power and law and government in the old world was so profuse that the whole private and public life of man was enveloped in it. The pantheism of the educated, and the polytheism of the people, both alike prove all that I am contending for. The old world believed the primary laws of human society to be divine; and that a supreme God, the Lawgiver and Judge, presided over all the private and public life of man. They recognized their responsibility to Him; they bound themselves to Him by vows and by promises; they also bound themselves to each other by oaths, of which He was the witness, and, if violated, the avenger. *Dea Roma* had a sanctuary, surrounded by 420 temples; and in every city of the empire *Dea Roma* had a shrine. If any man shall say that the Hebrew Commonwealth would have been as just, equitable, merciful, and enduring without the knowledge of God and of His laws, and without a conscious relation to Him as their Lawgiver and Judge, I may be silent. Such words need no answer. If any man shall say that the Greek and Roman world would not have corrupted with greater speed and intensity if the sacredness of the home and of the State had not been recognized; or that Athens or Rome would have been no less pure and moral in its private life, and as upright and just in its public life of commerce and legislation, if it had recognized no divine laws, no divine presence, no divine Judge, no divine sanctions, no obligation in an oath—I can only point to the history of the world, and hold my peace.

5. Now, I have confined my notice of

the old world to the two centres of its life, the sacredness of the home, and the sacredness of the Commonwealth. The notion of a home without a divine protector, or of a State without a divine lawgiver, is not to be found in the old world. Nor is it to be found in the modern world. The Greek and Roman civilization passed away by the law of its own corruption. It died a natural death and was buried. The civilization of the Christian world is not the continuity of an older civilization patched up and purified. It is a new creation, springing from a new principle of life and order. The Christian world is the offspring of Christian homes; and Christian homes were created by the law and grace of Christian marriage. The laws and relations of the natural home, the authority of parents, the obedience of children, the brotherhood of sons, were confirmed by a higher sanction and invested with a deeper meaning. If there be anything sacred upon earth, it is a Christian home. The fire upon its hearth is holy. The first foundations of the Christian world were laid in households; and the social and civil life of Christendom is the expansion of its domestic life, as its domestic life is the collective life of men bound together by laws more perfect than the law of nature. The Christian law says to children, "Obey your parents;"\* and to subjects, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers,† for there is no power but from God." I still confine the subject to the same two points, the home and the Commonwealth; and I affirm that both, by the law and order of nature, and by the law and order of the Christian world, are sacred. They have their origin, their order, and their perpetuity from God. It may be said of homes and Commonwealths as of men one by one—in Him "we live, and move, and are."

6. For clearness' sake I have confined our thoughts thus far to these two points; but they contain the whole subject of the civil order of mankind.

Toward those who deny the existence of a Creator, I have no further duty until they have made up their mind to say whether mankind is created, un-

\* Col. iii. 20.

† Rom. xiii. 1.



created, or self-created. Until they have written down their proposition, we may go on with those who honestly acknowledge that man has a Creator. In the creation of man, both the family and the State were virtually contained; and in these the three relations of authority, obedience, and brotherhood are inherent. Authority, then, is not the creation of man, or by the compact of men. It is antecedent to all social and civil states, and is itself of divine ordinance. In like manner, obedience is not of human origin or of human choice. It springs from a relation of the natural order, but the natural order is divine, for its author is God. Brotherhood, the nearest approach to equality—though it is not equality but in gradations of inequality in age and maturity—is also of the divine order. And as in the family, so in the Commonwealth. The whole structure of society is pervaded by the will and power of God. Without authority, obedience, and brotherhood, no society can exist.

7. As to authority, the old world profusely believed that its origin was from a divine source. The changes of dynasties, and successions, and forms of Government by kings, or consuls, or dictators, or emperors, did not create authority. They were no more than the designation or election of the persons who should be invested with authority. But authority in itself was imperishable and independent of the will of men. Conquest does not create authority. It is only a sanguinary investiture of the person who shall bear the authority. God gives authority *immediately* to the society of men; and He gives it *mediately* through society to the person or persons whom society may select to wield it. The theory of compacts and conventions is of recent and revolutionary origin. It is a mutilation of the truth. It suppresses the *formal* authority of the ruler when once elected, and it exaggerates the power of society which, though authority *materially* resides in it, is incapable of exercising it by any direct action beyond the act of designating the person of the Ruler.

8. And as with authority so with obedience. The *Potestas patria* was a sovereignty extending to the power of

life and death. Will any man say that any human authority could bind men to obey such a power? The civil ruler, from the beginning of the world, as known in history, has wielded the undisputed power of life and death, and men have both obeyed and executed his decrees, or without denial of his authority have undergone his sentence. Now no men, except fathers and rulers, have authority to extort obedience from others. Slavery is defined in canon law as a violation of the law of nature. Except filial obedience and civil obedience—that is, in the home and the State—there is no obedience except by voluntary consent or contract between man and man. And this twofold obedience springs from one root, and has one and the same sanction, and is in its essence of divine ordination.

9. What is true of authority and of obedience is true also of brotherhood. Among the sons of a family there is equality and inequality. But the inequality is evanescent, and has in it no subjection of the younger to the elder. In all the liberties and rights of man the sons of a house are equal. In endowments of body and mind, and in the possessions and privileges of life, they may become unequal, and the younger may outstrip the elder; but before the law, both natural and divine, they are equal. This equality of man has been outraged from the beginning by fraud and by violence. It can exist only where obedience and authority are recognized as divine laws. Obedience and authority are the conditions of liberty, and liberty of equality.

These three relations were created in man, and are not of men, nor by men, but of God, the author of all order, law, and liberty.

10. And now I am prepared to hear an objector say, "You are assuming the existence of law, and nature, and God." I do assume these truths. I assume the existence of law in the moral world, as I assume it in the material world. I find that the same soil, and the same rain, and the same sun, and the same air, from divers seeds will bring forth wheat and fruits, each in its kind differing in bulk, color, texture, odor, and flavor. And I find the same phenomena uniform, universal, and per-

petual. Every year the wheat in harvest is the same wheat and the fruits in vintage and fruitage are the same fruits. And every seed and grain has a law of its own. No man willed it, and no man can repeal it. The laws of nature are indestructible. Uniformity, universality, and perpetuity are the sign and seal of a Lawgiver who is divine. Even the men of the old world could see this in the material universe, and they thought these laws to be deities. They could see it also in the moral world, and they recognized a law which man never made and man can never rescind. "There is not one law at Rome, another at Athens—one now and another hereafter; but one law, perpetual and immutable, will bind together all nations and all time, of which the common Teacher and universal Ruler is God."<sup>\*</sup>

What Cicero could say by the light of reason another could more surely say by the light of faith. "Is it your will that we prove the existence of God from His own manifold and mighty works by which we are encompassed, sustained, and delighted, and also terrified? or shall we prove it from the witness of the soul itself, which, though it is straitened in the prison of the body, circumscribed by bad teaching, weakened by lusts and passions, surrounded by false gods, yet when once it comes to itself, as out of a surfeit, or a sleep, or a sickness, and attains its health, it pronounces the name of God—by this name alone, because it is the proper name of the true God? 'Great God,' 'Good God,' 'May God grant it'—this is the voice of all; and it calls on Him also as Judge, 'God sees,' 'To God I commend it.' 'God will repay.' O witness of the soul, Christian by nature!"† I will not believe that what Cicero could say to the pagans of Rome, and Tertullian to the heathen of Africa, I may not say to the Christians of England without being told that I beg the question.

11. The conclusion, then, that I would draw from all that I have said is this, that the domestic, social, and civil life of mankind, in homes, and nations, and commonwealths, is by its origin,

nature, laws, and duties, of divine creation; or, in other words, that the political society of men or the State is not a creation of man but of God. Let no one say that I affirm any particular form of state or government to be of divine institution. Forms may vary, but authority and obedience, and the relations and mutual duties of man with man, are of divine origin, imperishable and immutable.

Such was the political order of mankind as shown in the history of the nations, before an event which has changed the face of the world, the foundation and expansion of the Christian Church and the creation of the Christian world. To this we must go on.

12. That the Christian Church claims, and is by the Christian world believed to be, the creation of a Divine Author, and to be governed by divine laws, is an historical fact, undeniable even by those who reject its claims to be divine. That it arose from a source of belief, and of authority, external to the political state and civilization of the old world, and maintained its independence of all civil authority, except in things of civil obligation, is undisputed by all, except those who have not read history. A new society appeared in the world, claiming to be divine in a sense higher, ampler, more direct than the original society of mankind. And this new society, though independent of the political order of the world, was in perfect harmony with it. The two societies had one and the same author; all the primary laws of the first are also inscribed in the statute-book of the second. The second society was ordained to elevate, consolidate, and consecrate the first. Or, in a word, the Church is ordained to fill up and to perfect the work of the State even in this world, and to guide man beyond this world to an eternal end.

13. These two societies, though distinct and designed for distinct ends, nevertheless reciprocally co-operate with each other. The primary end of the State is the material and moral welfare of men in this world, and it therefore in its moral action tends to the eternal welfare which in itself it cannot bestow. The primary end of the Church is to bring men to their eternal welfare, and

\* Cicero, *De Repub.* lib. iii.

† Tertull. *Apolog.* xviii.

in aiming at this end it promotes also the material and moral welfare of mankind in this life. There can be no collision or opposition between these two societies, except so far as the members of the one or the other are untrue to the laws of their office and obligation.

14. In the first period of the Church, the collision was persecution on one side and patience on the other. Nevertheless the Church was a standing violation of the imperial laws. It was a *Societas illicita*, and if its existence had not been divine it ought not to have existed. It was a *Religio illicita*, and if its religion had not been the revelation of truth it ought not to have been practised. But the fault was not in the Church; it was in the civil power, and the fault was amended by the Empire in the day when the Decree of Milan was affixed to the columns of the Forum—*Christianam religionem profiteri liberum*.

15. From that time the divine law began to penetrate and to elevate the imperial law, until the leaven in the meal assimilated all that was just and true; and created a Christian empire and a Christian world. This is neither the time nor place to trace out the second period of the history of Christendom, when the two societies, civil and spiritual, were in amity and co-operation. I touch upon it only to affirm that the natural society of man, which existed outside of all revelation, Hebrew or Christian, in the Oriental, Greek, and Roman world, has ever been held to be, not the work and creation of human conventions or original contracts, but to be a divine order; for the order of nature is the work and creation of God. When, in the second period of Christian history, the political order was pervaded by the Christian law, it did not for the first time become religious. From the beginning of time it has always had God for its author and the religion of nature for its worship, and the laws of nature for the rule of its legislation. Christianity bestowed upon it a perfection; and with the unction of truth set a crown upon its head. *Dea Roma* became the mother of kingdoms, and "the kingdoms of the world became the kingdom of God and of His Christ."

16. And this brings us at last—after, I fear, a wearisome journey, with wheels

driving heavily, for which I must ask the patience and pardon of any perchance who may read what I am writing—to the conclusion I desire to prove. I have asserted that God is the author and sustainer, the foundation and the coherence of the commonwealth of man; and as a consequence, that without God no human commonwealth is possible. Without foundation or coherence, no house can stand. The whole domestic and political order of the world is bound together by religion; for religion is the bond which binds men to God and to each other. The very word is equivalent to obligation; and the twofold obligation of the reason and of the will of man to God as his lawgiver and judge, and to men in all the manifold relations of private and public life, holds together the members of families and of states. The public solemnities of divine worship are the recognition of the religion or bond which binds us to God and to each other. The mutual service of free will springs from the bond of charity. The sacredness of contracts, and oaths, and promises all rests upon the obligations of religion. Without mutual confidence society would perish by fraud and violence; without mutual trust in words and promises, no civil life could be knit together. The sanction of all morality, personal, domestic, political, is God, the present Witness and the future Judge, as the Roman law puts it of false oaths, *Deus Vindex*. The last and only security a people can have for the justice of rulers and legislatures, is that they recognize a supreme law as their guide, and a supreme Lawgiver to whom they must give account. The issue of such a state of ordered legislation is the reign of law, the highest maturity of civilization. But law can only reign over men whose conscience bears witness to the right of authority and the duty of obedience. Where law reigns coercion relaxes its hold, for the free will of the subject anticipates and asserts the just authority of rulers.

17. Let us reverse all that has been said. Let us suppose that the civil society of mankind is of human origin; that there is no sanction to enforce obedience to law but coercion and penalties; that there is no sanctity or obligation in oaths, no immutable law of

right and wrong as the rule of legislation, no duties toward God, who, perhaps, does not exist, or who, if He exist, has no care or providence over men, and therefore of whose existence the legislature and the State have no recognition, and need take no cognizance. By what moral obligation shall obedience be enforced to an authority which has no sanction above its own decrees, and no rule of right or wrong except either conventional usage or its own arbitrary will? On what basis shall the credit, and commerce, and trust among men repose? and what motive is there to ensure fulfilment to an unprofitable bargain, or fidelity to an inconvenient promise? Without a higher sanction, and the cohesion of a moral law, the whole political order would be disintegrated, the whole social order would be dissolved, the whole domestic life would be confusion. Every house would be divided against itself, every commonwealth would fall asunder. As the moral forces of law, and right, and conscience, and mutual trust grow weaker, the material forces of coercion become stronger, authority without law becomes tyranny—the tyranny of one head, or, worst of all, the tyranny of many heads—that is, lawless democracy: not the popular government of self-governed men, but the conflict and clashing of turbulent masses, goaded by rival demagogues, and led by rival parties bidding for place by outbidding one another. In such a civil state there is no law, for there is no recognition of a legislator, no judge above the will of the many, or the self-will, the *liberum veto*, of each man for himself. The outcome of this is chaos, and the end is political and national suicide.

I can foresee that all this will be treated as exaggeration. It will be asked, "Do you believe all this will come out of such minor changes as the abolishing of a Parliamentary oath?" I believe that the starting of a bolt may sink a ship. I believe, too, that if the religious instincts of public men had not already long declined, the abolition of the Parliamentary oath would not for a moment be entertained. So many public recognitions of the Divine Law have already been effaced, that the last remaining witness of a higher moral sense

is all the more to be maintained. It is bad enough to have the laws of the land broken by men who do not believe in God. It is worst of all to have the laws of the land made by a legislature that effaces the name of God from its solemn obligations.

18. We have been told by a writer on civilization, who once had his day, that as the actions of individual men are determined by the ends for which they act, so also the collective action of society is determined; and that as if we knew the ends for which men act we could foretell their actions, so in like manner we could foretell the action and the course of society. If, that is, we could know the cumulus of ends for which a society of men would act, we could prophesy its history. This is, indeed, a philosophy rather undeniable than deep.

We may, however, say that if we knew the principles which govern a man we can approximately foretell how he will act. A merciful man will act mercifully, a just man will act justly, a truthful man will act openly. So it may be said of a society, a nation, or a State. Collective morals are, however, for the most part perverted by the avarice, ambition, or passion of the majority. Still, we can confide, and foretell, from the character of a people, what its laws will be. There are certain immoral and impious laws in force in other countries which we can foretell, at least at present, that our legislature will not consent to enact. There are certain laws enacted by our legislature which the Chambers and Parliaments of other countries at this day refuse to enact. The plain reason of this is, that the people of England are Christian, and they would not allow anti-Christian legislation. So long, then, as a belief in God, in His law, in the immutable morality of right and wrong, in the sanctity of homes, in the obligation of oaths, in conscience, in responsibility, and in judgment to come, pervades and sustains the people of England, we can foretell the course of our legislature, and we can confide in its acts.

19. But suppose a State or a legislature composed of men who hold none of these principles of our moral nature, or who, if they hold them, hold them only



as uncertainties, or opinions for their private life, not as governing laws of their public legislation; let us suppose an agnostic Parliament of unconscious, because uncultured, Epicureans, innocent of Lucretius, but believing in no Supreme Will or Law that guides the course of man and nations—who could foresee the ends for which they would deliberate? and who could foretell what laws such men would make? What should restrain such a legislature from abolishing the legal observance of Christmas, of Good Friday, and of the Sunday; of rescinding all restraint on the employment of women and children in mines, factories, and poisonous trades, thereby destroying what remains of home life among the poor? What shall hinder the multiplication of causes justifying divorce by the adoption of foreign and Oriental codes? What shall prevent the abolition of the Tables of Consanguinity and Affinity, and the reversal of the profound legislation by which the Christian Church has created and fenced the sanctity of Christian homes, thereby creating and constructing the fabric of Christian civilization and of Christian commonwealths? Why should not such a legislature abolish all oaths of every kind, and in all judicial and legislative acts cease to remind men of a Divine Lawgiver who is Witness of all their words and actions, and will be the Judge of their whole life at last? Why should it not recognize the inevitable presence and indulgence of all that is natural in man, and regulate its existence under protection of law? Why should it not revoke every gift which piety and charity has given for the service of God and the care of His poor—the *oblaciones fidelium*, *et patrimonia pauperum*, as the Christian law of early days has it? Why not disestablish and disendow not the legal religion only, but the Free Churches which have inherited the gifts of their forefathers, and are handing them on with well earned increment to their successors? Why should not a Parliament which has ceased to call God to witness to its fidelity, not only to an earthly Crown but to a Divine Lawgiver, abolish its chaplain, and cease to take its seat at prayers? Why not hold morning sittings on Sunday, and general elections on Sunday, and throw open not museums

only, but theatres on Sunday? Why not legalize all labor and traffic, thereby adding a seventh of time and gain, as political economists have argued, to the national wealth? Why should it not abolish all laws against blasphemy? Has the legislature any custody of the honor of God and His truth, when it has ceased to know Him as the source and sanction of its authority over men and the witness of its acts? Libel against men may be punished, but libel against God hurts nobody. How can it hurt Him if He does not, or probably does not, exist?

When the statues of Hermes were mutilated in the night at Athens, the city was struck with horror. When Socrates was accused of atheism, he was condemned to henbane. If any man in Rome had extinguished the fire of Vesta, or profaned the Sanctuary of the *Regia*, the pontiffs would have inflicted fine, or even death. Both the Greek and the Roman world, immersed as they were in superstition, polytheism, pantheism, which, all of them, are the parasites of belief in a Divine Lawgiver, Ruler, and Awarder, were profoundly and profusely religious. A Commonwealth or State without a Divine Lawgiver, law, and worship, in its private and public life, was a conception which, not to the Hebrew only, but to the Greek and Roman, was impossible to thought, and beyond the stretch of imagination. It has been reserved for these latter times. It is the delirium of men who, having known God, have turned their faces from Him. The theory that the recognition of God can be removed from the public acts and legislature of the Commonwealth is to strip the political order of mankind of its divine character. It is to relegate religion to the private life of men, and to desecrate the public life of the State. Such a desecration no Christian ever imagined to be possible till the Lawless One should come, who shall exalt himself above all that is called God or worshipped. Even the Emperor in the days of persecution was *hominem a Deo secundum—solo Deo minorem*.\*

20. The Commonwealth of England has indeed been robbed of its first unity

\* Tertullian, *Ad Scapulam*, sect. 2.

and perfection ; but it has continued still to be profoundly Christian, and in admitting the theism of Israel within its precincts, it has in no way obscured its public recognition of God and its witness to His authority and laws. It rests not only on this divine foundation, but upon another, which is also divine ; that is, upon the order and the religion, the lights and the laws of nature, which also are the creation of God and the witness of His sovereignty.

In stripping the public life and action of our Commonwealth of the recognition of God, they who are doing it are not stripping off only the recognition of the God of the Old Testament and of the New, but of the God of Nature, and of His all-pervading presence in the public life of the empire. An empire without God cannot stand ; for an empire which effaces God from its legislature has no

longer a principle of unity. It will, by a natural law of dissolution, return to the dust ; it will sink lower than the old world ; for an apostate world is lower than a superstitious world. It is better to have an altar to the unknown God than no altar and no God. Such a commonwealth has no foundation in the order either of Christian law or of natural law. It is lawless and descending—slowly, it may be imperceptibly, at first, but surely—and in another generation it will descend more swiftly and irresistibly into confusion. When the relations of authority, and obedience, and brotherhood, and the obligations which bind men to God and to each other, are stripped of their divine sanction, the Commonwealth is death-struck ; the vital warmth may linger for a while, but the life has fled.—*Contemporary Review.*

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#### THE DEATH OF THE SHAMEFUL KNIGHT.

BY VIOLET HUNT.

KNIGHTS ! of your charity I pray, leave him lying here a space,  
On the flags before the altar, with the sun upon his face ;  
Lay his recreant sword beside him, and the battered helmet dim,  
With its blood-stained sleeve of yellow some fair lady gave to him.

Though he lived a graceless life, though he died a shameful death,  
Fighting on the side of evil, lying to his latest breath,  
Yet he fought both well and bravely, knightly-wise did wield his sword,  
Till his righteous foe assailed him, and he died without a word.

Here, as he is lying lonely, haply Heaven shall send him grace,  
The white dove behind the altar shall alight upon his face ;  
Or his faithful hound shall follow, come to lick the cruel hand,  
That lay heavy on the people, like God's curse upon the land.

Or perchance his sweetest lady, with her face and robe of white,  
As she watched the bitter combat, shall come kiss her shameful knight  
On the lips that no man trusted, which her kisses shall make clean,  
And the blood-stains show the fainter where the fallen tears have been.

*Longman's Magazine.*

## THE LITTLE WORLD: A STORY OF JAPAN.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

*(Completed from our last.)*

## VII.

DR. WILKINS had not a large practice, for the health of the youthful foreign community was extraordinarily good; but the few patients he had could boast that they were well taken care of, and received numerous and regular visits from their medical adviser. Since Jervis had been taken ill, the doctor had seen him at least once a day.

On the day after the M'Bean banquet, where the elder Ashbourne had told the story of Hellington, Dr Wilkins paid his usual visit to Jervis about ten o'clock in the morning. After inquiring about his patient's health, he lighted a cheroot, asked for a glass of brandy-and-soda, stretched himself comfortably in one of the bamboo chairs on the cool veranda, and said with a yawn:

"Well, I have done my day's work. A climate like that of this blessed country does not exist elsewhere! Nobody will be sick here. They should send life insurance agents here; physicians have nothing to do. We were at M'Bean's until nearly three o'clock, and on coming out early this morning I met the two Ashbournes with Gilmore, coming back from a long ride, and looking as bright and fresh as if they had had their regular seven hours' sleep."

"Ah, until three o'clock at M'Bean's! Who won most?"

"We didn't gamble."

"Well, what did you do all night?"

"Daniel Ashbourne told us a story of Limerick."

Jervis remained silent. He was sitting in a bamboo chair a little behind the doctor, so that Wilkins could only see his face by turning round.

He waited a few seconds as if he expected an invitation to repeat the Hibernian tale, but when Jervis kept silence, the talkative doctor began of his own accord. He did not, it is true, give the story in detail like Ashbourne, but he did not, on the other hand, omit a single essential circumstance. Jervis

did not interrupt him, and the doctor was agreeably surprised at the patient attention of his listener.

"So you say Ashbourne knew that man personally?" inquired Jervis in a low voice, when the doctor had ended.

"Knew him? as well as I know you; had seen him hundreds of times," replied Wilkins, turning round to look into Jervis's face.

"Hullo!" he continued, rising, "what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing at all."

But Wilkins was determined to fulfil his duties as medical adviser, and the answer of his patient did not satisfy him. So he rose, felt Jervis's pulse and forehead, ordered him a sedative powder, and only went away when the patient expressed a wish to be left alone that he might lie down.

"Lie in this hammock," said Wilkins. "It is cool and fresh out here. I will look in again before dinner."

When Wilkins had gone, Jervis remained motionless for a long time, his usually restless eyes fixed upon the ground before him. Then he rose, wiped away the perspiration that was moistening his forehead, and with slow and unsteady step entered his room. There he was found by Wilkins when the latter returned toward six o'clock. Jervis now had to undergo another careful examination, and that over, Wilkins said he would send him a few powders, of which he was to take two at once—two before going to bed and two in the morning. He repeated his advice several times, as if it were of great importance, to which Jervis only replied seriously and thoughtfully—"All right, doctor; all right."

The powders were brought; but Jervis did not take them. He sat down to dinner about seven o'clock, but hardly tasted the food that was placed before him, and retired early to his room, where he remained alone. When the servant brought the lamp he ordered it to be taken away again, telling the

man to keep the parlor dark, as the mosquitoes had been very troublesome of late.

Ashbourne's rooms were brightly lighted, and Jervis could distinctly see everything that was going on there. He seemed to take a great interest in this, for he had got out his opera-glass, and did not remove his eyes from the house. The two brothers remained alone talking together until nearly nine o'clock, when Thomas sat down at his desk to write, while Daniel, taking his hat and followed by a servant, left the house.

On the following morning Dr. Wilkins called as usual on Jervis, and found his patient very much fatigued and in low spirits. In the hope of cheering him up a little, the doctor told him they had been very merry at the club the night before.

"Daniel Ashbourne," he said, "is a bright cheerful fellow, and for hours and hours he entertained the company with stories from Ireland."

"And what did Thomas Ashbourne say," asked Jervis, "if another talked for such a long time?"

"Thomas had to work for his newspaper, and Dan came alone. We were all very glad to see him, and I am sure you will like him. He is anxious to make your acquaintance, for he is a thoroughbred Irishman, and would like to see the best horseman in the settlement. If it suits you, I will bring him with me to-morrow morning and introduce him."

"No, thanks; I would rather not," replied Jervis calmly. "I am really not well enough just now to take any pleasure in making new acquaintances."

"Well, just as you like," replied the doctor, adding, after a short pause—"If you care to take a little walk this evening, I would be glad to call for you: I have promised Ashbourne to initiate him into the mysteries of the Yankiro. We have an appointment at nine o'clock, and as we pass your house I will call out for you."

"No, thanks, doctor; not to-night."

When Wilkins was gone, Jervis walked up and down the veranda for a long time in deep thought. One of his servants came with a message that had been left for him; but the man was frightened at the wild expression of his

master's face, and withdrew without speaking to him.

About half an hour later Jervis called his porter and sent him to Yedo to make some purchases. The servant replied that it was very late, and that he could not possibly return the same night. Jervis said that it was of no consequence; he might return next morning. The man was glad to get a holiday in Yedo, and in half an hour was gone.

At nightfall Jervis summoned his Chinese *comprador*, the chief servant of his household, and said to him:

"The porter will not be here to-night. Take care, therefore, that by ten o'clock every light in the house and in the stables is put out. People here are very careless with fire."

At nine o'clock Jervis was sitting on the dark veranda looking intently toward the brightly lighted dwelling of his neighbor Ashbourne. In one of the rooms he recognized three persons—the two brothers and Dr. Wilkins. At half past nine Thomas sat down to his desk, and the two others left. Jervis heard them talking as they passed his veranda, and saw them take the road across the moor toward the Yankiro, followed by two native servants. The sound of their footsteps was soon lost on the soft turf. For a short time Jervis's eyes followed the two lanterns; these, also, were soon lost to sight in the sultry dark night. Then everything around became deserted, silent, and lonely. The heavens were black; and the sea rolled heavily and gloomily on the shore, with a sound like distant thunder before an approaching storm. Jervis was still on the veranda, breathing hard, listening attentively to the slightest sound. The *comprador* had extinguished all the lights in the house. Everything lay buried in deep, black darkness.

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Toward midnight four men—two Europeans and two Japanese—left the Yankiro, and, walking leisurely, took the road to Yokohama. The servants walked in front, lighting up the narrow uneven pathway with their lanterns, while their masters were engaged in lively conversation. They had reached nearly the middle of the swamp when one of them turned suddenly round, and saw a dark mass leap forward. At the



same instant he heard a dull thud, followed by a short terrible shriek, and saw his companion wildly beat the air with his arms, rush forward a few steps, and then fall with his face to the ground.

"Help! Help! Murder!"

The two servants darted back and held up the lanterns. About twenty yards ahead of them they saw a human figure flying across the moor. Two shots from a revolver followed at brief intervals, but the fugitive, apparently, was not hit, and he was soon lost in the darkness of the night.

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Thomas Ashbourne was working with open doors and windows when he was startled by a terrible shriek. Then the cry—"Murder! Murder! Help!" resounded through the silent night. He rushed out on the veranda, and saw several lanterns, which, in the swamp, were flickering and moving to and fro. In a few seconds he was outside, rushing toward the place.

Stretched on the ground, with a wide gaping wound in his back, a man was lying; by his side were Wilkins and the two servants.

"He has been murdered," said the doctor, lifting up his pale, terror-stricken face.

The murdered man was weltering in his blood, giving still some signs of life.

"What can I do, doctor?" shrieked Thomas Ashbourne. "For God's sake, help! O Dan! My brother Dan!"

He knelt down and took hold of the hand which was already growing cold, and which, in the last deadly struggle, had clutched the damp heavy soil.

Wilkins could say nothing. The blow, which seemed to have been given with a butcher's axe, had split the back from the left shoulder to the middle of the spine. The dying man uttered a deep groan, drew a heavy agonized breath—there was a convulsive quivering of the limbs—and then all was over.

#### VIII.

Most of the members of the English community were assembled in the large office of the English Consulate, where a court had been constituted, with Mr. Mitchell as chairman, to make public inquiry into the murder of Mr. Daniel Ashbourne, of Limerick, Ireland. The

witnesses waited in an adjoining room. They were—Doctor Wilkins, James Jervis, with his Chinese *comprador*, Walter M'Bean, and Arthur Gilmore.

Out of regard to their feelings, Thomas Ashbourne, the brother of the murdered man, and Patrick Inish, had been privately examined, but the Consul opened the public sittings by reading their depositions. It was stated that Mr. Daniel Ashbourne had no quarrel of any kind with any native, so that the murder could not possibly be the work of personal revenge.

Dr. Wilkins was the chief witness. He related what had occurred on the swamp, and stated that Daniel Ashbourne's behavior in the Yankiro had been perfectly quiet and orderly. He maintained that the murdered man had given no cause to any one there to attack him.

"How do you account, Dr. Wilkins, for the circumstance that neither Daniel Ashbourne nor yourself nor the servants noticed the approach of the murderer?"

"The night was dark; the lanterns being only a short distance ahead of us, the murderer could get behind us without being seen. I was chatting with Ashbourne, and the servants in front were also talking. It was, therefore, possible for us not to hear a slight noise; but as it has been proved that the murderer wore sandals, and as the turf is very soft, it is probable that he approached us without making any noise whatever. The little I did hear was, in my opinion, the rustling of the assassin's dress as he lifted his arm to deal the blow."

"What did you see of the murderer?"

"He was a man who leaped away like a wild stag, and in a moment had disappeared into the night. I had no time to aim at him, although my revolver was ready. He ran in the direction of the Japanese quarter. He wore the usual dark-colored native garment, but he seemed to me very tall for a native. I am inclined to think it was a *s'mo'* (wrestler)."

"And you say, Dr. Wilkins, that the murderer made use of a Japanese sword?"

"Without doubt. There is no modern European weapon with which one

could deal such a blow as killed Daniel Ashbourne."

"Have you anything more to say?"

"No."

After Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Jervis was called into the witness-box. He was still suffering, and the court permitted him to sit down. Jervis indeed looked very ill. He replied to the usual preliminary questions as to his identity in a low voice, but without hesitation.

"James Jervis, you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"So help me God."

"Kiss the book."

Jervis complied.

"Now what do you know, Mr. Jervis," asked Mr. Mitchell, "about the murder of Daniel Ashbourne?"

"I was asleep, and was suddenly awakened by screams and shouts. Immediately afterward I heard two pistol-shots fired in quick succession. I stepped to the window and saw several lanterns right before me, about the middle of the swamp. I dressed at once, but not feeling very well, and having no idea that such a misfortune could have occurred, I called my groom, whom I knew to be the swiftest of my servants, and ordered him to run to the spot indicated by the lanterns, and report to me what had happened. The man was sleepy, and it was several minutes before I saw him leave the house. The other servants meanwhile had been roused, and my *comprador* joined me on the veranda. There, at a very short distance from my house, we saw a man, who shot past us at lightning speed, in the direction of the Japanese quarter on the hill. We could see him only for an instant. He was a Japanese or a Chinese, certainly not a European—that I could see even in the moment it took him to fly past us. I called my second groom, and ordered him to run after the man, offering him a good reward if he could tell me what had become of the fugitive. Half a minute later the *betto* was on his track; but a quarter of an hour afterward he returned breathless, having run half the way to Homura (a village in the neighborhood of Yokohama) without seeing a living soul. About the same time my first groom returned and told me of the

murder of my neighbor. He had assisted in carrying the corpse to the house of Thomas Ashbourne. That is all I know."

The Chinese *comprador* of Mr. Jervis, who could not be sworn in the usual manner, was simply examined for the better information of the court, and, on the whole, confirmed his master's statement. About the appearance of the man who rushed past the house he could say nothing.

"Something like a shadow flew past us. I could not even recognize that it was a man; and in the same moment, when Mr. Jervis called my attention to it, it had already vanished. I did not hear any footsteps."

M'Bean, Ashbourne's second neighbor, had little to tell. He had been awakened by the noise and the shrieks, had dressed himself quickly, and had run toward the lanterns, where he found Dr. Wilkins, Thomas Ashbourne, and the two Japanese servants. Soon afterward Mr. Jervis's *betto* joined them, and they all carried the body to the house. He had not seen the murderer; but he recollected that he had heard from his house a noise as of some one climbing over a wooden fence; he had paid no attention to it, as he had only one thought—to reach the moor as quickly as possible.

Mr. Gilmore, duly sworn, said he had left the club to go home a few minutes before midnight. On turning into his street, he was nearly knocked down by a Japanese who rushed against him. He thought the man was going to attack him, but he leaped like a stag, and disappeared immediately. He was a tall, slim man. He could not see the face, which, in Japanese fashion, was covered with a piece of cloth.

This closed the examination. The court consulted together, and in a few minutes returned the following verdict:

"According to the unanimous statements of all witnesses, we find that Daniel Ashbourne, of Limerick, Ireland, was murdered on the swamp of Yokohama, in the night between the 12th and 13th of June, by an unknown person, who, after the deed, disappeared in the direction of the Japanese quarter, and of whom nothing further has

been learned. The murder was committed with a sharp, heavy instrument—probably a Japanese sword."

### IX.

Two days later Daniel Ashbourne was carried to his last resting-place. All the members of the English community, and most of the Germans, Americans, and other foreigners living in the settlement, assembled to pay their last respects to the dead. As chief mourner, behind the coffin, walked the unfortunate brother of the murdered man. By his side was Patrick Inish, the faithful Irish servant; and then, in long procession, followed the members of the foreign community.

Jervis had told Wilkins the evening before the funeral that he was very unwell, and that it would be impossible for him to be present. But the doctor was of opinion that his patient would do well not to absent himself.

"You were seen yesterday at the Consulate, and everybody knows that you can go out. People might make all sorts of unpleasant comments. Take my advice, Jervis, and come. I'll keep by your side all the time."

After a little hesitation, Jervis had said that if he could possibly go out he would attend. He had come, but everybody could see how hard it was for him to climb the steep hill which led to the foreign cemetery. He looked pale and distressed. Several times he had to stop for breath, and to wipe away the heavy drops of perspiration that were gathering fast on his forehead. Everybody felt grateful to him for doing this last honor to Daniel Ashbourne; and many of his acquaintances who had avoided him for weeks shook hands with him, and asked kindly after his health.

The cemetery was in a wonderfully peaceful and beautiful little grove, formerly belonging to a Japanese temple, the ruins of which were still visible. Trees, hundreds of years old, formed with their mighty branches a leafy roof conferring shade and quiet. Entering the churchyard—which seen from Yokohama looked like a citadel—one could look upon the majestic sea spreading its deep blue waters to the distant horizon; to the left, the city of Yokohama; to the right, the mountains

of Hakkon, and, towering above all, the mighty crater of Fusi-Yama. In these three directions the hill shelved down in steep, almost impassable declivities. Crippled trees and stunted brushwood had taken root in the rocky clefts, and a slippery, rich, dark-green moss had covered the sides with a soft velvety carpet. At the foot of the hill were a few fishermen's huts. The foreign community of Yokohama had surrounded their burying-ground with a high stone wall, and appointed two Japanese watchmen to guard their graves from desecration by the natives.

The coffin in which the remains of Daniel Ashbourne reposed now stood near the open grave. The clergyman read the burial service, and then the body was lowered. "Dust to dust," and all present approached to throw a handful of earth on the coffin. Thomas Ashbourne and Patrick Inish were the first to pay this last tribute; then they stepped back, and remained standing near the open grave. Ashbourne looked with tearful eyes upon the fresh flowers and green branches which covered all that remained of his brother. The gaze of Inish wandered mechanically from one to the other of the members of the foreign community, as they threw their handfuls of earth on the coffin.

This solemn ceremony had lasted for several minutes, in the midst of profound silence, which was rendered still more impressive by the heavy thud of the earth as it fell upon the coffin. Some of the men could scarcely restrain their tears. Inish saw, as if in a dream, the strange faces that appeared and disappeared in turn at the grave of his master. But suddenly a wild expression animated his hard features. His eyes opened wide, and followed with terrible eagerness a man who was staggering back from the grave. His breast heaved with excitement, his lips moved convulsively—but not a sound came from them. Thus he stood for a moment, a picture of mute terror, till at last, stretching out his right hand, and pointing his trembling finger at Jervis, he stammered out, in a scarcely audible voice, "Hellington!" Then as if his tongue were loosened by some spell, he shrieked—

"Murder! Murderer! Hellington! Help! Help!"

All eyes were for a moment fixed on Inish, and then followed the direction indicated by his finger. Somebody had suddenly stepped back from the deep circle of the mourners, and disappeared in the grove. The white figure of the fugitive appeared again and again between the trees, like a hunted beast, and was now fast approaching the wall at the spot where it separated the cemetery from the city.

All now started in pursuit. The tomb was deserted; the clergyman alone remained, standing on tiptoe, and watching the chase. One man, however, had not followed the crowd. This was the consular constable, an experienced London policeman, who had captured many a criminal in his time, and who, coolly calculating in the midst of the general excitement that the fugitive could only escape by one way—namely, the small road which led to the settlement—rushed forward to the opening on that road.

Jervis had a good start of his pursuers, and he was now only a few yards from the wall. With the agility of a cat he climbed the top and disappeared on the other side. His pursuers reached the spot where they had last seen him a few minutes later. Only a few succeeded in climbing the wall, and looked down upon a narrow path which ran along the precipice round the graveyard wall.

"He has broken his neck!"

"He is hiding behind the trees. He cannot escape!"

The English consul, calmer than the others, called round him a few of the most intelligent of the foreigners, and proposed some plan of action. Jervis must have run round the narrow path. If they divided in two opposite directions they could not fail to get at him, or drive him to the gate where the constable was keeping watch.

Ashbourne and Inish, who had listened to the Consul, were the first to reach the other side of the wall; and they were quickly followed by others. Then they separated, one party being led by Consul Mitchell, the other by Ashbourne.

The path from which one could look down the precipice was narrow. The rock went down almost perpendicularly

in some places; in others it was still so steep that it seemed impossible for any man to reach the bottom alive. Every step was dangerous; every tree, every corner in the wall, had to be examined carefully; and though Mitchell and Ashbourne led their men with much daring, at least twenty minutes passed before the two met at the gate.

"We have seen nothing of Jervis!" they exclaimed, almost simultaneously.

The policeman stated that nobody had gone down by the road. He would answer for that.

"Then he must have fallen from the rock, and we shall find his body below," said Mitchell.

They ran down the hill, but they had to take a roundabout way to get at the huts at the foot of the rock. There everything was quiet. In vain did they look for the mutilated corpse they expected to find.

A few half-naked fishermen were standing at the doors of their huts, looking curiously at the heated and excited strangers. One of the natives began to speak, and everybody listened to him.

"Mr. Jervis? I know him well. Many a time we have sailed out together in stormy weather. I saw him here in front of my house about half an hour ago. I can't tell how he came there. I heard the rolling of loose stones, and stepped outside, and there he stood before me with bloody hands and torn dress; but in a minute he was gone. He ran toward Yokohama."

The sun was shining unmercifully; many of the young men felt completely exhausted, and took boats to return to the city. Only Ashbourne, Inish, Mitchell, and the policeman proceeded at a running pace toward Yokohama. Jervis's house was the first to be reached. The fugitive might have entered it without being noticed, if he had come across the swamp, where, at that hour of the day, nobody was to be seen.

The pursuers entered the courtyard; but everything there was quiet and peaceful. The large doors and windows of the house stood wide open, so that one could see through the whole building. In front of the stable sat Jervis's groom, smoking a pipe. He rose on



recognizing the Consul, and professed himself ready to answer all questions to the best of his knowledge.

"Mr. Jervis," he said, "had returned a little while before from the graveyard—perhaps an hour ago. He had opened the stable door, and told the groom to saddle Tautai. Then he had rushed into the house and had returned quickly with a little bundle, which he had fastened to his saddle, and had disappeared in the direction of Kanagawa and Yedo."

"What was in the bundle?"

"Japanese clothing and a sword, I think."

"How was Mr. Jervis dressed?"

"He wore a light linen suit."

"Was he armed?"

"He had a revolver and a heavy riding whip."

While Mr. Mitchell went to the Governor of Yokohama to demand pursuit of the criminal by the Japanese authorities, Ashbourne and his friends entered the house. In the little office they found an open safe containing letters, account books, and a considerable sum in ready money. Scattered on the mat were several Japanese gold pieces. Jervis had evidently not forgotten to supply himself plentifully with money. In his bedroom a chest of drawers stood open; a pair of trousers and a light coat, soiled and covered with blood, lay upon the floor. The other rooms were untouched.

Nothing more could be learned from the Japanese servants. They had seen their master enter the house, and concluded by his air that some accident must have happened to him; but they dared not follow him into his bedroom, as Mr. Jervis had ordered, once for all, that nobody should enter there without special orders. The statements of these people bore every mark of truth.

The Japanese police did their very best to capture the murderer; but in those days there were no telegraphs or railroads, and Jervis had certainly made the most of the start he had of his pursuers. In the neighborhood of Yokohama no trace of him could be found.

On the third day after his flight, the well-known pony Tautai made his appearance in Yokohama. He seemed to be completely exhausted, and paced

slowly through the streets; but when some Japanese ran up to catch him, he showed his old temper by kicking furiously. Shaking his shaggy mane, he then trotted off to his stable, where he allowed himself to be unsaddled, and lay quietly down without touching food.

The Japanese had no difficulty in discovering the road by which the pony had come to Yokohama. In several of the surrounding villages people had seen the odd-looking little white horse, and had tried to capture it. Toward evening the police reached the tea-house, which Jervis had on a former occasion entered to make his toilet. The landlady was evidently embarrassed when she saw the officers. In harsh tones they ordered her to state what she knew, threatening her with imprisonment and torture if she did not immediately confess where Jervis was hidden. The woman threw herself upon her knees, and related in a trembling voice all she knew. The stranger, whose name she did not even know, had been a frequent guest in her house during the previous year. He had come there to drink tea, and also to take a meal occasionally, but as a rule he had asked only for water to bathe his hands and face. He had always paid her well, and he had not been rough and exacting like other foreigners, but had acted like a Japanese gentleman. About three days ago he had come at an unusually early hour. He did not take the saddle off his horse, which was covered with foam, but only asked her to hold it a moment. Then he entered the house, and returned a few minutes afterward in the dress of a Japanese officer. Immediately remounting, he rode away up the steep path which led to the mountains. On entering the room placed at his disposal she found his white linen suit, which she would give to the police officers. This was all she knew. She was a poor but respectable and law-abiding woman, and she therefore hoped they would not punish her.

Not satisfied with this statement, the officers took the poor trembling creature to Yokohama, to undergo another examination in the presence of the English consul. But her statement bore so unmistakably the stamp of truth, that Mr. Mitchell himself recommended her instant liberation.

Beyond the tea-house all trace of the murderer was lost. No European had been seen in any of the surrounding villages. All inquiries failed. The English Government offered a reward of five hundred *rios* (about £200) for the capture of the criminal, but without success.

In looking over Jervis's papers, it was found that he had lived for some time in America. It appeared that he had taken the name of Jervis some four years previously. Nothing could be discovered regarding him during the interval between his flight from Limerick and that time. The passport which he brought to Yokohama had evidently belonged to somebody else—probably to some broken-down adventurer whom Jervis had met in California. Whether this wanderer was the same Jervis whom Mitchell had known in Singapore could not be ascertained.

Weeks and months passed by. The dead are soon forgotten, and the members of the foreign community would scarcely, perhaps, have thought of Daniel Ashbourne, whom they had known only for a few days, had not the mournful faces of Thomas Ashbourne and Patrick Inish repeatedly reminded them that a hideous murder had been committed, and still remained unavenged.

#### X.

There was great excitement in those days in Japan. The little insular empire which, separated as it was from the rest of the world, had developed its resources in a peculiarly independent manner, had suddenly been visited, and, as it were, conquered by a small party of foreigners. The Government, however, suffered the intrusion, knowing that in any conflict with the Western Powers it would unavoidably be defeated. But the open and the secret enemies of the Tycoon spoke of the grand old times when Japan was the proud empire of "The Rising Sun," strong enough to drive out aliens who came uninvited to settle on its soil. They accused the Tycoon of having humiliated Japan. They reproached him with being the descendant of the usurper who in a treacherous manner had assumed the divine powers of the legitimate Emperor of Japan, the

Mikado. They demanded his resignation, and threatened, if he would not yield, to overthrow him by force. Discontent was greatest in the provinces of Satsuma and Mito, where rebellion was preached in the open streets.

Minamoto, the reigning Tycoon, tried in vain to quiet the unruly princes. His requests and admonitions were answered by their massing large bodies of armed men on the frontiers of their provinces. Suddenly Minamoto died a violent death, and the Daimio of Mito was accused of being his murderer.

The successor of the Tycoon, Prince Yesada, was a minor, and Prince Ikamono-Kami was appointed *gotairo* or regent. But then the long-threatened rebellion broke out. Japan resembled a vast open camp, in which the followers of the Tycoon and of the Mikado stood face to face with drawn swords. Yokohama was filled with news of bloody encounters, in which sometimes the troops of the Government, and sometimes those of the rebels, were victorious. But the chief interest for the members of the foreign community lay in the circumstance, that in the reports of many of the battles there appeared the names of Europeans and Americans who were fighting in the ranks of the rebels. Some of them were well known adventurers who had already, in China, taken part in the Taiping rebellion.

The governor of Yokohama had repeatedly complained to the consuls that foreigners were engaged with Daimios against the Government, and by their superior military knowledge greatly increased the difficulty of suppressing the rebellion. The European officials were, however, powerless to do anything in this matter. They knew that every now and then some of their countrymen suddenly disappeared from Yokohama, and were probably serving in the rebel army in Satsuma or Mito; but they had no means of preventing this. It was known also, through reports, what kind of life these adventurers led in the Japanese camp. They were employed as officers, and enjoyed high pay and great respect; but, on the other hand, much was expected of them. They were employed in the most dangerous expeditions. Their refusal to act would have been followed by immediate dismissal from

the army—in other words, by surrender to the Tycoon's army, which meant death. It required, therefore, an uncommon amount of personal courage in these foreign soldiers to enter the camp of the rebels; for every one in Japan knew that if the natives cannot be compared in boldness and active courage to the European races, they surpass the latter in their apathetic contempt of death.

Since the murder of the Tycoon, the *gotairo* had done his best to restore peace, and had taken the most energetic measures against the rebel Daimios. These princes looked upon him as their most dangerous enemy, and would have stopped at nothing to get him out of the way, either by force or by cunning. The *gotairo*, too, knew that his life was in danger, and only dared to show himself in the streets surrounded by a well-armed body of guards, in whose fidelity and bravery he could trust.

It was on a dull autumn day, about four months after the murder of Daniel Ashbourne, that twelve men coming from different quarters met, as it were by chance, in the neighborhood of the imperial palace at Yedo. All carried two swords in their belts, a sign that they were noblemen. The weather was cold and stormy; the rain was falling in torrents; the streets around the palace were deserted. After exchanging a few words, these twelve men placed themselves under the portal of the palace of a Daimio, which stood at the corner of a narrow street. It seemed as if they were waiting for the rain to cease; and their presence in the neighborhood of the palace excited no attention, as the capital was full of noblemen, who could be met at any time of the day or night in the palace quarter.

They had thus waited about half an hour when there appeared at the other end of the street several hundred soldiers marching before a large sedan-chair, which was carried by sixteen strong men. The procession came on slowly in solemn silence. As soon as the group noticed its approach, one of the men, who was about a head taller than any of his companions, stepped forward, and looking cautiously around, gave some whispered instructions. Thereupon the other slowly moved in pairs toward the

entrance to the narrow street, where they placed themselves against the walls of the palace, as if to seek shelter under its projecting roof from the storm. They were a set of wild looking, weather-beaten men, with dark fiery eyes. Only the tallest of them—the leader—was of a remarkably light color, the paleness of his countenance being intensified, as it were, by comparison with the dusky faces of his companions. The whole appearance of this man was very striking. His tall, slim figure, and his noble bearing, were remarkable, and his step was as light and elastic as that of a panther.

The princely procession approached. In front walked four heavy, gigantic men, the *s'mo*, or wrestlers of the prince. They had a slow rolling gait, and looked contemptuously upon all around them. These four big fellows were followed by archers, lancers, and also by standard-bearers, showing the well-known and dreaded coat-of-arms of the *gotairo*. The soldiers, who immediately followed, were wrapped in large cloaks, which protected their dress and costly swords from the pouring rain. By the side of the chair walked two servants carrying a long box which contained the two swords of the prince, who carelessly reposed on his seat.

When the procession had approached within a few steps of the narrow street where the twelve armed men were watching, their leader uttered a short sharp cry. At the same moment eight of his companions rushed upon the chair, while the others remained with him at the corner of the street. In an instant the file of the body-guard was broken through, and some of the chair-bearers cut down; the chair fell heavily to the ground. The regent, looking out of the window of the sedan, called for his sword, but before the weapon could be handed him, a terrible blow had almost severed his head from his body, and he fell dead.

His followers had been unable to save their master's life. Enveloped in wide cloaks, they had been slow in getting out their swords; but now they rushed with a furious howl upon the murderers. After a short fight five of these were struck down, while the surviving three pushed their way toward the entrance of

the lane, where their leader and his other companions were keeping watch.

Thus far these four had only been spectators of the struggle; but after helping their surviving companions to escape into the side street, they now stood forth ready to do or die. They fought against overwhelming odds while covering the flight of their companions; but they kept their ground without any sign of weakness. One of them had already fallen, fatally wounded, the others were bleeding from numerous wounds. Suddenly there again came a hoarse sharp cry from their leader, and at the same time he and two of his companions, who were still able to run, turned and fled. The two men were quickly overtaken and cut down; but the leader had a start which became evidently greater with each of his mighty leaps. He had passed two streets, and now he turned, like one who is quite sure of what he is doing, into a third on his left. But having advanced about two hundred yards, he suddenly stopped. He had run into a *cul de sac*. He turned to retrieve this fatal mistake. Too late. His enemies were already upon him with furious yells. Once more he turned his back upon them, looking to the right and left to find an escape; but the closed doors and windows on both sides of the street formed an unbroken and impenetrable wall. And now he had come to the end of the street and to the end of his tether. Up to the last moment he had not despaired of being able to save himself, and he had struggled for dear life. But now he knew that all was over, and that he must die. With panting breast, and back against the wall which closed the street, he seized his broadsword with both hands, and waited for his pursuers. But they dared not approach him. A terrible expression of despair and power was in that strange white face. The hunted man stood immovable, at bay. All was quiet, very quiet, as on the day in the cemetery when Patrick Inish, pointing to the murderer of his master, had called "Murder! Hellington! Murderer!" The howling wind and the splashing rain seemed to carry these words to the ear of the murderer. . . . An arrow whizzed through the air, and buried

itself in the left breast of the fugitive. For a second he remained motionless. Then his hands opened, and the sword slid from his grasp. Like a caged eagle's wings, his arms rose slowly and then fell powerless by his side; a deathly pallor covered his face like a veil; a trembling went through his whole frame; once more his arms rose feebly and again dropped, and at the same moment he fell heavily forward on his face, breaking in his fall the arrow that had pierced his heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the day after the murder of the *gotairo*, the foreign consuls in Yokohama received a visit from the Governor, who informed them, in a business-like way, of the tragic event. The Governor paid a longer visit to the English consul than to his colleagues, as, after telling of the murder of the *gotairo*, he added there that the chief of the assassin's band had been recognized after his death as a foreigner, and was supposed to be the missing Jervis, the murderer of Daniel Ashbourne. A Japanese officer, formerly stationed in Yokohama, had gone so far as to affirm this positively. Under these circumstances the governor thought it his duty to inquire whether the consul would take the trouble to ride up to Yedo, or whether he preferred to have the dead body brought down to Yokohama in order to examine it.

Mr. Mitchell expressed himself in favor of the former course, adding that he would leave at once. To this the governor replied that a mounted escort would be placed at his disposal in half an hour.

Mitchell had at first intended to ask Thomas Ashbourne to accompany him, but he abandoned the idea. Poor *Djusanban* had become a sad and quiet man since the death of Daniel Ashbourne, and Mitchell wished to spare him the painful sight of the slain murderer of his brother. He therefore asked young Gilmore to go with him; and the latter agreeing to it, the two Englishmen, followed by four Japanese officers, arrived after a sharp ride of three hours in Yedo, where the chief of their escort led them to the palace of the Tycoon.

It was already dark when they ap-



proached the vast building surrounded by strong walls, which, according to Japanese ideas, made an impregnable fortress. Having passed the draw-bridge they were requested to dismount, as nobody except the Tycoon had the right to enter the palace on horseback. A young officer joined them, and, bowing politely, asked the consul and his friend to follow him, and led them, without any more words, to the place where the dead man lay.

A gloomy silence reigned in the vast deserted courtyards. Not a human being was visible. At last the party reached a wooden shed, at the door of which were two Japanese servants, with paper lanterns ready, who led the way into a dark room in which the atmosphere was damp and heavy, and at the end of which they placed themselves right and left of a shapeless mass covered with ragged Japanese matting. The officer pushed the cover off with his foot, and a white naked body became visible, as the servants held their lanterns over the quiet face.

"Jervis!" whispered Mitchell and Gilmore. He did not look like a murderer. Death had softened and ennobled that pale countenance which, even at the last moment, had been so terrible to his enemies. A wonderful expression of peace had come over it. On the left side of Jervis's breast there was a little bluish spot, showing where the arrow which pierced his heart had broken off.

The body was buried the next morning in the same place where the other murderers had been laid. There, in the burial place of criminals—that *one* place on earth where he had still a right to be—Jervis Hellington has now lain for twenty years.

Thomas Ashbourne and Patrick Inish have long disappeared from Japan, and only a few will remember even their names. Inish is dead. After many years Ashbourne conquered the grief

which weighed on him. He has returned home, and every year during the season he goes to London, where at the club he meets friends from the East with whom he talks about the "good old Japanese times." His youthful merriess and light-heartedness he has lost, with many other things belonging to youth; he has become a silent but not a sad man. For years he has not pronounced the name of Jervis.

But in Japan, about the *lonin* who attacked the *gotairo* in the midst of his guards in the open street and killed him, a legend has been formed. The Tycoon is overthrown: the Mikado, the legitimate emperor of Japan, rules again upon the throne of the realm of the Rising Sun. His former enemies figure in the history of to-day as hateful rebels; but those who, twenty years ago, first dared to begin the fight for the good cause, and who died for it, are revered as martyrs and heroes.

Not far from the spot where the nine *lonin* were buried like criminals, there stands now a little temple erected in memory of those who gave there lives for the Mikado. Around the temple is a well-kept little garden, full of blossoms and perfume during the summer.

Over one of these graves, a little apart from the rest, grows a beautiful camellia tree, of which the red and white flowers begin already to blossom in the winter. And that is the grave of the leader of the *lonin*. Nobody knows his name; his origin is lost in darkness, like the origin of the heroes of the old days; but the voice of the people, always eager for miracles, relates how his terrible look frightened the murderers who pursued him, until at last, struck by a poisoned arrow, he fell prone and gave up his fearless soul—as becomes the hero who, dying, kisses the earth, so that she alone, the loving mother, may look into his face when death conquers him.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## "ROBERT BROWNING, WRITER OF PLAYS."

BY W. L. COURTNEY.

"And Robert Browning, you writer of plays,  
Here's a subject made to your hand!"

*Dramatic Romances (A Light Woman)*, vol. iv.

In an early volume of his collected poems Mr. Browning asserts that "their contents are always dramatic in principle, and so many utterances of so many imaginary persons." Dramatic in principle they undoubtedly are; such strictly lyrical and undramatic pieces as *Christmas Eve* and *Easter Day* are exceptions to the general rule, which cannot be recalled without a moment's thought. How clearly in the author's own conception dramatic power is the quality characteristic of his poetic genius, may be gathered from his fondness for such titles as *Dramatis Personæ*, *Dramatic Idylls*, *Men and Women*, *Dramatic Romances*, and so forth. But the dramatic spirit is one thing, and the power of composing a drama is another. No one would deny that Browning is a dramatist of a high order, and yet many would doubt whether he is what, for purposes of convenient distinction, may be called a "practical" dramatist. *The Ring and the Book* is quite enough evidence of the possession of the first attribute; it is above all a study of character, in its contrasts between Guido and Pompilia, Caponsacchi and Pope Innocent; the whole treatment and setting are dramatic in the highest degree (as, e.g. in *Half-Rome*, *Other Half-Rome*, and the *Tertium Quid*), being throughout occupied with the vigorous presentment of character in active and generally malevolent manifestations. But when the reader turns from this voluminous poem to one of the professed dramas—say to *Pippa Passes* or *Colombe's Birthday*—he is struck with the unreality and impracticability of the play, and the doubt crosses his mind whether Browning can be said to have the dramatic capacity in the limited sense. It is worth considering in what sense such a distinction can be maintained, and to what extent it can be said that Browning possesses the first gift without the second.

Browning is a dramatist for the one

and sufficient reason that he is above all, the student of humanity. Humanity he draws with a loving and patient hand, but on the one condition that it shall be humanity in active and passionate exercise. Not for him, the beauty of repose; the still quiet lights of meditation, removed from the slough and welter of actual struggle, make no appeal to him; the apathetic calm of a normal human being, exercised on daily uninteresting tasks, is to him well-nigh incomprehensible; storms and thunder, wind and lightning, passion and fury, and masterful strength, something on which he can set the seal of his own rugged, eloquent, amorphous verse; something which he can probe and analyze and wrap up in the twists and turns of his most idomatic, most ungrammatical style—these are the subjects which he loves to handle. And so those whose eyes are dazzled by this excess of light, or who lose their breath in this whirl of hurrying ideas, call him unintelligible; while those quiet souls who look for form and measure and control in verse deny that such uncouth and turgid lines are poetry at all. That Browning should have essayed two transcripts from Euripides is a fact not without significance for the critic, for he has thereby opened to us the secrets of his own dramatic aptitudes. For with him, as with Euripides, the humanity he paints is not the dignified, selfish man of Tennyson or Sophocles, with views on "the decorous" or "the befitting," and a conventional regard for respectable deportment, whether toward himself or to his gods; but the wilder, less commonplace, higher developed human being, who hates with a will, and loves with a will, regardless of consequence, who cannot deceive himself as to his own motives and despises external morality, a humanity which dares and sins and suffers, and makes a mock, if need be, of gods and heaven.

It is Browning, more than any one

else, who makes us realize the volcano of dangerous forces which simmers beneath the smiling commonplaces of ordinary life and established social usage. Humanity with him is not the sententious and balanced hero of classicalism, nor the feverish melodramatic idealist of romantic literature. The times of Corneille and Racine for him are done with and gone; even the imaginative flights of Walter Scott and Victor Hugo have become "somewhat musty." He lives in an age of positivism; the mighty shades of Honoré de Balzac and George Sand will not disavow their poetic disciple, for he works with the same analytic tools, and digs deep in the same mine of psychological study. The duty of man is to work out his vein thoroughly and to the full. Is he in love? Then he must love surpassingly, absorbingly, recklessly, as in *Cristina*, or *Evelyn Hope*, or *The Last Ride together*. Is he conscious that he is hampered by circumstance and friends from reaching his goal? Then he must drive through the crust of fate and over-ride his circumstances and his friends at all hazards, as in *Waring*, or *The Flight of the Duchess*. Is he aiming at some end, dark and unlovely, an end which no one else can sympathize with, some "round squat turret, without a counterpart in the whole world?" Then he must press on through falsehood and squalor and dismay, though all his companions fall off one by one, as in *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came*. Is he a poet with all the yearnings and isolation and disappointments of a poet's career? Then he must carry out the poetic task through succeeding cycles of egotism and altruism, as in *Sordello*. Is he mad for revenge on some foe who has wronged him? Then in God's name let him wreak his vengeance to the full, and draw his moral lesson afterward, as in *Before and After*. Is he bent on some task of moral healing and regeneration? Then let him stand for hours over the man he longs to save; let him urge and ply him with every drug and potion known in the moral pharmacopœia, till his sweat be like drops of blood, as in that magnificent dramatic lyric of *Saul*. If drama be the vivid portraiture of a masterful humanity—madly tender, madly passionate, recklessly dying—then

Browning, indeed, possesses the dramatic quality.

But from this to the power of dramatic manipulation is a long step. If we take any of the poems, almost at haphazard, we notice a certain idiosyncratic way of treating the circumstances of the case, a certain mannerism of expression in the thoughts, a certain eccentricity in presenting the motives of hero and heroine, without which the poet appears unable to work. Now it is a modern sentiment in an ancient setting, a widely liberal view put in the mouth of a narrowly religious character, as, for instance, in *Master Hugues of Saxe Gotha*, or the *Death in the Desert*, or perhaps *Saul*. Now it is the seeming impossibility to get away from his own poetic character, as in *Waring* or *Sordello*. In the last most enigmatical poem, which always possesses a melancholy interest—as the bottom of each page seems to mark the successive grave-stones of earnest readers, who could get thus far and no farther—we have an explicit connection traced in the long digression at the end of the third book between the poet himself and the character he is depicting. But all this is not unreasonable in lyrical romances, whatever dramatic title the author chooses to give them. It is in the dramas themselves that the real characteristics of Browning's dramatic presentation should properly be studied. In these a distinction may be drawn between a poem like *Pippa Passes*, which, though regularly divided into acts, is really unactable, and such pieces as *The Blot on the 'Scutcheon*, *Strafford*, and *The Return of the Druses*, which are dramas in the formal sense of the term. Midway between these two extremes lie the dramatic sketches entitled *In a Balcony*, *A Soul's Tragedy*, and *Colombe's Birthday*, while *King Victor and King Charles* and *Luria* approach to, though they do not quite reach, the formal requirements of the drama. In each of these intermediate plays there is such a smallness of interest, such a slenderness of plot, and so limited an interaction of character, that it would be hard to conceive of any theatrical audience, except possibly those which could in Germany bear *Nathan der Weise* on the stage, listening to them with any attention or pleasure.

The essence of drama is, of course, play of character, either the crossing or recrossing of different lines of interest as a number of characters work out the plot, or the evolution of a single character through the influence or antagonism of others. If a single character, slowly developing, be represented in a series of monologues, it is doubtless interesting as a psychological study, but it is not a drama. The contrast of character is essential, a condition which carries with it the necessity of consistency in portraiture. Now, to Browning, also, the drama is an interaction of characters, but the interaction is one which he interprets in his own way. The characters are different mouthpieces of the poet himself, different shadows of his one personality, all alike affecting the same turns of expression and thought; and the contrast, such as it is, is between the various shifting phases and feelings of his own richly endowed mind. In a play of Browning, the hero, naturally enough, talks like Browning; but so, too, does the heroine, so does the villain, so do the populace. Contrast there certainly is, but not contrast in the ordinary sense. There is none of that impersonal touch which we have in Shakespeare, and which makes one know Shakespeare's characters, while what Shakespeare's own character may be remains a mystery. Browning is too personal, too "subjective," too instinct with himself; he cannot project himself outward, so to speak, in his creations; he cannot forget himself by means of a wide human sympathy. Dramatic creator in this sense he certainly is not; in his noblest creations are to be found fragments of a mind, all bearing a single stamp; in his best characters he remains himself.

But then, such is the artist's gift, this is forgotten over and over again owing to the singularly rich and versatile endowments of Browning's mind. In the mouth of his picturesque and interesting heroes—especially if the plays be read singly and after some interval—the strained and intricate language in which Browning delights does not at once appear inappropriate. And there are many passages in Browning's dramatic writing (which contrasts most favorably with the rest of his work in this respect)

where the language is powerfully clear and simple, and in them the absence of any real characterization remains unsuspected. But Browning cannot be either clear or simple for more than a few moments, and directly the style becomes idiosyncratic, we know with whom we have to deal. Listen to the retainer's talk in *The Blot on the 'Scutcheon*.

"Our master takes his hand,  
Richard and his white staff are on the move,  
Back fall our people—'ish—there's Timothy  
Sure to get tangled in his ribbon ties,  
And Peter's cursed rosette's a-coming off!"

Nothing could be better or more life-like; but now—

"I don't see wherefore Richard and his troop  
Of silk and silver varlets there, should find  
Their perfumed selves so indispensable  
On high days."

Their perfumed selves so indispensable! It reminds one of Hamlet's waterfly, Osric, rather than of Tresham's retainers. Or let us take another instance, how a bystander—one of the populace he it remembered—is able to describe Ogniben's demeanor and language in *A Soul's Tragedy*:

"Here are you who, I make sure, glory exceedingly in knowing the noble nature of the soul, its divine impulses, and so forth; and with such a knowledge you stand, as it were, armed to encounter the natural doubts and fears as to that same inherent nobility, that are apt to waylay us, the weaker ones, in the road of life. And when we look eagerly to see them fall before you, lo, round you wheel, only the left hand gets the blow; one proof of the soul's nobility destroys simply another proof, quite as good, of the same. Our gaping friend, the burgess yonder, does not want the other kind of kingship, that consorts in understanding better than his fellows this and similar points of human nature, nor to roll under his tongue this sweeter morsel still—the feeling that through immense philosophy, he does *not* feel, he rather thinks, above you and me!" And so chatting they glided off arm in arm.

Roll under his tongue this sweeter morsel still! Fancy a bystander, one of the populace, calling such talk as this "chatting!" Or once more, listen to Phene in *Pippa Passes*—Phene, the young Greek girl, a daughter of the old hag, Natalia, "white and quiet as an apparition, and fourteen years old at farthest," as the student describes her:

"Even you perhaps  
Cannot take up, now you have once let fall,  
The music's life, and me along with that,  
No, or you would! We'll stay then, as we are  
Above the world."



"What rises is myself,  
Not me the shame and suffering: but they  
sink,  
Are left, I rise above them:  
Yet your friends, speaking of you, used that  
smile,  
That hateful smirk of boundless self-conceit  
Which seems to take possession of the world  
And make of God a tame confederate,  
Purveyor to their appetites."

Fine lines, assuredly, but as little appropriate to Phene as they would be to Pippa herself, for all that she is the heroine.

The dramatic presentation of character requires more than skilful and striking speeches, with a faintly outlined background of difficult and dangerous circumstances. Action is needed, the pressure of other minds, the alternate yielding and conquering of a human unit, battling with an overmastering fate in a series of impressive scenes, or at least the gathering up of many threads of separate interests in the supreme interest of the hero. The best instance in Browning of this conception of a drama is, curiously enough, in *Pippa Passes*, the least dramatic in form of all his plays. Here we have four separate romances, Ottima and Sebald, Phene and Jules, Luigi and his mother, Monsignor and Ugo (to say nothing of Bluphocks and the Austrian police), strung on the single thread of Pippa's New Year's Day. Pippa is the "better mind" of all these sinning and struggling personalities: it is her passing, the sound of her voice and the melody of her songs, which mark in each successive case the highest point in the dramatic situation. The blithe girl from the silk-mills brings to each their redemption, and on her depends, and from her dates their possible amelioration. Here are the true elements of a drama with the fine moral of the endless powers of good, which a frank and simple nature possesses, wave after wave of blessing thrown off in widening circles from the single worthy character in the play. Yet *Pippa Passes* remains, owing to the capriciousness of its form, a poem to be read in the study rather than a play to be seen on the stage. In other dramas no attempt at action is even made. *Luria* affords a notable example. Luria, the Moor, is a fine open character: he is the true man, the honest and gallant

soldier; round him are all the tricks and arts of Florence, plot and counterplot, suspicion and intrigue, on one side Domizia, and on the other Braccio. In him, therefore, the reader looks to see that spectacle for gods and men, the good man struggling with fate. But in all the scenes which represent the development of the catastrophe there is no movement, no scenic interest, no picture for the eye. There is indeed much admirable writing and many lines which send the blood up to the cheek, without which Browning would not be Browning. But in all five acts there is absolutely no dramatic situation, unless Luria poisoning himself in the solitude of his own tent may be said to be one. The matter is best seen in a couple of contrasts. The character of the plain soldier, struggling with a world of deception, is in some respects comparable with that of Harold in Tennyson's drama. The position of a successful captain, tempted to turn his arms against the city whose soldiers he leads, reminds one of Coriolanus. But where in Browning's play is the interest of Coriolanus's mother and wife? Shall it be found in Domizia, who remains, it must be confessed, somewhat of an enigma, with her change from feminine vindictiveness to masculine largeness of mind? Or in the wearisome astuteness of Braccio, who fails in the attempt to pull the wires of a Florentine jury, moved to forgiveness by the sudden pleading of Luria's adversary, Tiburzio? And though indeed in Tennyson we miss the sure Shakespearian touch, there is not in him the same austerity of formal dialogue which we find in Browning. He knows that to understand a soldier's character we want to have some of the crash of battle in our ears. Nothing could be finer in its way than the rapid descriptive touches of the battle of Senlac in *Harold*, conveyed in the scene between Edith and Stigand, where, breaking the quick interchange of question and answer, are heard the Norman and English warcries, and the monotonous chanting of the monks of Waltham. But such appeal to the eye as well as ear Browning will have none of.

The same limited range of interest is found in *King Victor and King Charles*,

where the main point is presumably the contrast between the old king and the young king, the father and the son. Victor resigns the crown to Charles, but cannot be content to live in retirement, and plots to return. He is foiled, partly by the somewhat sudden change in D'Ormea, the minister, partly by death. The sole interest is the contrast of the two kings. Polixena, Charles's wife, is described in Browning's introduction as possessed of "a noble and right woman's manliness," but in the play she is a mere sketch of the character, as far as dramatic purposes are concerned. D'Ormea is first a rascal and then becomes better advised, but no subtle links are indicated to connect the early rascality with the subsequent rectitude, any more than they are indicated in the case of Domizia in *Luria*. Throughout the play nothing of the nature of a "situation" occurs. It is a literary drama at most, and perhaps even so scarcely a good one of its kind. To speak plainly, it is too dull and uninteresting. Nor is it the case that Browning is avowedly only writing dramas for the study, or that he is insensible to the legitimate scenic effects of a play.\* A purely literary drama always strikes one as somewhat incongruous, and it is no less than a national misfortune that of the three contemporary poets, Swinburne, Browning, and Tennyson, only the last should even care to have his dramas presented on the stage. The result is only too obvious. The "practical playwrights," in whose hands the matter is left, being perhaps rather weak on the literary side, either borrow their literary matter without acknowledgment, or entirely throw overboard the literary elements of drama for the sake of scenic. But in *Strafford*, at all events, Browning gives us a composition in which there are scenes strongly appealing to the eye. The scene at the end of Act III., where Strafford, amid an excited crowd of his own adherents and the Presbyterian partisans, reaches the doors of the House of Lords, through which we catch glimpses of Hampden and Pym at the

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At the close of the drama, however, which surely might have been made so fine, Browning seems designedly to shrink from the natural scenic catastrophe. All that we have is a couple of contrasted speeches from Strafford and Pym, and the curtain falls, not on the properly dramatic interest of Strafford's own personality, but on an *historical* interest, the prophecy of the next death which England's salvation may entail. "England, I am thine own," says Pym.

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That service? I obey thee to the end."

This is a characteristic instance of the predominance of the literary and historic interest over the dramatic; for observe that the feeling the reader is left with is not the pathos of Strafford's loyalty and its melancholy issue, but the external and superfluous interest that Pym and his fellows may have next time to strike at a nobler prey.

In the choice of subjects for drama, one of Browning's least pleasing characteristics is discovered. It can hardly be denied that there appears in his poems, over and over again, a deliberate preference for the irregular and unhealthy phenomena of human nature and life. Here and there Browning is a naturalist, according to the most rigorous standard of M. Zola. He seems to lay more stress on passion than love, on hypocrisy than truth, on disease than health, on vice than virtue. It is not the moral Puritan alone who would so judge him. Undoubtedly the dramatic elements in life are, more often than not, concerned with the abnormal rela-

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In *Pippa Passes* we have even stronger indications of the same characteristic trait. Ottima and Sebald have purchased their guilty meetings by the murder of Ottima's husband. Phene, who becomes by the devices of jealous fellow-students Jules's wife, is a young Greek girl, a daughter of that hag, Natalia, so she swears, who "helps us to models at three lire an hour;" Monsignor is a vicious hypocrite; Ugo, a blood-stained accomplice in crime; Bluphocks is so repulsive a monstrosity that the poet has in his own defence to quote the apologetic text that "he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good." Nor in the other dramas is there any lack of suggestion of the same unhealthy background, even where vice does not form the main interest. There is the usual hint of the baseness and meanness of humanity in *The Druses*, in the plots of the Prefect and the Chapter; in *Colombe's Birthday* in the Courtiers, in *A Soul's Tragedy* in the character of Chiappino: sometimes a repulsive touch mars a pretty picture of love. When Anael is describing the growing relations between herself and Djabal—

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The reason for this love of the unnatural and the morbid is not far to seek. Browning is a student of the shady side of life because he is so disposed to keen psychological analysis, and it is obvious how dependent psychology is on the study of pathological states. But the relation of psychology to drama is like that of anatomy to the statuary's art; it is a necessary propædæutic. To bring psychological analysis in its raw and crude state into drama, is to introduce a page, say of Herbert Spencer, into one of Shelley's lyrics; for a piece of artistic work is eminently synthetic—the putting together and reconstruction of elements elsewhere disentangled. Analysis must precede but not form part of the completed work, just as the scaffolding must not be built into the finished house. It is indeed

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Is it not a wilful realism to add that unpleasant fact of a "damp hand," which physiologists tell us is the external counterpart and sign of strong emotion?

The reason for this love of the unnatural and the morbid is not far to seek. Browning is a student of the shady side of life because he is so disposed to keen psychological analysis, and it is obvious how dependent psychology is on the study of pathological states. But the relation of psychology to drama is like that of anatomy to the statuary's art; it is a necessary propædæutic. To bring psychological analysis in its raw and crude state into drama, is to introduce a page, say of Herbert Spencer, into one of Shelley's lyrics; for a piece of artistic work is eminently synthetic—the putting together and reconstruction of elements elsewhere disentangled. Analysis must precede but not form part of the completed work, just as the scaffolding must not be built into the finished house. It is indeed

the very crown and perfection of Art that it should appear so independent of, and yet so necessarily involve, previous analytic study. How much psychological analysis—whether conscious or unconscious—must have preceded the creation of a Macbeth, or an Othello, or above all, a Hamlet! Even in the last mentioned character, where there is most of the mental disentanglement of motives and desires in monologues and soliloquies, the psychology is strictly subordinated to the drama. Why else should we have so many commentaries on Hamlet, so many monographs to prove exactly what his character was or was not? But Browning's characters need no commentary. The poet himself is, in the speeches which he puts into their mouths, the most unwearied and exhaustive of commentators. Luria takes eighty lines of patient self-analysis to reveal himself to the audience in Act IV., before he drinks the fatal phial. King Victor, when he returns to the palace he had bequeathed to his son Charles, explains himself in a speech of eighty-two lines. When Constance is expounding to Norbert (in *In a Balcony*) the mental condition of the Queen, her analysis extends over fifty-three lines in one speech and sixty-one in a second. Djabal and Anael, in one of their most critical meetings (in *The Druses*), when Anael is trying to get rid of her worldly leanings toward Loys, and Djabal is in the throes of conscious hypocrisy, commence their interview with fifty-four lines of commentary on their own motives, conveyed in two asides to the audience. Let any actor or actress imagine how he or she is to represent a lovers' meeting which commences in so inauspicious a fashion! In all this there is too much of the art which adds to nature and too little of the higher art which nature makes.

Nor is Browning's analysis of such a kind that he who runs may read. On the contrary, it is most intricate and involved, sounding the depths of human passion and measuring the windings of the human intellect in language which sufficiently taxes the understanding when read in the study, and which is often simply incomprehensible when listened to for the first time. There is no such an explorer of the human mind as

Browning; he is, above all, the mental philosopher, the acute psychologist, the unflinching vivisector, the literary surgeon who wields the knife over the quivering nerves and flesh of humanity. And hence the character of which Browning is conspicuously fond is the philosophic student of life, like Ogniben in a *Soul's Tragedy*, or Melchior in *Colombe's Birthday*, or D'Ormea in *King Victor and King Charles*. Browning has in these matters the true instincts of a metaphysician, but the metaphysical instinct does not always lead to the best or the truest dramatic portraiture. Hence it is rarely possible to feel quite at home with Browning's heroes; the reason probably being that there are certain stages of the ideal, at which all dramatic treatment becomes absurd, the material means of the theatre being inadequate to its representation.

In the delineation of character it is curious to observe how much more important and interesting the male characters are made than the female. It is over his Chiappinos, his Straffords, his Victors, his Lurias, his Djabals, that Browning spends most care and elaboration. There are few good acting parts for women in his dramas. If we take twelve of his female characters, we shall find that six (Eulalia, Polyxena, Gwendolen, Colombe, Pippa, and Lady Carlyle) are all more or less mere sketches of character, three (Ottima, Phene, and Domizia) have some moral taint, and only three are carefully drawn and interesting characters, viz., Constance, Mildred, and Anael. Of these three, the first appears in the scene *In a Balcony*, which, splendidly written as it is, can hardly be called actable, owing to the slenderness of treatment; the second is the principal figure in the *Blot on the 'Scutcheon*, who has entered on an intrigue with the hero before the action of the play commences; the third, Anael, though she commits murder and suicide, is undoubtedly a true, womanly, and dramatic creation. It would be difficult to say what is Browning's view as to the key-note of a woman's character. If one may judge from Constance and Colombe and Anael, it would appear to be self-sacrifice—the endless giving up of herself to the man. The same lesson is brought out in a somewhat

unpleasing way in other passages. A moral which Browning seems rather fond of in describing the relations of man to woman is that the man is capable of loving many women (witness *Any Wife to any Husband*, *James Lee's Wife*, *Fifine at the Fair*), while the woman can only surrender herself to the one particular man. It would be interesting to know what some of the ladies who study Browning think of this very masculine moral.

However slightly the women may be drawn, the male characters are almost uniformly psychological studies of great care and detail. This is true not only of the large and more obtrusive personalities, but also of the subordinate. Chiappino, for instance, who appears in the slight sketch called a *Soul's Tragedy*, is a study of the demoralization of an enlightened but selfish democrat. Tresham, in the *Blot on the Scutcheon*, is a type of the aristocrat, narrow-minded, but gallant, jealous of his family's honor. Prince Berthold, in *Colombe's Birthday*, is the cold and scheming man of ambition, who takes love as he takes everything else, as an instrument solely of successful progress. In *Luria* we have the outlines of a contrast on the one hand between two soldier-characters, the simple Moor and the more subtle Florentine who preceded him in the command, and on the other hand between two Florentines, Puccio, who though subtle is generous, and *Braccio*, who is subtle and heartless. King Victor is one of the best creations of all—the prince who, full of fire, audacity, and dissimulation, thinks, and falsely thinks, that a life spent in battle and diplomatic scheming can suddenly be changed to one of rural simplicity and retirement.

In such characters as Strafford and Djabal the psychology is deeper and the analysis more careful. Nothing can be more pathetically tragic than the spectacle of a man who, like King Charles's minister, attempts to benefit his country by measures which his country's fate has condemned. Contradictory motives are struggling for the mastery, early friendship battling with a subsequent duty, old associations with affectionate loyalty. On the one side are Pym and

Hampden, ranged with all the new-born forces of a country waking to the consciousness of its freedom. On the other an almost strained sense of devotion to a worthless and fickle monarch in the midst of a corrupt and intriguing court, backed by the doubtful tenderness of a Lady Carlyle. The drama works up to its close with the great problem of Strafford's duty left unsolved. There is no absolute duty, no absolute standard of judgment; to be on Pym's side is to forecast the issues of a doubtful future; to be on Charles's side is to listen to voices that seem nearer and dearer—love, loyalty, and conscience. Here is a situation of truly dramatic interest. We feel the contrast in the two final speeches, and balance alternate sympathy with each. "Have I done well?" says Pym.

"Speak, England! whose sole sake  
I still have labored for, with disregard  
To my own heart."

And Strafford answers:

"I have loved England too; we'll meet then,  
Pym!  
As well die now! Youth is the only time  
To think and to decide on a great course:  
Manhood with action follows: but 'tis dreary  
To have to alter our whole life in age—  
The time past, the strength gone! as well die  
now.  
When we meet, Pym, I'd be set right, not  
now!"

Noble and true speeches, to both of which in chorus fashion we would fain assent. We would suffer with Strafford and share the aspirations of Pym.

But *Strafford* is not so fine a drama as *The Druses*, nor is the character of its hero equal in subtlety to the character of Djabal. Djabal is a hypocrite and a hero by turns; he half believes in his mission to lead his people home, and yet knows that his prophetic garb is an imposture. Sometimes the nakedness of his deceit stands revealed, sometimes his right to command is based on the true feeling that he is intellectually superior to his tribe. Must not a people be deceived by some Platonic "noble lie" for their good? Is not his claim to be Hakeem the one chance which the Druses have to regain the cedars of Lebanon? Is not he at heart unselfish, statesmanlike, patriotic? And the

touchstone of all his sophisms is a woman's devotion :

"I with my Arab instinct, thwarted ever  
By my Frank policy—and with, in turn,  
My Frank brain thwarted by my Arab heart—  
While these remained in equipoise, I lived  
Nothing : had either been predominant,  
As a Frank schemer or an Arab mystic,  
I had been something : now each has destroyed  
The other, and behold from out their crash,  
A third and better nature rises up  
My mere man's nature !"

Anael at least must know the truth, Anael, who is trying all the while to make herself love him for no other reason than because he is her country's prophet, who is seeking to drown her girl-like leanings toward Loys in the blood of the Prefect, who is desiring to rise on the stepping-stones of her dead love to the higher levels of godhead. Anael is perhaps the one thoroughly admirable and life-like woman's character in Browning's drama, and perhaps it would be hardly unjust to add that *The Return of the Druses* is the one magnificently elaborated play, magnificent alike in the scenic display of its acts, the evolution of its characters, and

the force and eloquence of its literature. There could hardly be a more interesting spectacle for a generation which despairs of its contemporary dramatists than *The Druses*, represented, let us say, on the Lyceum stage, with Mr. Irving as Djabal and Miss Ellen Terry as Anael. The mingled craftiness, intellectual strength, and innate nobleness of the impostor is just one of those characters which Mr. Irving seems most capable of illustrating; and the tenderness, and the doubts, and the despair, and the treachery of Anael could hardly find a better representative than that actress who wins enthusiastic suffrages by her gracefulness and melodious tones, even where true tragic death is wanting. Heaven help the actors who have to recite some of the speeches, with their involutions and their parentheses and their prolixity ! But the scenic background is adequate to the needs of even this spectacle-loving age. When Shakespeare runs its thousand and one nights, perhaps Browning's drama—literary, academic, impracticable, and "caviare to the general"—may yet be found to have "its first, supreme, forsaken star."—*Fortnightly Review*.

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#### SUPERNATURALISM: MEDIEVAL AND CLASSICAL.

BY W. S. LILLY.

##### I.

THE Middle Ages are rightly so called, standing as they do half way between the ancient and modern worlds ; one foot in each, but belonging to neither. The ancient civilizations had emptied themselves into them. In philosophic Greece, in imperial Rome, in wild Germany, in theocratic Judæa, are the sources of their intellectual, political, moral, and spiritual existence. And dead as they are to us, in many respects, in this new time, in others they yet live. "Far off," "yet ever nigh," we come upon them in a thousand ways in our daily walk through life. They are perhaps the most fruitful period in all history for the philosophical student, unhappily by no means so common a character among us as could be desired. And their primary and most striking

characteristic is that which is indicated in the title so often given to them of the Ages of Faith. The mind of mediæval Europe was saturated with the spiritual, the supernatural, the mysterious. Things possessed were counted as dross in comparison with things hoped for ; things visible faded into nothingness before the keen vision of things unseen. Every one who has the most rudimentary knowledge of the Middle Ages knows this. And, perhaps, it would not be unfair to say that many a scholar who deems his knowledge of those ages to be by no means rudimentary knows little more than this of their dominant element. But, in truth, we have made very small progress toward a correct apprehension of the mediæval mind, by merely grasping the fact of its absorbing supernaturalism. Intense realization of a spiritual world is a common enough fact



in human history. In Greece up to the beginning of the third century before the Christian era, in Rome until the commencement of that era, faith in invisible realities surrounding man on every side, in powers and agencies of a superhuman character, directly and intimately affecting him, was as strong, as unquestioning, as operative in the popular mind as it was in the time of St. Bernard and St. Francis of Assisi. To understand the Middle Ages it is necessary not merely to discern the fact of their supernaturalism, but correctly to appreciate its character. It is not enough to know that they were penetrated by the most vivid conceptions of a world transcending sense; it is essential to know also of what kind those conceptions were; and here, perhaps, comparison may serve as a most useful instrument. Classical antiquity and mediæval Christianity were both instinct with the supernatural. But in their views of it there were radical differences of vital practical importance, and those differences I shall endeavor briefly to set forth.

## II.

The most striking fact about ancient Paganism, as it lived and ruled in the popular mind\* of Greece and Rome, is the well-nigh total absence from it of any idea at all nearly answering to that which the term "God" conveys, more or less distinctly, to the European mind of the present day. It has been profoundly remarked by Cardinal Newman, that the word "contains a theology in itself." But even to the most uncultured and unscientific in Christian countries, it denotes—however difficult they might find it to express the conception—a Supreme Being, the Creator, Upholder, Governor, and Sovereign Lord of all; self-dependent, and the

only Being who is such; Eternal and the only Eternal; all-sufficient, all-blessed and ever-blessed; the Supreme Good; omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, ineffably one, absolutely perfect; sovereign over His own actions, though always according to the eternal rule of right and wrong, which is Himself; yet in the works of creation, conservation, government, retribution, making Himself, as it were, the minister and servant of all; taking an interest and having a sympathy in the matters of time and space, and imposing on rational beings, in whose hearts He has written the moral law, the duty of worship and service.\* Of this great idea we find but small trace in the popular theology of the ancient world. It is therefore that Clement of Alexandria, in a noteworthy passage, speaks of the polytheists of Greece as Atheists. "With reason," he writes, "I call those Atheists who know not the true God;"† and he refers to St. Paul's phrase, *ἀθεοὶ ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ*, the full force of which is generally so little apprehended. Again in another place in the same treatise he upbraids them as "foolish and silly men, who, defaming the super-celestial region, have dragged religion down to the ground by fashioning to themselves earth-gods, and, by going after created objects instead of the uncreated Deity, have sunk into deepest darkness." For the nearest approximation in classical antiquity to what we understand by the word "God," we must turn, not to any of the anthropomorphic deities, but to that vague, mysterious, awful power, personified as Fate or the Fates, which ruled irresistibly, not only over the generations of mortal men, but also over the "gods many and lords many" of Olympus and the Roman Pantheon. Deep down in the heart of the ancient world, underlying all religious conceptions, alike of the noblest minds and of the most vulgar, was the idea of a Supreme Will, irresistible, inscrutable, inexorable; and this all-pervading Fatalism is the key to the religions and

\* I say "the popular mind." I am far from ignoring the glimpses of this great idea which visited from time to time "those wise old spirits who," in Jeremy Taylor's happy phrase, "preserved natural reason and religion in the midst of heathen darkness." Take for instance—and it is the most striking instance known to me—the fragment of Xenophanes preserved by Clement of Alexandria (*Strom.* v. p. 601):

Εἰς θεὸς ἐν τε θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισι μέγιστος  
Ὅστι δέμας θνητοῖσιν ὁμοῖος οὐδὲ νόημα.

\* See the very fine passage in Cardinal Newman's *Idea of a University*, p. 63 (3d edition), from which the foregoing sentence has been abbreviated.

† *Protrept.* c. 11, § 23.

the philosophies of Paganism.\* There is a profound truth in the words of Petronius, "Primus in orbe Deos fecit Timor." Men turned shudderingly away from the thought of a dark, unapproachable "stream of tendency," "non lenis precibus," to the intermediate existences which they supposed to direct the phenomena of the external world. As Mr. Grote observes: "Divine personal agents were invoked as the producing and sustaining powers of Nature." "Men asked themselves, Who rains and thunders? Who produces earthquakes?"† And they peopled the heaven above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, with beings who were, indeed, superhuman, but yet were of like passions with themselves. They conceived of human life as a struggle with destiny, hopeless in the event, however protracted, and they turned to the kindly and beautiful earthgods for aid while the struggle lasted. Those deities might, at all events, be propitiated. By omens, by oracles, by sortilege, by the science of the Augurs, by the art of the Haruspices, their pleasure might be divined. Nay, more, it was possible for man to confer upon them gratifications, and to bargain with them, "votis pacisci," as the poet speaks. Over the dim mysterious region beyond the grave they were, indeed, powerless. This world was the scene of their activity; but, even in this world, it was only the things of sense that were under their control. They could give their votaries wealth, power, voluptuous delights; on those who neglected or offended them they might inflict all temporal misfortunes, or even death itself—the greatest of calamities; but upon the immaterial part of man even the "fulminantis magna manus Jovis" had no power. With the soul,

the conscience, the affections, the gods were not concerned. Virtue did not appease nor vice repel them.\* They were in no sense the guardians of the moral law, nor the ministers of that righteous retribution of which we are warned by the teachings of our natural conscience. Ancient polytheism enshrined no ethical idea, presented no standard to which life should be conformed, had nothing to offer to the inquiring mind or restless heart. Its priests were in no sense spiritual teachers, but mere officers of a cult. It witnessed, indeed, to the existence of a world of unseen beings surrounding man; but, as has been said, it confined their action to the physical order. Its office was to assuage the fear which had called it into being, and it did this by turning away men's eyes from the darker problems of human existence and concentrating their attention upon the finite. To make the most of to-day was its highest gospel, and the function of its gods was to help men at this task. Hence what Heine calls "the cheerful intoxication of life" in Pagan antiquity, a life in which there is no element of spiritualism; in which both the intellect of man and the invisible immaterial powers which are above man exist but to minister to the cravings of his bodily senses. It is not to be wondered at that philosophy, when it arose, turned away in loathing from such conceptions. The instinct of the fierce democracy of Athens was not at fault in recognizing in Socrates a foe to the ancient gods; although, indeed, it was by a very different thinker that the most deadly wound was inflicted upon the polytheism of the ancient world. It was chiefly through the influence of the school of Epicurus that the deities of classical Paganism fell into contempt, and that men learned at the same time to trample under foot the religious idea itself.

But I must not linger over the decadence of classic polytheism, nor pause to consider the influence exercised by the

\* It is not necessary to cite authorities for a proposition which will be admitted by every competent scholar. But I may remark that the words of the Chorus at the close of the noblest production of the Greek tragic muse,

πεπρωμένης  
οὐκ ἔστι θνητοῖς συμφορὰς ἀπαλλαγῇ,

(*Antigone*, 1300), sum up the whole matter as the classical mind conceived of it.

† Grote's *Plato*, vol. ii. p. 2, 3d edition. Mr. Grote happily refers to *Strepsiades'* question in the *Nubes* (364): ἀλλὰ τίς θεί;

\* If Horace's "Immunis aram si tetigit manus" be cited against this view, it should be remembered that the poet was writing, not as the exponent, but as the corrector of the popular creed. And a similar explanation may be given of the numerous passages which may be quoted to the same effect.

various sects of philosophy whose rise was contemporaneous with its decline. Let us repossess the intervening centuries, and return to the Middle Ages. The mediæval view of the supernatural differs from that of antique Paganism in two very important particulars: first, as to its nature; and then as to its sphere of action. In the place of the idea of blind Fate which underlay the old polytheism, we find in the Middle Ages the great theistic conception which has been transmitted from the Hebrew people—a conception of a living God, and the Fountain of Life, the Supreme Disposer of events, and Judge of Men, but a Hearer of prayer, as merciful as great, and standing in the closest, and the most direct, and most immediate relations with the children of men. Long the hidden treasure of a small and exclusive tribe of Northern Semites, this conception had been cast by Christianity into a new shape through the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Cross, and, stamped with the image of the Eternal Child and the Man of Sorrows, had become the "current coin"\* of the Western world. Through all the clouds and darkness of error and passion, the puerile fables, the ludicrous superstitions which hang over those Middle Ages, the great thought of the infinite God revealed in the Worm-made Flesh, whom to know is life, but who, in St. Augustine's phrase, "non cognoscitur nisi amando," shines forth in luminous beauty.

This was the "Oriens ex alto," the day-spring from on high, before whose "bright beams of light" the dark and abhorred vision of Fate fled away like a phantom of the night; and with it the earth-gods disappeared too. They were cast out together with the fear which had evoked them. But the region which they had occupied in the human imagination was not to remain vacant. It was gradually peopled by a host of glorified beings, saintly and angelic, the development of whose cultus—as a matter of fact, and apart from all theories

—may be traced step by step, as the new religion passed out of what may be called its fluid state, and hardened into ritual and dogmatic forms. Nothing, however, can be more erroneous than the view which regards what has been called "the Christian Mythology" as merely a new edition of that of ancient Classicalism. It is a view which has been held widely and carried far in modern times, but which is by no means new. Fourteen hundred years ago we find Faustus, the Manichean, objecting to St. Augustine: "You have turned the idols of the heathen into your martyrs, whom you worship with similar prayers."† And so writers of our own day have sought to find Apollo beneath the lineaments of Christ, and to discern in His Virgin Mother a pale and passionless Venus. It is easy to see how this theory arose. There can be no question that the Church, as she struggled upward to imperial power, borrowed largely from the outward ornaments of the Pagan religion for her ritual, as she used the existing philosophy for the purposes of her teaching; and Theodore, writing in the fifth century, presses it as an argument upon the heathen that "the Lord had introduced His own dead in the place of their gods." "Of these," he says, "He hath made a riddance; their honor He hath conferred upon those."‡ But even in the most ignorant and superstitious minds among the adherents of the new faith confusion could hardly have arisen between the anthropomorphic divinities whom they had forsaken and the new objects of their veneration. If any fact stands out as clear beyond a doubt in the history of Christian teaching, where so much is doubtful, it is this—that from St. Paul to Savonarola the deities of classic Paganism were undeviatingly regarded as devils. Such resemblances as may be traced between the old gods and the supernatural protectors, intercessors, patrons to whom men looked in mediæval Christendom, are confined to the accidental externals of worship. Not only was there the widest difference between their attributes, their legends, and the manner

\* It is hardly necessary to recall the familiar and beautiful lines:

"The' truths in manhood darkly join,  
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,  
We yield all blessing to the name  
Of Him that made them current coin."

—*In Memoriam*, xxxvi.

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\* S. August., *Contra Faust.* xx. 4.

† Theod., *Adv. Gentiles*, viii.

in which they were conceived to operate, but, above and beyond this, it is certain that, however far the cultus of angelic existences and "divine men" was carried in the Middle Ages, the supreme religious honors of the altar were never paid to them. Mediæval religion centred round "those sacrifices of masses" which the Anglican Church pronounces to be "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," and those sacrifices were offered to God alone.\*

So much as to the essential difference between the classical and mediæval view of the nature of the powers invisible to man's bodily sight, but potent over human life. Nor is the difference less in the view taken of the sphere of their action. The life-theory of Paganism is as far removed as possible from that of the Middle Ages. The ancient Greek or Roman, to whom human life was its own end, turned away from the tomb little curious to pry into its desolating darkness, or, if he at any time admitted the thought of it, sought thereby to enhance the value of the fleeting hour, to "Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death."

Far other was the aspect in which the grave presented itself to the men of mediæval Christendom. For them it was not dark, or, if dark, only so with excess of light. Their eyes were steadily fixed upon it in trembling hope, as *janua vite*, and in the illumination from the next world which streamed through it, they looked at their present scene, and judged of human life. And their judgment of human life had this in common with that of classical antiquity, that they regarded it as a conflict. But it was no longer a hopeless conflict. Man from a victim had become a warrior. He might serve under an invincible captain, and be more than conqueror, not only over "*mors indomita*," but over a very different class of enemies, of whose

existence the Roman poet had never dreamed. The great battlefield of the world, as mediæval thought judged, was the heart of man; and the supremely important fact about man was that he was "master of his fate;" his will was free; he might choose his side. His real enemies were not the sufferings of this present life, but ceaseless unseen foes who had their best allies in the cravings of his own lower nature. Ever to war against these—"to resist," if need be, "unto blood, striving against sin"—such was the mediæval view of man's true part in the fragment of his life *here*. His reward was *there*—the victor's crown beyond the grave, the beatific vision "far in the spiritual city." It is manifest how this view of human existence must have transformed the world for those who held it, not otiosely as a notion, but, with the most vivid and real apprehension, as a fact. The material universe, and the senses whereby it appeals to us, which had been all in all to antique Paganism, are no longer the end of life, but instruments of probation. Self-denial and patience—*continere et sustinere*\*—to give no credence to the world's estimate, whether of felicity or infelicity—such are the two great principles proposed for the regimen of life. But it is curious to observe how through the fierce asceticism of the age there thrills a strain of the loftiest and most exultant jubilation, such as the world had never known before. Life was not sad to those grown-up children, stern as was the way in which they viewed it. The literature of the cloister, in which that view found its most perfect expression, was not the work of unhappy men. We take up, for example, the letters written by St. Anselm while a monk at

\* So St. Augustine in words as applicable to the whole mediæval period as to his own: "Quis autem audivit aliquando fidelium stantem sacerdotem ad altare etiam supe sanctum corpus martyris ad Dei honorem cultumque constructum, dicere in precibus, 'Offero tibi sacrificium, Petre, vel Paule, vel Cypriane?'" . . . "Non autem esse ista sacrificia Martyrum novit, qui novit unum quod etiam illic offertur sacrificium Christianorum."—*De Civ. Dei*, l. viii. c. 27.

\* "Duo sunt, quæ in hac vita veluti laboriosa nobis præcipiuntur, continere et sustinere. Jābemur enim continere ab his quæ in hoc mundo dicuntur bona, et sustinere ea quæ in hoc mundo abundant mala. Illa continentia, ista sustinentia vocatur: duæ virtutes quæ mundant animam, et capacem faciunt divinitatis. In frenandis libidinibus et coërcendis voluptatibus, ne seducat quod male blanditur, et enervet quod prosperum dicitur, continentia nobis opus est: non credere felicitati terrene, et usque ad finem quærere felicitatem, quæ non habet finem. Ut autem est continentia, felicitati mundi non credere: ita sustinentia est, infelicitati mundi non credere."—Aug. *Serm.* 38, init.



Bec, and we are amazed at what Dean Church happily calls the "almost light-hearted cheerfulness" which \* breathes through them. And yet he and his followers had given up all which in the ordinary judgment of men makes life worth living—worldly wealth, the tenderest and most sacred human relations, nay, even their own wills. They might well seem to have lost their life. They appear to have found it. And so if we look through "that wonderful body of hymns to which age after age has contributed its offering, from the Ambrosian hymns to the 'Vini, Sancte Spiritus' of a king of France, the 'Pange Lingua' of Thomas Aquinas, the 'Dies Iræ' and the 'Stabat Mater' of the two Franciscan brethren Thomas of Celano and Jacopone,"† we may say of the monkish lyrics, as Mr. Ruskin has finely said of the mediæval artists, that their works are "but the expression of the joy of those who have found the young Child with Mary His Mother." Nothing is more striking than the contrast between the peace and gladness which breathe through the austere mediæval verse, and the deep undertone of melancholy that pervades the strain of the most voluptuous of the ancient poets.

The great difference, then, between the conception of the sphere of supernatural action in the two epochs arose from this: that mediæval religion embraced, and judged of supreme importance, that immaterial side of man's nature which Greek and Roman polytheism ignored. The visible manifestations of the unseen spiritual powers were indeed believed by our forefathers in the Middle Ages to be matters of the most ordinary occurrence. Like the ancients, they accounted as miraculous everything abnormal in the physical order; or, to speak more correctly, they drew the slightest distinction between the ordinary and the extraordinary action of the Divine volition to which they referred all phenomena. But, unlike the ancients, they recognized, with a keenness which it is very difficult for us properly to appreciate, the direct influence of the spiritual order upon the soul of man. It was as if their eyes had been opened,

and they saw the things which transcend sense as objective realities. The visible world fades into nothingness before the "vision splendid" of the open heavens, or only retains its power to please because of the "celestial light" wherewith it is apparelled. The great poet who "preluded those melodious bursts" of sacred song which fill the Middle Ages struck the keynote of all in accounting the most coveted prizes of life false and frivolous as visions of the night.\* It was the unseen which was true and real; the seen which was delusive and phantasmal. The prime fact to the men of Christendom was that they were citizens of a spiritual empire not subject to the conditions of time and space, in which the saint who hundreds of years before had thrown off "this earthly load of death, called life," was side by side with them, though their eyes were holden that they saw him not. It was no mere flight of the imagination when the monkish poet turned to the martyred Roman maiden for help in life's strife;† or when the knightly crusader, bowing his head to the Saracen axe, found succor in the thought of his fellowship in the passion of his glorified patroness.‡ It was just in this spirit of realization of the timeless unseen that the mediæval artists worked. Not time, but eternity, was the medium in which they saw the sacred persons and events they set themselves to body forth. Thus it is that they bring together, without a thought of anachronism, saints whose work was done in ages widely differing; thus that they depict the Apostles, not as Syrian peasants, but as princes over all the earth; thus that they invest the Mother

\* "Sunt nempe false et frivola,  
Quæ mundiali gloria  
Ceu dormientes egimus:  
Vigilemus, hic est veritas.  
Aurum, voluptas, gaudium,  
Opes, honores, prospera,  
Quæcunque nos inflant mala,  
Fit mane, nil sunt omnia."

—Prudentius, *Hymnus ad Galli Cantum*.

† "Animemur ad agonem  
Recolentes passionem  
Gloriosæ virginis."

—Adam of St. Victor, *Hymnus in Passionem Sanctæ Agnetis*.

‡ "Et lors me seignai, et m'agenoillai au pie  
de l'un d'eulz qui tenoit une hache danoise à  
charpentier, et dis: 'Ainsi mourut Sainte  
Agnès.'" —Joinville.

\* *Life of St. Anselm*, p. 87.

† *Dante: an Essay*, by R. W. Church, p. III.

of the King of Saints with "the crown of pure gold" and the "raiment of needlework." They were realists in their way, and of an intense kind; but it was the realism of faith, not of sight. The great difference between the view of the classical and the mediæval mind as to the relations of man with the supernatural may be summed up in the statement that the one projected this world into the invisible, the other brought the invisible world into this; the one materialized the unseen, the other spiritualized the seen.

### III.

It is often said that history is ever repeating itself, and in a certain sense this saying is true. Especially interesting and instructive are the similitudes which may be traced between the movements of man's intellect in different ages and under diverse conditions of life. Thus a parallel curiously close, in some respects, might be drawn between the progress of the human mind from the age of Socrates to the age of Juvenal, and from the close of the mediæval period to our own day. The philosophy called Baconian has proved as powerful a solvent as the doctrine of Epicurus. As physical science has advanced, phenomena of the material universe once most mysterious and awful have yielded up their secrets; while, in the limelight of criticism, sacred stories long received as veritable histories have been exhibited as legendary myths, and documents for ages venerated for the great names attached to them, as mosaics unskillfully put together long after their reputed authors had passed away. Man may say in the nineteenth century:

"It is not now, as it hath been of yore;  
Turn where I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see  
no more."

"Heaven" no longer "lies about us" as it encompassed the men of mediæval Christendom. The supernatural, with its "trailing clouds of glory," recedes from our view; as we gaze, we perceive it

"die away,  
And melt into the light of common day."

The action of a Divine Will is denied alike in the physical and the spiritual order; nay, the very existence of the

spiritual order is denied, and with it conscience, free-will, and moral responsibility. Matter and force, we are told, explain everything; and force, we are assured, "is a quality of matter," whatever that may mean. "Life is a property of protoplasm," the most recent exponent of a popular school asserts. "Such," he adds dogmatically, "is the latest product of scientific thought and research."<sup>\*</sup> Again the shadow of an iron necessity falls upon the world. On every hand we witness what has been called "the sad and terrible spectacle of a generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking around in purblind fashion and finding no God in the Universe." Nor is this all. The spirit of the age has penetrated within the Christian camp, and even in those whose devotional instincts are the strongest, and whose spiritual aspirations the most fervent, religion has lost much of its objective character. This fact is very clearly shown, as is natural, in the sacred poetry of the period. The eye of the contemporary hymnist is turned, not outward, but inward. Thus, if we take up the widely popular volume known as "Hymns Ancient and Modern," the contrast between the old and new phases of religious feeling is very striking. The translations or adaptations from mediæval sources—boldly objective, even when most mystical—are removed by something more than mere centuries of time from the introspective subjectivity of their eighteenth or nineteenth century companions. Religion is becoming less a creed and more an emotion; it is passing from the region of persons and things to the domain of phrase and sentiment. It is no longer the great fact upon which the public order is based, but a private opinion or an individual speculation.

Such is, in brief, the change which has come over European thought with regard to the supernatural since the close of the Middle Ages; and it is a change which fills many pure and pious souls with dismay. The devout mind turns sadly from such a time as ours to the earlier and simpler epoch when the ques-

<sup>\*</sup> *Chapters on Evolution.* By Andrew Wilson, p. 76.

tionings of the modern spirit had not perplexed the understanding nor troubled the heart of man—reverts fondly to it, as age reverts to the walks of childhood, where

“The soul discerns  
The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired  
Of her own native vigor; thence can hear  
Reverberations and a choral song,  
Commingle with the incense that ascends,  
Undaunted, toward the imperishable heavens  
From her own lonely altar.”

It is natural; nor, remembering always that our work is in the age into which we have been born, not “among the mouldered lodges of the past,” is such retrospection without its use. The man may learn from the child—the nineteenth century from the thirteenth. Things hidden from the wise and prudent are revealed to babes. The folly of the superstitious may be wiser than the wisdom of the sceptic.

The existence of the supernatural is the question of the day. It is too large a question to be entered upon here; nor, indeed, does its discussion fall within my present scope. But I may observe how fatal it is in such matters to put aside facts for theories, to take “the high *priori* road,” and to ignore the collective experience of the human race which we call history, as well as the individual experiences for a knowledge of which such countless sources are open to us. The aspirations and emotions of the soul are facts which the physicist may ignore if he pleases—they do not come within his sphere; but they are still facts. Faith rests upon the need of believing. The experience of St. Augustine is the experience of millions: “Fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te.”\* In its unique adaptation to the wants of man’s soul is the strongest evidence of Christianity. Pascal speaks the simple truth when he says: “Nous ne connaissons Dieu que par Jésus-Christ: sans ce médiateur est ôtée toute communication avec Dieu.”† The surest foundation of religion lies in man’s spiritual intuitions, in the voice of conscience, in the sense of the infinite. No philosophy can long satisfy him which ignores those intuitions—which refers that voice,

whether to the action of the physical organism, or to “the habit of judging from the point of view of all, not of one;” which, in place of “living bread,” offers him the stone of natural science to satisfy an immortal hunger.

“Tous ceux qui cherchent Dieu hors de Jésus-Christ”—and no deeper or subtler mind than his whose words I am citing ever went upon the quest—“et qui s’arrêtent dans la nature, . . . ne trouvent aucune lumière qui les satisfasse. . . . Non seulement nous ne connaissons Dieu que par Jésus-Christ, mais nous ne connaissons nous-mêmes que par Jésus-Christ. Nous ne connaissons la vie, la mort que par Jésus-Christ. Hors de Jésus-Christ, nous ne savons ce que c’est ni que notre vie, ni que notre mort, ne que Dieu, ni qui nous-mêmes.”\* These are indeed what Pascal calls “reasons of the heart.” But who that knows human nature can deny the cogency of such reasons? The philosophers of materialism do not know human nature. Their capital error is that they only see one side of it—the lowest—which they mistake for the whole. Their “learned ignorance” will not long close the ear of the world to the voice of the heart telling of the things which the senses report not; revealing that which is not, indeed, opposed to, but above the senses. All things in the affairs of men have their ebbs and flows. That great tide of spiritualism which so long watered the earth and blessed it for a season has been receding. Bare are many portions of its ancient bed; parched are many lands which once drank of its waters. But let no man dream that it shall be dried up, for its sources are Divine. However changed its course by the moral and spiritual earthquakes which shake the world, it will flow on through the ages, and acquire,

“if not the calm  
Of its early mountainous shore,  
Yet a solemn peace of its own,  
As it grows, as the towns on its marge  
Fling their wavering lights  
On a wider, statelier stream;  
As the banks fade dimmer away—  
As the stars come out, and the night-wind  
Brings up the stream  
Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea.”

*Nineteenth Century.*

\* St. August. *Confess.* i. i, c. i.

† *Pensées*, cxxii.

\* *Pensées*, cxxii.

## AN EARNEST POET.

EARNESTNESS in the domain of verse-making has been so uncommon latterly that it is a refreshing task to draw attention to the productions of a poet whose art has been to him a ruling passion, and whose whole life has been, as Milton declares the life of a poet should be, a poem. The poet of whom I speak is Mr. Thomas Caulfield Irwin, whose works are not, I fear, sufficiently known, and for this reason alone, I trust, not sufficiently appreciated.

In a series of articles entitled "Cycles of English Song," which appeared some years ago in the pages of a contemporary, the writer of the articles (whose theory was, that the poetry of a nation goes through vicissitudes similar to those of a man from his infancy to his old age) held that cycle of song had just been decorously interred, and that a fresh cycle was in its swaddling clothes. Now I will not attempt to decide whether or not our poet has actually been blessed by the patronage and inspiration of this new-born cycle, but I will assert as emphatically as I can that Mr. Irwin is no imbecile ghost of one of a defunct series of singers.

He is, in fact, simply a singer whose motive has been the beauty of the visible universe—who has been with and brooded upon nature and man, and who has chosen the rhythmic medium for expressing his thoughts and sensations; and his power of expression once granted, it but remains to see what the man himself is made of, whether the phenomena of nature and humanity, as represented to us through the medium of his personality, are worthy our inspection and study. Is his individuality of sufficient strength to throw such new light upon what we have seen as to render him in our eyes an interpreter of nature?

Mr. Irwin's premier power is the power of painting nature with words; but his word-pictures are as characteristic or personal as the color-paintings of Turner. He possesses, indeed, the power of flashing pictures upon the vision of his readers to an extent that is simply incomprehensible to the unimaginative mind, and which argues that abnormal clearness of mental vision which is, per-

haps, the first indispensable requisite of a poet. Broad sympathy with humanity accompanies this power of vision, which could not exist apart from a heart capable of comprehensive love.

As I have indicated, Mr. Irwin's most prominent characteristic is his love and intimate appreciation of nature, and his ability to represent her phenomena colored of course and sublimed by his strong and strange personality.

One of the strangest facts in connection with this poet is his evident preference for joy rather than Sorrow, and the strangeness of this fact is heightened by another fact—namely, that Mr. Irwin is an Irishman a son of that

"Sweet-souled land where Sorrow sweetest sings."

Mr. Irwin, no doubt, made the discovery that the poets whose special domain is Sorrow, and who sneer at the innate vulgarity of Delight, are as numerous as the thick motes which people the sunbeams. Hence, I presume, he be thought him that it would be well, and almost original, to select for his theme the things of joy and beauty with which this world abounds.

Carlyle has a great deal to say respecting the inestimable benefits derivable from frequent descents into the divine depths of Sorrow. Irwin prefers a descent into the divine depths of Joy. In short, he is as sunny, as spontaneous, as sensuous as Keats. Indeed, he resembles Keats in many ways, and in one way more than the rest—namely, in his almost oppressive richness. More than one of Irwin's poems to be read at a sitting, like Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale," would require a lifetime for its digestion by the average reader, not because of its richness in thought, but because of its richness in beauty of form, of color, and of music.

Here is a lyric of his:

## I.

"Midsummer once, and Alice was here,  
O sweet Alice, pure-cheeked Alice!  
Spirit more bright and eyes more clear  
Were never enshrined in a fairy palace!  
Once as we sailed toward the golden West,  
Through leafy lights on our homeward way,



I kissed a blossom which fell from her breast,  
 And cried I would keep it for aye and a  
 day;  
 But as she fain would have it again,  
 Lo! in our whispering struggle some way  
 I kissed—being stronger—the flower no  
 longer:  
 Oh, give me, give me, from dawn to dark,  
 Midsummer hours and such waftage for-  
 ever,  
 When I furl'd my light oars by the side of  
 my bark,  
 And drifted along in the moods of the  
 river.

## II.

"Leagues from Alice, across the snow  
 Travelled my letters, as hers to me,  
 But with the April's earliest blow  
 Together we traversed the lands and sea;  
 And summer again was in balmiest glow  
 On the shores and summits of Italy.  
 When, floating along the fresh lagoon,  
 We saw from the waters turret and spire  
 Mellowing under the mounting moon:  
 And the hand that drooped o'er our comrade  
 lyre  
 Was ringed with gold as it waked the tune.  
 O midnights of Venice, forever be mine,  
 With music and love on the moon-lighted  
 billow,  
 And sleep by the brine where the lattice's  
 vine  
 Trembles sweet dreams o'er the morning  
 pillow!"

What could be more delightful than  
 this lyric! The words are clear and  
 flute-like, and the first verse, as if by  
 enchantment, bears us under the leaf-  
 woven roof of a swirling river—into a  
 region of soft whispers, of birds, and of  
 green dusk.

In a poem called the "Two Bouquet-  
 ières," we get a picture of a spring  
 morning by the sea, the beauty of which  
 I will allow the readers of this magazine  
 to discover for themselves. I will merely  
 ask them to notice especially the person-  
 ification of the months April and May.  
 As a rule, elaborate personifications of  
 this character are tiresome and unreal;  
 but in this instance we *see* and feel that  
 our poet has *seen* the sweet embodiments  
 he paints:

## I.

"April with a bunch of violets humid,  
 Plucked from oak roots as she came along  
 The morn-basking meadows by the sea,  
 Singing to herself a lark-like song,  
 Down the sunny beach-banks tripped to me;  
 A simple shape with cold clear cheeks, which  
 bloomed  
 Like the rose-cloud, and pure forehead,  
 where

A wreath of buds on her young dewy hair  
 Waved freshly, as in frolic mood  
 On the wet spray-edged sand she stood  
 White-footed, her light leaf-green garments  
 blown  
 Faintly in the sweet wave-wandering air—  
 And, rising tip-toe, flung into my boat  
 Her morning nosegay, just as I, afloat,  
 Was putting off upon the deep alone;  
 And then with a whisper breathed lowly,  
 Turned, still smiling her nude shoulder o'er,  
 And glided off along the glassy shore  
 Nodding to me; until at the holly  
 By the road's turn she had vanished wholly,  
 Leaving me at sea with sunny melancholy.

## II.

"I had just awakened, and my dream  
 Yet had scarcely crossed the window gleam,  
 When, as fresh as the foam of the blue seas  
 When the dawn is red and golden lines  
 Lengthens, and the last star shrinking shines,  
 Young May entered, with the warmed breeze,  
 My old casement draped with a verdant vines;  
 Blithely glanced round the book-strewn cham-  
 ber,  
 Where the mild leaf-shadowing slanting glory  
 Fell upon the hearthstone's ashy ember,  
 Chair and table strewn with sketch and story;  
 And upon the scrolls of ruby-colored  
 Wit and wine songs of the winter hoary,  
 Looking 'skansly, scorned them, whispering  
 'Dullard!  
 When the bee hums through the heath and  
 clover,  
 For the musing minstrel, for the lover,  
 Are not roofed nights of winter over?  
 Blossom bosomed summer soon will follow  
 My warm wandering winds and earliest  
 swallow,  
 From those wings a new fresh-air'd feather  
 Must be plucked to paint the happy weather  
 I now bring you from the southern ocean,  
 With each jocund jubilant emotion,  
 Lengthening days and softer skies,  
 Leaves and lights and harmonies,  
 With them waft to re-inspire  
 Hearts with love and brains with fire.  
 Are not love and summer one,  
 Poet? Then be love your theme;  
 Quit the hearth-nook for the sun,  
 And in his glory paint each dream  
 Which the sweet sea-wind will breathe you:  
 Meanwhile with this rose I'll wreath you,  
 Tinctured in the dawn divine,  
 And till winter comes shall bury  
 In this tankard old your merry  
 Sheaf of hearth-songs red with wine."

The two poems I have quoted are  
 taken from the volume "Songs and Ro-  
 mances," published in the year 1878 by  
 Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son, of Dub-  
 lin. In 1882 the same firm published a  
 volume of collected poems by the same  
 author, the title of this volume being  
 "Versicles." The first-named volume is  
 mainly taken up with comparatively short

lyrics, but it contains also some pretentious pieces respecting length; for instance, a narrative poem called "Effie," which, though full of life and beauty, and that astonishing power of word-painting which never deserts Mr. Irwin, is nevertheless looked at in the light of a poetical narrative, not altogether successful. But the same might be said with truth of Shelley's "Revolt of Islam." However, instances could be given proving that though Mr. Irwin is essentially a songwriter, he is not altogether devoid of the narrator's power.

The following marvellously beautiful lyric is taken from the volume "Versicles":

"SONG.

"Once the west for each morrow  
Prepared a wreath red  
As the roses undulled  
In the garden I culled  
For my brow and my bed:  
Ah me, how estranged  
Is youth's summer! how changed  
Are the paths which once led  
To the dance, to the bower,  
When my heart was in flower!  
Now the white snows of sorrow  
Have wintered my head;  
With life's sweet mourning hour  
All its beauty has fled.

"Yet such sighs of dejection  
Belong to the past;  
Though the roses o'erblown  
On the dim winds have flown,  
And the bower be o'ercast,  
All that's precious and pure  
Will exist and endure  
In the spirit thou hast;  
The stars of affection  
Reign high o'er the blast;  
And all that's divine  
In your life and mine  
To the will shall resbine  
In our souls to the last."

Comment on this unstained gem would be superfluous. It is as clear as a dew-drop.

From a long poem, entitled "Periwigs and Petticoats," I abstract the following lines, descriptive of a beautiful lady, *tête-à-tête* with her mirror:

"Within a neighboring chamber, where  
A casement showed the garden's green  
And votive nosegays scent the air,  
A round and polished disk is seen—  
A wondrous sphere, across whose glass  
A shifting sibyl lustre flies,  
And through whose sky the spirits pass  
Who reign o'er human destinies.

Around this mystic world of light  
All treasures of the east are strewn;  
Rich caskets, urns of water bright,  
And vases silver as the moon;  
There meteoric opals glow  
By jacinth jewels that restrain  
The airy scarf's fantastic flow,  
And swelling shawl of Persian grain;  
Bright buckles, too, that wink if stirred,  
And pearly drops, pale with the fear  
Of hurried whisperings being heard  
By other than their rosy ears,  
And watches fore-ordained to keep  
Sweet time with hearts whereon they lie;  
Gems that from laughing ribbons peep,  
And rings with mottoes like a sigh.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Lo, sweet as summer rainbows rise,  
From clouds that pale in partial night,  
Within the mirror's silver skies,  
A beauteous vision meets her sight:  
Through glossy braids the noonlights win  
A shining path until they swerve  
Down to the dimple on the chin,  
And round the proud lip's vermeil curve,  
Like grains of joyous gold that lie  
Within some azure fountain's brim;  
Rich flecks of laughter in her eye  
Glow from the depths of violet dim,  
And gleamy graces softly play  
O'er rosy mouth and finger fine  
Like airy drops of sunny spray,  
Or bubbles in a vase of wine.  
But though around the forehead's height  
Beam sparkling wit and fair finesse,  
As little can they drown its light  
Of sweet entrancing tenderness  
As can the snows that flush awhile  
In Persia's westering deeps of day  
Or roses pale that sweetly smile  
In lonely fields of far Cathay,  
Outparagon the human hues,  
That flush the rounded neck and break  
In tender colors, soft as dews,  
From balmy ambush in her cheek."

Every touch here is a touch of truth. There is no false ornamentation—no glittering verbal coat of mail hiding a broomstick. Let Pope polish and varnish away to his heart's content! He could never touch this. And why? Because he was born blind in a visionless age. But Irwin has the great vision, or, in simpler language, he can see with the eye of imagination, which immaterial organ, William Blake avers, alone can see aright.

But our poet has other qualities in addition to an amiable love of beauty and a divine faculty for expressing his impressions. He is dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, as well as the love of love.

Upon a subject which Shelley had very much to heart (but which Shelley never touched upon in his writings with such

passionate fervor as it is touched upon here) Irwin writes as follows :

" Though for all ill which lives upon this sphere  
Some recompense in future life may be,  
Our duty, is to deal with it while here,  
As from ourselves throughout eternity  
There's no escape, and ever by the ear  
Of conscience the unchangeable past will  
rise.  
What is the purpose of intelligence  
Save to make all life happier through all  
skies  
Within our reach, motivated by love? Hell  
reigns  
Wherever man by animal murder stains  
His food. What! think you that the Soul  
Divine  
Who loved all children, shudders not to  
see  
Those infants of the planet—bird, lamb,  
kine,  
Simple beings, affectionate as we—  
Pitilessly massacred that man may dine?  
While custom is atheist based on cruelty,  
The devil feeds us, and the pure gods fly."

These somewhat rugged lines bear something beyond the stamp of a delicate sentimental craze or an affectation.

Again :

" All helpless Being demands our dearest love ;  
Infinite pity and affection  
For all life sprung without its will, to move  
Weak 'mid the insensate vast around the  
sun—  
Insect, bird, infant, lamb : who can look on  
The little worm born blind, and all alone  
In this huge universe of senseless force,  
Nor feel that he with hand and soul as  
coarse  
Who pities not, loves, cares, commits a  
crime  
Accursed of Christ—the heart of God—the  
source  
Which gave us love to solace us in time?  
For which no soul its conscience can con-  
done.  
All thoughts and deeds in our self-substance  
last :  
A present hell or heaven is the past."

The following sonnet—or, as the severe critic would no doubt have it, the following fourteen lines—possesses a vigorous buoyancy born of triumphant love, in addition to a tenderness bordering on the domain of tears :

" O Love, first felt when summer days were  
bluest,  
And warm the rural solitude, where brightly  
The sun shone, and the west wind lifted  
lightly  
The beechwood's leaves—how richly thou im-  
buest  
Life, with delights of paradise when newest !

When glances coyly charmed, and hand  
touched slightly  
Enchanted the sweet blood with faith the  
truest,  
And brought the time when the kiss given  
nightly  
Out-paragoned all preciousness. Awaking  
To hear her voice, and in the garden meet  
her,  
And take the treasured rose, than all things  
sweeter,  
Save her red lips : to rove we know not  
whither,  
Lost in each other, growing one together—  
If heaven be happiness, Love, 'tis of thy  
making !"

In the volume "Versicles" quoted there is a lovely poem, full of fancy and full of tenderness, entitled "Lucy's Attire." From this poem I quote the following lines, in which the poet states what Lucy should wear in winter :

" When December's laden day  
Scarcely breaks the clasp of night,  
Soft shall be her garb and gay,  
Soft and warm in winter's spight ;  
Netted wreaths of closest coil  
Shall guard her locks in silken toil,  
Bonnets blithe of darling dyes  
Enshade her forehead's coqueties ;  
Collars crescent and Ruperts white.  
Needled from the flaxen skein,  
Round her gentle throat will show  
Like a wreath of crispy snow :  
Even her finger-tips shall glow  
In tiny gloves that fit as tight  
As pink sheaths of the perfumed beau ;  
But when nor'land tempests stir,  
Blowing o'er the frosted lands,  
She must wear, without demur,  
Cosey refuges of fur  
For sweetest neck and cold white hands ;  
And though skies are gray and dull  
Round about her, yet within  
Mantle lined with warmest wool  
Shall her heart make merry din  
As she treads the moonlit town  
Toward the costly-decked bazaar,  
Or by evening forest brown  
Wanders with her favorite star."

" A May Day Revel " ("Versicles") is full of that large-hearted humor which goes hand-in-hand with pity and benevolence—that humor born of long, silent watchfulness of the lower forms of animal life. The following are selections taken from the poem :

" Once from the throne of Faery shrined,  
'Mid wooded mountains o'er the Bay  
Of sweet Rostrevor, issued forth  
An edict through the azure North,  
Granting a jocund holiday  
To beast, and bird, and insect bright,  
Then breathing in the summer light :

A gracious edict, well designed,  
Written in laughter, kingly kind,  
And published on the morning wind.

"Say, Muse of mountain wilds and streams,  
Of wandering airs and glancing beams;  
Say, frolic Muse, the cause of this?  
A simple cause! The king who bore  
The ferny sceptre of Clough More  
Was wedded just; his bride adored  
A lively sprite of Carlingford,  
With soul so dignified and pure,  
And lips so lovesome and demure,  
That every fairy round that shore  
Had given his kingdom for a kiss.  
She being asked to name the day,  
Fluttered her primrose fan, and then,  
In tones as timid as a wren,  
Said, 'Let it be the first of May.'  
Whereat the monarch bowed, and broke  
The crimsoned silence while he spoke.

\* \* \* \*

"Then, 'mid the giant oaks sublime,  
Around a stately fronded hall,  
With ivied eaves and chimneys tall,  
Red brick embossed with mossy rime,  
The feathered choristers, awake  
For some three hours of golden calm,  
At once surceased their matin psalm.  
Some sauntered to the distant brake,  
Whose ruddy berries hung profuse  
Their pendulous cups of summer juice;  
Some winged them toward the waterfall,  
That through the granite flashed in foam,  
And hopped, and dipped, and drank their  
share  
In joyousest abandon there;  
While others, keeping nearer home,  
Thronged round the grassy garden lake.  
And, with one black eye open wide,  
And head a little bent aside,  
Stood chaffing with a cautious crow.

"But what was this to the tom-tit?  
Beneath a broad laburnum's shade,  
Elate with morning air, he hung  
Vivacious, chatted, pranked, and sung;  
And though the magpie in the sun  
Looked, in sarcastic silence, on,  
He cared not, but around him made  
Each wren and robin in the glade  
Shake in their feathers at his wit.  
In fact, he held the assembly's ear,  
While round him merrily and fast  
Sweet song and conversation passed,  
'Mid new removes of seed and berry:  
No lack appeared of jovial cheer,  
Or harmony, save one, when there  
A transient difference arose,  
But ended ere it came to blows,  
Between two sparrows for a cherry.  
Soon from his shadowy bed of straw,  
Where he had stretched the livelong  
night,  
With keen nose laid along his paw,  
The watch-dog strolled into the light,  
And shook himself."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Irwin chooses the sonnet as the  
vehicle for the expression of his profound-  
er thoughts and his mystical reveries:

"As matter is old as eternity,  
And there from spirit, life, and mind  
have sprung  
Shaped from conditions from the Deity,  
Forever changing, but forever young,  
So life, which is the highest of its modes,  
Electrical, magnetic, luminous,  
Must, like its unseen forms, be perishless,  
And such intelligence as lives in us,  
And through the island-systems of the  
void,  
Accumulative, bright, and undestroyed,  
To centres drawn by its motivity,  
May on the measureless past have grown  
as gods,  
Central experiences of race and clime,  
Sensoriums of all matter, life, and time."

The foregoing sonnet is selected  
almost at random out of the volume,  
but may be taken as indicative of our  
poet's speculative mood. The riddle of  
the painful, beautiful universe pos-  
sesses, indeed, a strong power and fasci-  
nation over Irwin's mind; and though an  
averred Christian, in the broad sense of  
the word, he fears not to give rein to his  
imagination and reason in regions which  
Revelation has pronounced "a sealed  
book." But, to quote his own words:

"Whence come we? Whither pierce the sky?  
Imagination o'er the tomb  
Drops its rich wings, and Reason's eye  
Falls dazzled in the maze of doom."

The following lines are full of gor-  
geous color, and have something of the  
roll of organic music in them; and how  
sublime is the simile with which the last  
half of the sonnet is taken up!

"Arisen, from the high casement I behold  
Across the azure void the vapors blown  
Against the fiery dawn, till they have  
grown  
Massed in an ocean altar of fierce gold;  
Shoreward the breezy bickering billows  
rolled  
Majestically mount the headland, where  
Shattered in sprays they shift and sink,  
o'erblown  
In ceaseless rainbows; and the vast sea  
and air  
Seem like the circle of an enchanted soul  
Creating, toward whose solid splendor  
glow  
Currents of thought streaming above—  
below,  
'Mid elemental fancy's flash and flow—  
Harmonies oceanic rolling on,  
O'er-gloried by imagination's sun."



*Ceaseless Rainbows!* How these two simple words, taken with their context, o'er-canopy us with soft luminous spray!

Here, in fact, is the key-note of Mr. Irwin's most remarkable power. Whether the effect is produced consciously or unconsciously on the part of the poet, I will not attempt to answer. It will suffice to say that this power is manifested throughout all his poetical work.

Of that branch of the art of poetry cruelly branded with the abominable title "onomatopœia," Mr. Irwin is a complete and judicious master; nor is he obtuse to the benefits derived from the careful employment of alliteration. But he is no slave to these facile assistants of his Muse, and never permits them to overstep the bounds of their legitimate domain.

In "From New Year to New Year," a series of pictures of the seasons—a winter scene—the wanderer

"Foots the dry leaves starched to the iron ground  
And hears the crispy ice's cringing sound  
Under the skaters."

In "Paris, 1870," the cannon are described as

"Thundering like pulses from the heart of hell."

In the volume of "Poems," 1866, there are many galleries of poetic pictures—as in "Elizabethan Days," "Goethe's Death," "Alice the Nun," "The Burgomaster," "Glimpses of Crusading Days." The longest poem in this volume is one on the beautiful legend of "Orpheus." The legend is told in a series of antique poetic pictures and lyrics. Here we have the musician's aspirations, sorrows, voyage to Hades to visit the lost Eurydice, description of hell, etc. Take the stanzas on the death-day of Eurydice:

"The dim gray dawn foredoomed by death  
    rolled on,  
Silent and sad beneath the sightless sun,  
The noon lights vaguely shone, and gusts  
    of balm  
Wind, loosened from their summer  
    forest thrall,  
Came breathing faint along the river's  
    fall  
And levels, checkered with light-streaks of  
    calm.

Far off the moveless mountain clouds,  
    embossed  
With changeless light and shadow, faintly  
    shed  
White splendors o'er the streamlet's distant  
    bed,  
Where the fly-following swallow skimmed  
    and crost;  
And o'er the corn-land, in a tender round  
Of bluest air, the eager skylark sang,  
Till all the silent height with music rang.  
Then dropped a quiver of faltering wings  
    and sound.  
Along the wat'ry reaches smooth and gray,  
And margined sands, the lily faint and  
    white  
Bent waveringly above its shadow slight,  
In sunny musings all the silent day.  
But as noon waned from out the woods a  
    strain  
Of wind in melancholy dirges went;  
Along the winding river reeds it bent,  
And southward loomed the low hills gray  
    with rain."

Mr. Irwin is, of course, not devoid of imperfections, his chief fault being an excessive use of pet words. His affection, for example, for the word "calm" leads him into excesses in this particular, which, considering the richness of his vocabulary, coupled with his general display of artistic astuteness and taste, is inexplicable; and his equal fondness for the rhyming word "balm" is also strange and, for one of his wonted verbal impartiality, unaccountable. But this love of pet words seems to be a contagious disease of this age of poets. Witness Mr. Swinburne's inordinate love and use of "sweet" and "glad," and some other monosyllabic words. But only among our very greatest poets is there evinced what might be termed a princely disdain for particular words. It takes a Shakespeare to withstand the fascination of some particular sweet word; but a Swinburne, an Irwin, or even a Keats, may be misled by one. Irwin is, again, ultra-ideal. Ultra-fleshiness is objectionable in the highest degree; but there is a golden mean, which Mr. Tennyson is right in looking upon as a glorious compromise between that which is too high and that which is too low. But, after all, is it not well to have some men in the sky when there are many grovelling upon the earth? Mr. Irwin is of the former and limited class, and as one of such he is not to be despised.

Mr Irwin, too, despite the essential originality of his genius, occasionally

allows himself to be led astray by conventional or traditional notions respecting what poetry should be ; but his earnest heart and seeing eye in the main protect him from falling into this error ; and in those fortunately rare instances where he is entrapped by conventionalism, it is plain to any appreciative student of his works that even in such passages there is an undertone of truth which not

even a momentary blind abandonment to false traditional notions has power to silence.

But much more than I have said could be urged in favor of Thomas Caulfield Irwin's genius and accomplishments ; and I trust some more able admirer of true poetry will come to the front and accomplish what I had wished to have done.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

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TWO POEMS.

BY LEWIS MORRIS.

LEAD thou me, Spirit of the World, and I  
Will follow where thou leadest, willingly ;  
Not with the careless sceptic's idle mood,  
Nor blindly seeking some unreal good ;

For I have come, long since, to that full day  
Whose morning clouds have curled in mist away—  
That breathless afternoon-tide when the Sun  
Halts, as it were, before his journey done ;

Calm as a river broadening through the plain,  
Which never plunges down the rocks again,  
But, clearly mirrored in its tranquil deep,  
Holds tower and spire and forest as in sleep.

Old and yet new the metaphor appears,  
Old as the tale of passing hopes and fears,  
New as the springtide air, which day by day  
Breathes on young lives, and speeds them on their way.

This knew the Roman, and the Hellene too ;  
Assyrian and Egyptian proved it true ;  
Who found, for youth's young glory and its glow,  
Serenest life and calmer tides run slow.

And these oblivion takes, and those before,  
Whose very name and race we know no more,  
To whom, O Spirit of the World and Man,  
Thou didst reveal Thyself when Time began.

They felt, as I, what none may understand ;  
They touched through darkness on a hidden hand ;  
They marked their hopes, their faiths, their longings fade,  
And found a solitude themselves had made.

They came, as I, to hope which conquers doubt,  
Though sun and moon and every star go out ;  
They ceased, while at their side a still voice said,  
"Fear not, have courage ; blessed are the dead."

They were my brothers—of one blood with me,  
 As with the unborn myriads who shall be :  
 I am content to rise and fall as they ;  
 I watch the rising of the Perfect Day.

Lead thou me, Spirit, willing and content  
 To be as thou wouldst have me, wholly spent.  
 I am thine own, I neither strive nor cry :  
 Stretch forth thy hand, I follow, silently.

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If any tender sire,  
 Who sits girt round by loving faces,  
 And happy childhood's thousand graces,  
 Through sudden crash or fire  
 Should 'scape from this poor life to some mysterious air,  
 And, dwelling solitary there,  
 Should feel his yearning father's heart  
 Thrill with some secret pang and smart ;  
 And, longing for the dear lost lives again,  
 Should through his overmastering pain  
 Break through the awful bounds the Eternal sets between  
 That which lives Here, and There, the Seen and the Unseen ;

And having gained once more  
 Our little Earth should find the scarce-left place  
 Which greets him with unchanged familiar face—  
 The well-remembered door,  
 The rose he gathered blooming yet,  
 Nought to remember or forget,  
 No change in all the world except in him,  
 Nor there save in some sense, already dim  
 Before the unchanged past, so that he seem  
 A mortal spirit still, and what was since, a dream ;

And in the well-known room  
 Beholds the blithe remembered faces  
 Grown sad and blurred by recent traces  
 Of a new sorrow and gloom,  
 And when his soul to comfort them is fain  
 Find his voice mute, his form unknown, unseen,  
 And thinks with irrepressible pain  
 Of all the happy days which late have been,  
 And feels his being's deep abysses stirred,  
 If only of his own he might be seen or heard ;

Then if, at length,  
 The father's yearning and o'er burdened soul  
 Bursts into shape and voice which scorn control  
 Of its despairing strength,—  
 Ah Heaven ! ah pity for the new-born dread  
 Which rising strikes the old affection dead !  
 Ah, better were it far than this thing to remain,  
 Voiceless, unseen, unloved, forever and in pain !

So when a finer mind,  
 Knowing its old self swept by some weird change  
 And the old thought deceased, or else grown strange,  
 Turns to those left behind,  
 With passionate stress and mighty yearning stirred,—  
 It strives to stand revealed in shape and word  
 In vain; or by strong travail visible grown,  
 Finds but a world estranged, and lives and dies alone!

*Contemporary Review.*

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CAIRO: THE OLD IN THE NEW.

BY GEORGE EBERS.

I.

In the present paper I shall consider Cairo as the parent city of Arabic culture, and seek all through it under the modern for the ancient and the most ancient of all. It is no part of my aim to describe the wonderful charm of this remarkable city. She, the precious diamond in the handle of the green fan of the Delta, has been celebrated in song and flowing prose both by the East and by the West. The delightful poet, Beha-ed-din Zoher, who lived at the Court of Cairo as Secretary to the Sultan Melik-eç-Câleç, a grand-nephew of Saladin's, is never weary of celebrating in animated verses the picturesqueness of the place, the power of her princes, the beauty of her women, the charming mildness of her nights, which brought soft dreams to the heart of the poet when he was alone, and which he had often passed happily right on till morning in garden parties, Nile trips, and drinking bouts with bands of merry friends. In the "Thousand and One Nights," many a dwelling-place of mortal men is invested, by the transfiguring power of the imagination of the narrator, with an inconceivable and more than earthly glory, but none of all these pearls shines with a purer water or is counted rarer and more beautiful than Cairo. The oldest of the interlocutors—*i.e.*, the one who had seen most and whose judgment is of most value, speaks in these enthusiastic words: "He who has not seen Cairo has not seen the world. Its earth is gold, its women are bewitching, and its Nile is a wonder." On the following night Scheherezade praises the charms of the city of the Pyramids in

these terms: "As compared with a sight of this city, what is the joy of setting eyes on your beloved! He who has seen it will confess that there exists for the eye no higher enjoyment, and when one remembers the night on which the Nile comes to its height, he gives back the wine-cup to the bearer full, and makes water flow up to its source again." That is as much as to say, there is nothing more left that he can do. And to the interlocutors in these tales Cairo was no picture in a dream, no inaccessible island of the blest, no distant Golconda, for there is no manner of doubt that it was in the very Cairo we see, and in the time of the Mameluke Sultan El-Ghuri that this treasure of old Moslem tales, which has for centuries circulated in small gold pieces from hand to hand, from people to people, was originally collected and minted into those very forms in which they are at this hour familiar to all the nations of the earth. God has granted to the writer of these lines the favor of sending him into the wide world, and letting him wander over land and ocean, and see many towns and countries; but when he now travels backward in thought, and sweeps over the whole realm of recollection lying behind him, he discovers no city on the face of the earth that seems to him more charming than Cairo.

The tourist who visits the place, without previous preparation, under the guidance of a tour-contractor, is as unable to escape its charm as the scholar who is familiar with every phase of its development and with every movement of its life. The artist finds himself embarrassed with the abundance of the



materials and the richness of the colors which surround him, and for the musing dreamer, the looker-on at the play of life, there is no more favorable spot than this. To open the eyes means here to receive new impressions, to look about is to learn, and stimulated by the abundance of picturesque forms and scenes, even the most indolent feels himself compelled to be always viewing things. For the investigator, who is permitted to touch with his hand the thing he has brought with him to the Nile as a mental possession, other enjoyments still are always in store in Cairo. We children of northern cities would be repaid by a journey to the Nile, were it by nothing else than breathing on a clear winter morning the pure spicy air of the desert, or seeing from the citadel on a fine evening the sun go down behind the Pyramids, and the cupolas and minarets of the town glittering in airy robes of rose and violet, and finally sinking under the dark shroud of night.

Who has joined in the crowd at the bazaars, who has allowed the venerable monuments of the time of the Pharaohs to work upon his mind, and has regretted his decision of visiting Egypt? The advice to make a pilgrimage to Cairo is good advice, and the sooner one follows it the better; for the city of the Caliphs is already far from being what it was a few lustra ago, when it was first our privilege to visit it; and if we remain another decade in the country, we shall see similarly disappear one feature after another of all that to-day gives the place its special charm. The more firmly Western influence establishes itself in Egypt, the more sensibly do its assimilating power and the sober practical sense of utility characteristic of our civilization make their presence apparent. What grows organically among us is transplanted right off into this foreign soil and starts up quite remarkably. It is oftentimes like uprooting the palms of the Nile and planting firs and apple-trees in their place. The absurdity of many of the improvements every one has felt who has formerly walked under the shadow of the houses in the narrow lanes of Cairo, and now finds himself in broad squares and wide streets completely unprotected from the fiery darts of the sun of the south. This

change is lamented by every traveller who has seen, in other days, riders, carriages, camels, and foot-passengers passing like a full stream over the soft roadway of the Muski, with many a call and cry, but without either rustle or tramp or clatter, and who has now his word drowned at his mouth by the deafening din of wheels, hoofs, and footsteps that rises from the glowing pavement. The shade-dispensing boards and awnings which in many places covered the most frequented streets of the town have been removed, because such things are not to be found in any Western metropolis. In the dwellings of the well-to-do Egyptians, European furniture has supplanted the native outfitting of the rooms, which is so picturesque and which originated in its suitability to the manners and customs of the Moslems. Imagine a bearded turban-wearer sitting cross-legged, not on a broad divan, but on a Paris or Vienna armchair! Gone, too, is the old arrangement of the dwelling-house, so well suited at once to the Egyptian climate and to the peculiarities of the Moslem family. He who builds now wishes to build cheaply and rapidly, and in a sort of European style, and so, from never being considered, the wonderful art of the mason, which delights the connoisseur in many of the older houses, has been entirely lost. The picturesque lattice-windows of the Meschrebijen, whose thousand finely moulded pieces seem like a veil of woven wood before the women, enabling them to see everything doing in the streets without themselves being seen, are now, in many cases, replaced by the Venetian blinds of Europe. Fine examples of the old lattice-work find ready purchasers, and they may be often enough met with in rooms fitted out in Arabian style in England, France, and Germany. The same is true of the Kursis, desks, posts, and doors, inlaid with ivory mother-of-pearl, and various woods; and ancient implements are very eagerly sought after by collectors of art and antiquities. In my library stand two old Arabian jugs, which Frank Dillon, of London, the excellent painter of Oriental landscapes and architecture, found in an oil-ship, with twelve others, and bought for an old song. I saw an American family send whole shipfuls of old Arabian ware

to the New World, and I know that not less than seventy finely executed old fauns from one of the most famous mosques were sold right off to tourists. Said Pasha, predecessor of the deposed Khedive Ismail, dressed in Eastern garb, and his subjects imitated him. At present this light, soft dress, so well adapted for the climate of Egypt and at the same time so becoming, has fallen into disrepute. Government servants are forbidden to wear it, and only the shopkeepers and lower middle classes still retain it. The truncated cone of the tarboosh has superseded the gayly-colored, many-folded turban, which lent dignity to the presence and protected the shaven head from chills when the cold of night came suddenly down. A heavy, single-breasted black cloth coat, with stiff collar, has replaced the light and beautifully colored silken or woollen robes. Whoever can afford it, discards the pretty and comfortable slippers, which can be so quickly put off in the house or the mosque, and forces his feet into polished leather boots, on which the sun burns, and which require some trouble to take off. In the bazaars there are far more articles of light gold jewelry of foreign manufacture than of artistic native handicraft; far more chains and other things from England and Saxony than of beautiful Arabian workmanship. Sheffield and Solingen have far outstripped Damascus. The locomotive is taking the place of the horse, the camel, and the ass; and a tramway will soon be laid through Cairo. How long will it be before factories are built on the cheap ground of the desert, and befoul with coal-smoke its most precious air, which you can to-day enjoy the moment you leave the gates of the city? It is certainly right to pay some attention even here to hygiene, which has made such marked progress in Europe; but in the process of sanitation, what has not gone to naught in Cairo? The Khedive Ismail has vied with the Prefect Hausmann in the demolition of venerable buildings and ancient quarters of the town, and every sin he committed in this matter was laid at the door of the public health.

The injury is simply shocking which has been done to the noblest specimens of Arabian architecture by the monarch

just mentioned. The ancient architects followed the plan of laying over a foundation of yellow stone another layer of freestone of delicate natural color, and they got thereby a splendid effect; for this plan enlivened the most extensive surfaces, and lent them a harmonious aspect. When the invitations were issued for the opening of the Suez Canal, the Khedive began to lose taste of the old weather-beaten walls, to whitewash the mosques; and in order not to give up altogether the idea of the alternate layer of stones, to daub them with long stripes of red and yellow. But what a choice of color! The yellow was the yellow of the buttercup, the red was the red of new-burnt tiles. It offended eye and heart alike to look on the harlequin costume in which the most precious works of art were dressed up. And then how carelessly were those monuments allowed to fall into decay, and in what a barbarian manner were their restorations conducted, without so much as guarding against the danger of their falling in. There was nowhere a fond or even intelligent regard for the historical, and the noblest works in wood and stone that had to be removed, were with shocking want of piety delivered over to destruction and suffered to perish.

These enormities ought to be prevented by the influence of England. They were criticised severely at the Oriental Congress, held in London in 1874, by the learned Consul Rodgers, well known as an authority on Oriental coins; but nevertheless much evil has been done in this matter, even since my last visit to Cairo, as I perceive from a recent and stirring paper of Rhoné's. There are almost no old mosques in the city of the Caliphs that are not in a crazy state.

But to say the truth, we cannot attribute this lamentable circumstance exclusively to the negligence of the Government. We have pointed out in another place how much of all the ills of the country must be laid at the door of Oriental habits of thinking. Whatever brings no profit, is in their eyes deserving of nothing but destruction. They are entirely wanting in what we call the "historical sense." The past and its works have small value for them. God gives the present, and what is to

come lies in His hand. When a noble monument of antiquity falls to pieces, they comfort themselves with the proverb of Lebid: "Know, O soul, that everything in the world that is not God, is doomed to perish." The Mussulman Cairene despises what dates from the time of the Pharaohs; to him it is through and through *kupri*, or heathenish; if it disappear from the earth—just so much the better! Unfortunately too, the architects of the age of the Caliphs must bear part of the blame of the rapid decay of their masterpieces, for they built with an unaccountable carelessness which is certainly calculated to fill their colleagues of the present day with an aversion to come to the rescue.

"Time mocks all, but the Pyramids mock time," says an Arabian proverb. They have been used as quarries, and they have only not been blown into the air, because danger to the town was apprehended from the explosion; the face of the Great Sphinx has served as a target for the guns of the Mamelukes; but these remains of the age of the Pharaohs have nevertheless survived, and will maintain their place even when everything that is venerable for age or beauty in the noble metropolis of the heyday of Mussulman life shall have perished, and when Cairo shall be no more than a cluster of miserable hovels like a modern Italian town.

The father has survived the son for thousands of years, for although Cairo was founded by Arabs, it yet stands, not only outwardly but even inwardly, in a relation of sonship to Memphis. The history of the foundation of Cairo, together with the anecdotes that belong to it, has been narrated a hundred times, but no one has yet attempted to show how much many sides of its rapid and brilliant development owed to the Hellenized, Christianized, but still genuinely Egyptian city of the Pyramids on the other bank of the Nile. A handful of those Moslem heroes who, in the fresh inspiration of their new faith, and penetrated with moral earnestness and the sanctity of their cause, threw down kingdom after kingdom, conquered Egypt on their way. True, they found a powerful ally in the religious hatred that separated the monophysite Egyptians from the orthodox Byzantine

authorities, and this hatred was so great that to the Copts it seemed more tolerable to go into subjection to infidels than to be ruled by Greek Christians of another rite from their own, who besides were farther from them by race than their Arabian neighbors. One of their own pastors, Bishop Benjamin, of Alexandria, induced them to conclude an alliance with the infidel, in the same way as in recent times the Bishop of Kū has got his Coptic congregation to go over with him to Protestantism. The commander of the Moslem army knew well what he was about when he detained the Egyptian ambassadors in his camp, in order to show them the moral earnestness of his soldiers, and the lofty piety that animated them. After the sword had decided in favor of the adherents of the Prophet, and the Greeks had lost the day, Mukankas, a Copt, who was Governor of the Nile Valley, exclaimed, after receiving an unfavorable dispatch from his imperial master in Constantinople: "By God! these Arabs, with their smaller numbers, are stronger and mightier than we, with all our multitudes; a single man of them is as good as a hundred of us; for they seek death, which is dearer to them than life, and is a positive joy; we cannot hold out against them." And those fearless heroes, whose gallant deeds on Egyptian fields are chronicled in history, were at the same time statesmen of remarkable sagacity.

No other place seemed at that time to be entitled to be the capital of the Nile Valley except Alexandria, and the Commander 'Amr was disposed to recognize it as such, but the Caliph Omar ordered him to look elsewhere, for he could not conceal from himself that this restless maritime city that continually lent itself to insurrectionary movements, and was situated besides at the extreme verge of the new province, was but ill-adapted to constitute the centre of the life which he wished to plant in the Nile Valley. A place as yet unreached by the threads of party, and the bloody religious disputes in which the age abounded, should be chosen for the seat and centre of the home and foreign administration of the newly conquered country. The new capital was accordingly founded on a well-situated spot, opposite Memphis,

on the banks of the still undivided Nile, and according to a well-known story, it was founded on the very site where the tent of the commander-in-chief had stood. When 'Amr was to go to Alexandria, and gave orders for his tent to be struck, he was told that a pair of pigeons had settled on the roof of it. "God forbid," he exclaimed, "that a Moslem should refuse his shelter to a living being, a creature of God, that has committed itself in confidence to the protection of his hospitality." The tent was forbidden to be touched, and when 'Amr returned from Alexandria victorious, he found it there still, occupied it, and made it the centre from which he proceeded in founding the new capital, which was called Fostat—*i.e.*, the tent. As the town grew, the Arabic name of Egypt, Misr or Masr, was transferred to it, and among the present Moslem inhabitants of the Nile Valley and the Cairenes themselves, it is still called nothing else but Masr-Kahira. The Arabic form of Cairo came to be added to the old name 300 years after the foundation of the city, and though Europeans use the later name exclusively, it is very seldom heard among the natives. Many of them at the present day would understand as little what you meant if you asked them about Cairo or Kahira as a Saxon peasant would understand if you asked him about the "Florence of the Elbe" (Dresden). Dschötar, the commander of the Fatimide Muizz, who added to Fostat the new quarter which forms the Cairo of to-day, gave to this quarter the name of Masr-el-Kähira, because the planet Mars (El-Kähir) crossed the meridian at the very time when the foundation-stone of the walls that surrounded it was laid. Since El-Kähir means the victorious, Masr-el-Kähira may be rendered Masr the victorious. The foundation of Fostat, now old Cairo (in Arabic, Masr-el-Aṭṭika), took place in the year 638, so that it belongs by right to the younger towns of the world.

Its outward, and still more its inward, development proceeded with remarkable rapidity. When we consider that this town owes its origin entirely to illiterate children of the desert, and then reflect that not two hundred years after its foundation Harun-er-Raschid's son

Māmūn († 833), found here in full bloom a rich scientific life which embraced all, including even the most difficult disciplines, we are in presence of a phenomenon which has been hitherto noted and ascribed to the fine and susceptible mind of the Arabs, but which, on closer inspection, becomes simply inexplicable, unless we take into account the non-Moslem factors that co-operated in this rapid development. We shall direct our special attention to these factors, and try to show how the Arabs have contrived in Cairo to build the house of their peculiar culture out of Egyptian wood.

Cairo is not so modern as it seems. The Fostat which 'Amr founded is connected with the Fort Babylon, which was certainly erected in prehistoric times. One legend relates that prisoners of war of the great Ramses—and another that the Babylonians in the army of Cambyses, which conquered Egypt in 525 A.D.—founded it as a "New Babylon;" and history records that among the Romans one of the three legions that occupied Egypt had their quarters here. But this fort existed long before the Persian invasion, and even before Ramses II. Early writings call it Cher or Chera (Battle-town), and in a text in the temple of Kurna, dating from the fourteenth century B.C., we are told of it that the Lower Egyptian Nile began there, that it was measured there, and that from thence it sought its way in the arms of the Delta. It further appears from the inscription of the Ethiopian Pianchi, that a street of Memphis (across the Nile) led to Cher (Babylon), and from thence to Heliopolis. This route must have passed through the island Rōda, which, at the time of the Moslem invasion, was connected with both banks of the river by a bridge of boats; Memphis was thus closely joined to Babylon. The watermark, measuring the height of the stream, that stands on the island Rōda (exactly opposite Babylon), and still indicates to the Cairenes the fall of the flood of the Nile, appears to have existed at the time of the Pharaohs, and perhaps it was carried at a later period from the mainland to the island.

The town which was the base of the Fostat of 'Amr was by no means unim-



portant, whereas the streets and quarters which the governor erected under four building inspectors, and distributed among his soldiers according to their tribes, must have been at first small and thinly inhabited. Among the Christian churches in Old Cairo (Babylon), there are some which must certainly have existed before the foundation of Fostat. The most remarkable of them, the Coptic church of St. Mary, was in its main parts not built before the eighth century after Christ; but it contains much that shows it to have been originally a Greek temple of a very early period. From Babylon there stretches out a fertile, well-cultivated, and thickly populated plain, full of garden-trees and vineyards, as far as Mokattam; and high above the houses and villas of the Egyptians rises the lighthouse-tower (Kaer esch-Schama), in which the Roman and Greek governors resided when they visited the district before the conquest of the country. The inhabitants of this town and its vicinity enjoyed great comfort, and 'Amr's reports of the Caliphs are full of the plenty in which the peasantry lived and the wealth with which many Egyptian towns were blessed. A Copt of the name of Peter, who kept his riches obstinately concealed, was on friendly terms with a monk in El-Tûr (Sinai Monastery). 'Amr sent to this monk and demanded in a letter, sealed with the ring of Peter, and in Peter's name, the delivery of the goods intrusted to him. The messenger brought back a soldered case, and when this was opened it was found to contain a letter on which was written that the money was deposited under the largest water tank. On search there were found there fifty-three large measures (more than twelve millions of denarii) of coined gold.

On the whole the Egyptians were mildly treated, and so they did not fear building close to the skirts of the garrison town. Thirty-seven years after the foundation of that place, so many Copts had settled in it that the Governor Maslema had to permit them to build a church of their own. Fostat and Babylon got completely united, and the new place soon became the central seat of the Government, and by its fresh energetic growth cast the venerable, but

back-going and age-enfeebled, Memphis on the other bank of the Nile completely into the shade. The celebrated city of the Pyramids had been a populous Court city down to the end of the reign of the Ptolemies, and even under the Romans and Byzantines it might still be called a great town. But its old fame was gone; Christianity had dispersed the great fraternities of heathen priests; and Egyptian learning, which had been cultivated for thousands of years in the temples of Ptah, Imhotep, and other divinities, had lost its peculiar character; it had, in great part, perished altogether, and where it was still cultivated by individuals, had accommodated itself to circumstances by the assumption of new forms. Greek art had completely supplanted the old national Egyptian; Alexandria had absorbed the trade of Memphis; and what Alexandria left of it was diverted by the new and active town on the other bank of the river. The sinking man always makes for the side of the strong swimmer, and so it came about that the Memphites left their own declining town in thousands, and sought for more favorable conditions of life in Fostat. The excellent Arabic writer, 'Abdellatif (†1232), found on the site of Memphis nothing but deserted ruins; but these remains were still so extensive that he calls them a world of walls, which confused the mind and baffled the descriptive powers of even the most accomplished writer. He concludes, from a glance at the popular belief, that the ancient Egyptians were long-lived giants, who were able to move heavy blocks of stone from one spot to another by the use of their magical wands. The only inhabitants of these ruins are said to have been bands of robbers, who were employed by commercial companies to search the fallen edifices and vaults for gold, silver, and other treasures.

Memphis soon sank into complete oblivion; even her wonderful ruins disappeared from the earth, and to-day green asters and palm-groves occupy the place where once stood one of the most ancient and celebrated cities of the world. Only the monuments in the city of the dead, the great graveyard of the Memphites, many miles long, have escaped destruction. The city of the

living, the colossal temples of their gods, the "white walls" of the famous fort of the town, and the other public buildings which once raised proud heads, have vanished from the face of the earth. The rapidly extending Cairo needed hewn stones, freestones, and columns, and the devastated Memphis was the rich quarry from whence she got them. The same fate befell Heliopolis, on the same bank of the river, to the north of the new metropolis. This famous city of scholars, the centre of Egyptian sun-worship, has also disappeared from the earth, and was already in the time of El-Makrizi († 1442) no more than a country town containing some ruins of dismantled sanctuaries. A great part of the obelisks brought from the Nile to the countries of Western Europe originally stood in this place, in front of the gateways of the temples of the Sun; and among others, the so-called Cleopatra's Needle, now in London, and its twin sister, transported to America. Hewn stones were easily carried to Fostat by water, or by the old road which connected Heliopolis with Memphis through Babylon; and so one may assume that the houses and palaces of this town rest in good part on ancient Egyptian foundations. More than one building has been discovered in Cairo containing stones inscribed with hieroglyphics. Among these a mighty Stele (stone table) of black granite, that was found during the excavations made at the foundation of a house that was pulled down, acquired special celebrity. It contains a perfectly uninjured inscription, which was devoted to the honor of Ptolemy Soter before his official recognition as successor of Alexander II., and establishes by first-hand evidence that he restored to the priests of this place the lands in the northern part of the Delta that had been taken from the temple of Bulu; other stones, carved with hieroglyphics, were appropriated in the building of mosques; and who has visited the mosques of Cairo, and not observed the great number of pillars from old heathen buildings that are employed in their construction?

In the mosque of 'Amr, the oldest in all Egypt, stands a forest of pillars. Every one of them supports a capital, which owes its origin to Greek, Roman,

and Byzantine masons. Most of these appear to have come from Memphis. It is remarkable that the Arabs have nowhere made use of pillars fashioned in the old Egyptian style, although they could have found them in any quantity they liked at Memphis and Hieropolis. They must have been thoroughly against their taste, for the simple reason that they imitated the forms of plants, and their religion forbade all recognizable likenesses of organic beings. But they could bear with pleasure the sight of Greek and Roman pillars of the most variegated form.

The Moslem ruled the land, and Fostat was a genuine Moslem town; but the Arab understood how to turn to account the superior knowledge and capacity of his numerous Egyptian fellow-citizens. They were superior to him in numbers, and many of them were scholars, immigrants from Memphis and Heliopolis, who went over to the new religion, and, as Moslems among Moslems, continued their scientific labors and worked as teachers.

The wonderfully quick apprehension, and the keen, nimble mind of the Arab, enabled him to appropriate rapidly the scientific treasures he found among the conquered Egyptians. The Moslems not only acquired foreign learning, but assimilated it to their own ways of thought, and followed out every discipline that seemed to them worth working at, with success, energy, and intellectual acuteness.

Just as their towns and mosques had a character of their own, although they were put together for the most part out of stones and building materials that owed their origin to foreign art, so their science may be said to be genuinely Arabic, although it can be shown that here, too, the stately ship has been built from planks found ready made at Egyptian wharves. Of course, the arcana of Egyptian science had long since grown less and less, for Greek learning was deeply studied in the Nile Valley, and cast the priestly wisdom of the age of the Pharaohs into the shade. But precisely in the sphere of the so-called exact sciences to which the Arabs devoted themselves with preference, the Egyptians at the time of the foundation of Fostat had still much material in the

form of traditions, although they had for centuries abandoned their obsolete complicated system of writing and had accustomed themselves to the use of Greek letters. Even the rude speech of earlier times was essentially altered and enriched by Greek words. The Coptic, a dialect whose syntactic pureness delights the linguist, stepped into the place of her mother, the ancient Egyptian; but every educated Copt was able also to speak Greek, and the libraries of Memphis could not have been wanting in the most eminent works of Greek literature.

This is no mere guess, for if fragments of a great library, including Greek MSS., which do not seem to have been produced very long before the foundation of Fostat, have been found in the unimportant Krokodilopolis in Fajjum, and parts of the "Iliad," and of the lyric poet Alkman, in the neighborhood of a small town in Middle Egypt, then it may be safely assumed that libraries full of Greek MSS. must have existed in the half Hellenic metropolis, Memphis. The treasures of the famous Alexandrian library were destroyed, sold to Constantinople, stolen, and scattered long before 'Amr came to Egypt. The famous story that this commander heated the baths of the town with costly books, because they deserved destruction if they taught anything different from the Koran, and were unnecessary if they taught the faith, belongs demonstrably to the region of fable.

The scientific life of Alexandria was not dead in the seventh century, and many a Greek book may have been sent from there to Fostat. But who opened the understanding of the untutored sons of the desert to this finest bloom of a highly cultured intellectual life? It was not the Greeks, for the Greeks regarded the intruders with implacable hostility, and their art and religion very soon disappeared from the Nile altogether; it was the Greek-trained Copts who performed the task; and it is plain from a deeper investigation into the various branches of knowledge studied by the Arabs and into the scientific lore of the Egyptians, that the teachers must have communicated to the pupils not only Greek science but many other things besides, which had survived

among them from the venerable learning of their own nation. The scholar Jahja ben Bitrik, who translated Greek works into Arabic for Māmūn, expressly asserts that he searched every temple in order to bring the mysteries of the philosophers to the light. At 'Ain Schems (this cannot be Ba'albek, but must be the Egyptian Heliopolis) he took into his counsels a dervish of great insight and learning.

At Memphis stood the temple of Imhotep, to which the Greeks gave the name of their own Asklepios (Æsculapius). Here was found the medical papyrus preserved in the Berlin Museum, and it is stated in the great handbook of Egyptian medicine, the Ebers papyrus of 110 large pages, now in Leipzig, that the collection of prescriptions which it contains came from Sais and Heliopolis. It was this last town that contained the "great halls" which had from mythical times been used for clinical purposes by a celebrated faculty of medicine. The Egyptians were the most famous of all physicians in antiquity, and the Greeks and Romans under the Ptolemies availed themselves of their skill. It is well known how highly the younger Pliny esteemed his Egyptian doctor, and how he tried to procure for him the rights of Roman citizenship. In the pseudo-Hippocratic writings there are many prescriptions of such a singular character (as, for example, how to know whether a pregnant woman will bear a son or a daughter, etc.) that they must all have been invented in one place, and they were known in exactly the same form to the ancient Egyptians of the thirteenth century B.C. The Ebers papyrus contains a particularly interesting section devoted to the functions of the heart, and from this papyrus, which was written, at latest, in the sixteenth century B.C., it appears that the priestly physicians of the time of the Pharaohs recognized the heart as the centre of the circulatory system, and referred the beating of the pulse to its motions. Now, no one who knows that Hippocrates was ignorant of these things, and that it was at Alexandria that Herophilus of Chalkedon noted the rhythm of the pulse in the various diseases, and first brought out its connection with the

heart, can resist the conclusion that Herophilus really learned the fact from the priestly physicians of the Nile, who had occupied themselves long before his time with the physiology of the human body. So, too, Erasistratus of Kios followed in the steps of Egyptian masters in his investigations into the ramification of the nerves. An entire section of the Ebers papyrus is dedicated to this matter, and a comparison of it with the writings of Galen and Dioscorides shows that both these men borrowed much from Egyptian medicine. Surgery certainly owes to Egyptian physicians its doctrine of ligaments, and its art of putting them on. Our greatest operators make no secret of the admiration with which they are filled at the skilful methods practised under the Pharaohs in the wrapping of mummies. I have seen embalmed bodies that were wrapped in linen bandages more than 400 metres long. The medical works of the Alexandrians did not remain unknown to the Arabs, but they studied at the same time the writings of the Egyptian physicians. The proof of this is found in an anonymous Arabic ms. discovered by L. Stern in the Library of Cairo. This ms., and especially the last thirty chapters of it, which were written by a certain Abn Sahl Isa ibn Jahja, contain some receipts which may be regarded as translations of certain prescriptions that appear in the Ebers papyrus, and, moreover, the author refers constantly to a book of Hermes—i.e. Tot, the ancient Egyptian god of science, whom the Ebers papyrus describes as the "leader of the physicians."

The origin of the word Chemistry has been the subject of much disputation. It used to be derived from the Greek *chymos* (fluidity), but great difficulties beset this etymology; and it has certainly nothing to do with the Arabic word of similar sound, *chema* (secret), for it was already in use in the fourth century (Zosimos). The only remaining view is that chemistry means simply Egyptian science, for Egypt was by its own inhabitants in the remotest times, and among the Copts down till after the foundation of Fostat, called in the Memphite dialect, *Chemi*, *Chame*, and *Chamō* (pronounced *chamī*). This word *chamē* means in Coptic black, and that

explains why chemistry was at a later period called the "black art."

If we look over ancient Egypt, we find in all the heathen temples laboratories on whose walls receipt after receipt was chiselled, and papyri in which drugs are mentioned in various combinations in order to be made up as specifics for the cure of disease. The weights and measures of the substances to be mixed are indicated, and these seem often so minute that their discrimination must have been impossible without the help of fine instruments. One of the hieroglyphics referring to the metals has a representation of a crucible. The Egyptians were early acquainted with the art of gilding, and they made metallic dyes and other coloring materials which still survive after thousands of years. Theophrastus mentions their blue, of which many evidences have come down to us. Costly paste diamonds were made on the Nile, and various metals—copper and tin (bronze), gold and silver (the hieroglyphic *asem*)—were skilfully alloyed.

Great chemical knowledge is presupposed in the following process, which, according to Pliny, the Egyptian dyers practised. They first treated the web with certain liquids, and then dipped it into a pot of boiling dye. When they drew it out the stuff was variously colored, though only one color had been put into the pot. The earliest indications of this science, nay, even the legends that treat of its origin, point to Egypt. Firmicus Maternus uses the word chemistry in his astrological works (336 A.D.), and expresses the wish to impart what the divine ancients had learned from the sanctuaries of Egypt. It is said, though the statement is certainly disputable, that after an insurrection of the Egyptians in 296 A.D., Diocletian caused this book to be destroyed, because it described the art of producing silver and gold by chemical processes, and so gave them the means of raising new rebellions. Among the Copts the chemical science of their forefathers continued to be actively prosecuted.

Proofs of this are not wanting, for there is preserved at Leyden a papyrus which contains a long series of chemical receipts in the Greek language, but in a



style corresponding so much to that of the ancient Egyptian MSS., that this MS. must necessarily be considered as a translation of receipts dating from the age of the Pharaohs. Among them are found receipts for assaying, hardening and coloring gold, silver, copper, lead, tin, etc. The Arabs learned what was known to the Copts about these things, and when they developed it further they produced that science which is known among us still as "Chemistry"—i.e., the Egyptian science. Alchemy is nothing else than *chemy*, with the Arabic article *al*.

*Algebra* is also an Arabic word, denoting the science of combining the separated. The Moslems in Cairo zealously cultivated it, and after they came to know Euclid they became great mathematicians on the basis of the writings of Claudius Ptolemæus, and also great astronomers and geographers. In this province, too, they owe to the ancient Egyptians more than has hitherto been acknowledged. It is by no means accidental that the greatest mathematicians of Hellenic antiquity were styled pupils of the Egyptians, or that it was said of them that they had lived on the Nile. Thales (600 B.C.) is reported to have measured the height of the Pyramids by their shadow. Pythagoras lived long in Egypt, and studied particularly at Heliopolis. He is said to have been master of the Egyptian language, and Onuphis and Sonchis are mentioned as his principal teachers. In the same city of scholars was trained, under Nektaulbos I., Eudemos of Knidos († 357), who discovered, among other things, that a Pyramid was a third part of a prism whose base and height were equal. It is well known that Euclid wrote his "Elements" in Alexandria, under the first Ptolemy (Soter). The great Eratosthenes, who was the first to measure a meridian of the earth, owed his success in doing so to the previous investigations made in that department by the Egyptians, who were already able to give with tolerable accuracy the distance in a straight line from Alexandria to Tyana. In all this there is nothing that is new to mathematicians, but few of them have any acquaintance with the records that make known to us the state of mathematical

science among the Egyptians in the beginning of the second millennium B.C. The Rhind papyrus, preserved in the British Museum, may be termed a handbook of ancient Egyptian mathematics. It was written by a certain Aahmesu, under one of the last Hykso kings, and shows that the science of ancient times continued to exist even under the hated conquerors. The Heidelberg Egyptologist Eisenlohr has published this remarkable codex and a translation of it, with the assistance of Kantor, the well-known authority on the history of mathematics. Some of the mistaken renderings of these scholars—easily excusable on account of the great difficulty of the matter—have been pointed out in a most acute and stimulating paper by L. Rhodet,\* which we recommend to the attention of all mathematicians. The Rhind papyrus establishes the remarkable fact, that certain processes of reckoning used by the writer of that very ancient document are identical with processes found among the Greeks, and, through them, among the Arabs and the Western mathematicians of the Middle Ages, to whom the writings of the Arabs were made known, for the most part, by Jewish scholars. When we find, for example, the arithmetical process of the "false-stating" to have been practised from the time of Aahmesu (about 1700 B.C.) down to the sixteenth century A.D., that seems remarkable enough; but it is more astonishing still to find that certain examples of progression which extort a smile from us on account of the heterogeneous character of their arrangement, are contained in the writings of Fibonacci (Leonardo von Pisa), about the year 1200 A.D., in exactly the same form in which they are given by Aahmesu. This fact, discovered by Rhodet, is so remarkable, so easily understood, and so striking to the eye, that it will interest even the lay mind. The Egyptian example is stated thus:

Scribes.....	7
Cats.....	49
Mice.....	343
Measures of corn.....	2,401
Bushels.....	16,807
	19,607

\* "Journal Asiatique," septième série, tome xviii. 1881, p. 154 sqq.

That is, there are 7 scribes, and every scribe has 7 cats (49); and every cat catches 7 mice (343); and every mouse in a given time eats 7 measures of corn (2401); and every measure when sown produces 7 bushels (16,807). How much is the whole? 19,607.

This example, or a similar one, appears to have been the basis of that of Fibonacci. Nay, as far as concerns the figures, it would be identical with it, had not the Italian carried the progression a step further than the Egyptian has done. According to Fibonacci, it runs thus: 7 old wives go to Rome, and every wife has 7 mules (49); and every mule carries 7 sacks (343), and in every sack are 7 loaves (2401). For every loaf there are 7 knives (16,807), and every knife has 7 sheaths. How much is the whole? 137,258. Without the last step, the result in both cases would have been the same.\*

We cannot go further into these things here, but we must mention that the great geographer, astronomer, and mathematician, Claudius Ptolemæus, who was not born, as was formerly believed, in Pelusium, but in Ptolemais, a town situated on the Upper Nile, and consequently in the heart of Egypt, was well acquainted with the science of the priestly scholars of the Nile. He seems to have made his observations, not at Kanopus, but in the Serapeum at Alexandria. The previous work of Eudoxos of Knidos, who, according to authentic evidence, had attended the college at Heliopolis from 366 to 364 B.C.; of Eratosthenes, of the great Hipparchus, of Marinus of Tyre, and others, all lay to his hand. He knew the maps of the

Milesian Anaximander, of Hekataeus and Aristagoras, who were well acquainted with Egypt, and he must have been able to take a much wider sweep than the Egyptian priests. His knowledge of peoples and countries was certainly not derived from them, but from the commercial connections of the Alexandrians. But still he found among his own countrymen much that could be made use of, and when the Arabian geographer Mas'udi asserts that there were maps in the geographies of Ptolemæus and Marinus of Tyre, which were painted with colors, the statement seems to be confirmed by the scanty traces of ancient Egyptian cartography that have come down to us, for these present the mountainous country, in which the gold-mines of the Pharaohs were situated, in lines of very clumsy drawing, but with variegated coloring. The colored maps which Māmūn, who studied with great zeal at the college at Fostat († 833), published with his geography, are said to have excelled those of Ptolemæus himself.

It is known that the great Syntaxis of Ptolemæus, under its Arabic name of *Almagest* (*μεγίστη*—i.e., the greatest), and the tables of the same scholar, were early translated into Arabic, and were not known in Europe except by means of this version before the beginning of the sixteenth century. Then for the first time did the geography of the great Egyptian, and the not very successful maps of Agathodæmon, become accessible to the West in their original Greek form. Thanks to their works, the Arabs were from that century onward far in advance of all other peoples in mathematical geography. They knew already that the earth was a ball and moved in space, though they still erroneously looked on it as the centre of the universe. Abulfida says, for example, that if two persons travelled round the earth, the one going in an easterly and the other in a westerly direction, and if they met again at the spot from which they had started, the one would be a day before and the other a day behind the time of the ordinary calendar. Now, compare with this the fact mentioned by the too early deceased Peschel, that when the first ship, the *Victoria*, made in 1522 the voyage round

\* Before writing these lines I met with a remarkable example of the same sort which has all the appearance of being a case of progression like the one mentioned above, but applied to real circumstances. The following legend is associated with the ancient Berseba (Well of the Seven) where Abraham dug the well and gave Abimelech 7 trees as a pledge of the alliance concluded with him: "Here the Beni Murr dwelt at 7 wells, and every well had 7 mouths, and every mouth 7 troughs, and out of every trough drank 7 horses." Shylock says:

"If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them; I would have my bond."

the world, and found a day wanting in the ship's reckoning, the best heads despaired of discovering a solution for this simple circumstance.

Unfortunately, our knowledge of the state of astronomical science among the ancient Egyptians is so limited, that it would be rash to try to pick out from the writings of Ptolemæus all that he owed to the learning of his countrymen. This, however, can be easily perceived, that he went beyond them in all fields. Unless we are to assume that his tables have been incompletely preserved, his list of kings shows that he intentionally omitted much that he might in his time have found in the archives of the temples on the Nile; for while he enumerates twenty Babylonian kings, ten Persian, and thirteen of the house of Ptolemies, as well as the Roman Emperors after Augustus, he gives no list whatever of the Pharaohs. His doctrine of the eccentricity and epicycles of the planets, which passed current down to a late period in the Middle Ages, connects itself with the previous labors of Apollonius of Perga and the great Hipparchus, and is consequently associated only indirectly at the best with Egyptian ideas. On the other hand, we may affirm that Eudoxos's theory of the spheres is connected with Egyptian ideas, because he was educated in the school of the priests at Heliopolis, and because the astronomers of the Nile had long before his time reduced the apparently arbitrary courses of the planets to the form of a circle in a way similar to his conception. Aristotle speaks of very ancient observations of the planets by the Egyptians and Babylonians; and Seneca says expressly that it was Eudoxos that first brought the knowledge of the planetary motions from Egypt to Greece. According to this same Eudoxos, every planet had to move through a number of spheres, or transparent ball-shells, all concentric, but moving in different directions. He believed there were twenty-six of these in all. This number was subsequently increased by Aristotle to fifty-five. "We read," says a great modern scholar, "of the geometrical phantasy of the ancients, which looked on space as being filled with fifty-five transparent balls turning on different axes in

different ways and in different periods, but they left unsolved the problem of connecting these apparently irregular movements together under a single law."

If we look into their extant writings, we find that they thought the universe to be occupied by seventy-five spheres. These are frequently mentioned, and their importance indicated in passages of the so-called "Lekennu" texts on the kings' graves of Bibāu-el-Mulūk, which have been published and excellently commented on by the Geneva Egyptologist, Naville. They were termed *Kert*, and distinguished either by the general sign for abode or dwelling, or by the circle O. The seventy-five forms of divinity (here termed *Rā*) have their dwelling place in them and fill them full. The spirit of the Highest occupies them, proceeds from them, and lives in them in blessed peace. They can hardly be anything else than the ball-shells of Eudoxos. They must be thought of as flying clouds clear as crystal. In the mythological astronomical representations, found on the ceiling of halls sacred to the gods, deity, entering the sensible world as a star, moves in a golden boat on their surface. According to pantheistic conceptions, *Rā* is he in whom all the spheres are united, who comprehends them all in himself, and fills them with his being. In this connection Naville recalls the saying of Damascius, "The whole kosmos is the kosmical God, for he embraces all kosmical spheres in himself. The learned Syrer states expressly that this saying was derived from ancient traditions, and by that he means those of the Egyptians, for we know that he owes the best part of his own knowledge to Theon of Alexandria, and Ammonius the Egyptian.

Some texts of old date appear to indicate that astronomers under the Pharaohs already possessed a knowledge of the motion of the earth, and the Norwegian Lieblein has carefully collected all the information bearing on that matter; but for many reasons we cannot consider the remarkable facts he adduces as results of astronomical observation. The astronomical writings and tables of the ancient horoscopists are lost, but we gather that they contained

surprisingly extensive knowledge, for Diodorus states that the Egyptian astronomers knew how to calculate the eclipses of the sun and moon with unerring accuracy, and according to Diogenes Laërtius, there were observed, from the earliest times down to Alexander the Great, 375 eclipses of the sun and 852 of the moon. The Egyptians were acquainted, as Lepsius most ably proves, with the fixed stars. According to their view, the earth sat in the centre of the universe, and all the stars journeyed round her.

Space does not permit us to go into the other branches of knowledge cultivated by the Arabs. Their philosophy, as is known, was entirely dependent on Aristotle, whose works, like those of Ptolemæus, were brought to the West in the Middle Ages, in part by means of Arabic translations. We know so little of the philology of the Egyptians that we must forbear trying to find in the philological works of the Arabs what they have borrowed from the Egyptians. What is best in the Greek philosophers was arrived at by themselves independently, but still much might be added to Teichmüller's able account of the Egyptian teaching in Hekataeus. In the writings of the Neo-Platonists, we have ourselves come across many things unconditionally Egyptian. In Arabic tracts also, like that of Hermes on the Human Soul, there are many remarkable resemblances to ideas which we find in earlier times expressed by Egyptian priests. The religion of the Mussulmans came to Egypt ready-made and complete along with its confessors. The Koran has been much, thoroughly, and more or less ably and profoundly commented on in that country, but, naturally, always in a purely Arabian sense. But in Cairo many outward things, especially the forms taken by beneficence and the funeral rites, connect themselves with customs and usages that grew on ancient Egyptian soil, and were rooted in Moslem life through the instrumentality of the Copts. One of these customs was that of attaching schools as pious foundations to temples. In the earliest times we find all seminaries of science of which hieratic manuscripts make mention, closely associated with the temples of the gods. The

most important of these institutions flourished on the territory of the Necropolis of Thebes, and belonged, together with the famous library which bore the inscription "Hospital of the Soul," to the Memnium of Ramses II. But in the residential part of Thebes also, scholastic institutions were maintained in connection with the greatest sanctuary of the kingdom. The pupils educated at them meet us often under the name of scholars of the town of Ammon, and it is now established that the colleges of Heliopolis and Sais were connected with the temples of those towns. Every sanctuary had landed property, and was put into an excellent position by the endowments provided by Pharaoh and private benefactors, and often by claims to pious services. The real and movable estate of the temples and schools was largely increased, especially by the lavish generosity of Ramses the Third, and it may be compared throughout with the *ankāf* (sing. *wakf*), the foundations in which Cairo is peculiarly rich, but which have been subject to State supervision since Mohammed 'Ali. Of course it is difficult to determine in what form the heathen custom preserved itself in passing through the Christian period into the Moslem. It is usual, in the transition of a people from one religion to another, for important institutions of the old doctrine to be completely abolished, while matters of unessential detail are often willingly retained and live long in oral tradition as popular superstitions.

In this way the worship of cats, which were held high and holy among the ancient Egyptians, has survived to the present day, though in an ever feeble and feeble form. The Kadi was obliged, not very long ago, to feed homeless mouse-catchers for the most part at his own cost, and even to-day meat is laid out for them every afternoon in a particular courtyard to which they flock. The great Sultan Bebars bequeathed a garden in the north of Cairo for the entertainment of the cats of the town. The German pilgrim Arnold von Harff saw a soldier sitting in the sunshine, and observed that he allowed himself to be painfully roasted and blinded rather than go back into the shade, because he could not bring it into



his heart to disturb the sleep of a cat that lay in his bosom.

It is especially remarkable, however, to find this survival of ancient Egyptian animal-worship introduced into one of the most important religious functions of the Egyptian Arabs, the pilgrimage to Mecca, and retained in it to this day. Pilgrimages to particular sanctuaries were already customary in the age of the Pharaohs. Bubastis, in the Delta, is mentioned as the shrine of the most important of these. At that place was situated the principal sanctuary of the goddess Sechet, the daughter of the sun-god Pia, who was represented by a cat's head, as the Queen of Love, from whom passion, lust and festal intoxication flowed into the hearts of the pious. Men and women from all Egypt streamed in wild licentiousness to her temple; 700,000 men, we are told by Herodotus, went to Bubastis every year and brought dead cats there for burial; and this statement has been completely authenticated, for a short time ago a cat graveyard, containing innumerable bones of this sacred animal, was discovered in the heap of ruins which rises from the plain of Zakazik, and now constitutes the only remains of the famous pilgrimage city of Bubastis. As 700,000 of the faithful went to Bubastis under the Pharaohs, so in the present day 70,000 Moslems are obliged to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. If this number is not complete, then Heaven makes up the difference by sending angels. The caravan begins with the Mahmal of Cairo, and what comes next in the long procession immediately after the Camel-Schëch, who every year makes the pilgrimage, half naked, and with streaming hair? It is the Father of Cats or Schëch of Cats, who carries with him, in baskets hanging on either side of his saddle, as many cats as he can accommodate before and behind him.

In earlier times the caravan was accompanied by a mother of cats, instead of a father of cats, but the wife has been supplanted by the husband in consequence of the small part which women take in the pilgrimage. Islam has, indeed, generally deprived women of the privileged position which was granted them in ancient Egypt. A pilgrimage similar to that of Bubastis is at present

celebrated at Tanta. It is attached to the tomb and commemoration festival of the saint Sejjid Ahmed-el-Bedawi. Popular festivals, on as great a scale as those of the time of the Pharaohs, are associated with the religious celebration, and we have ourselves seen whole boat-fuls of women of ill-fame going to the fair of Tanta, who, as soon as they met another boat, uttered those singular shrill screams with which under emotional excitement, whether gay or sad, they rend the ear. These women conduct themselves in general not much more decently than their predecessors at the pilgrimage to Bubastis.

In the graveyard of Cairo the Egyptian archaeologist will find many traces of pre-Christian times. The Greeks burned the dead; the Christians disliked mummifying them; for example, one of the most ancient saints of the Coptic Church desired to see his body saved from that process; and so the art of the Colchytes, Parashistes and Taricheutes became lost; but just as Memphis and Thebes had their necropolis, so Cairo has its city of the dead. Of course this is situated in the east of the town, and not, according to ancient Egyptian usage, in the west. This circumstance is partly due to the nature of the locality, and partly to the altered estimate set upon the various quarters of the heavens, for the Moslems have quite different ideas on this point from the ancient Egyptians. The latter gave the first rank to the south, the home of the Nile, on which the weal and woe of their country depended; and since they likened the fate of the soul to the course of the sun, and thought the boat of day received the immortal part of man in order to disappear with it at night in the under world, the necropolis was naturally placed in the west of the town. So, too, the sarcophagus chambers in the Pyramids were placed in the west, because Osiris lived in the west. To the Moslems on the Nile, on the other hand, the east is the most honorable quarter. To the east the face is always turned in prayer, to the east the head is always turned in dying, for in the east lies the holiest of holy places, Mecca with its Ka'aba. Besides, the Arabs formed an intelligent economical estimate of the nature of the country con-

quered by them, to which Arrian refers in the first verse of a series of distichs which he caused to be engraved on the Great Sphinx:

"God founded here this far shining work of art

That carefully guards the field's wheat producing plain."

The habitations of the dead were placed in the desert in order not to diminish the cultivable land of the living, and, as is also well established, in order to protect the corpse from the overflow of the river. The mummies would have been injured by the water, and experience may have taught the priestly physicians that noxious exhalations rise from flooded graveyards after the abatement of the flood. So the Karase, as the Cairenes term their necropolis, lies in the east and south-east of the town, and on desert ground. Hither every Friday come the Moslem citizens before sunrise, pronounce a *sare* from the Koran over the grave of their dead, and distribute dates, bread, and the like, to the poor. Then the *balabe* and *durabuke* (violins and kettledrums) are played, and the visit to the graveyard becomes a feast. The ancient Egyptians conducted themselves in exactly the same way.

On stated days the survivors visited the tombs of their departed friends, sacrificed, banqueted, played the harp, and sang and invited their acquaintances to entertainments at home. At the grave of Neferhotep in Thebes (sixteenth century B.C.) may be seen, cut in the stone, the song of the harper who was appointed to play at such festivities, and this song shows how a certain fresh delight in life mingled with the feelings about death that were prevalent among the ancient Egyptians, who celebrated their festivals more boisterously than most other peoples. One is reminded of the Anacreontic verse: "The present day is here for the heart to enjoy; who knows what the next may bring?" or of the Horatian "*carpe diem*," and the whole ode on Leuconoe, when one hears the harper singing at the tomb of Neferhotep in celebration of the festival of the Prophet: "Bring me sweet-scented ointment, and balsam, and twine with garlands of flowers the breasts and arms of thy much-loved sister, who

attaches herself affectionately to thee. We will sing songs, we will strike the harp before thy face. Lay aside all care, and think only of joy till the day of our departure draws near. Then shall we arrive and find peace in the kingdom where silence reigns." Is it accidental that the singers who accompany the corpse of deceased Mussulmans are often blind, like the musicians who officiated in the funeral rites of ancient Egypt? And who knows the ancient Egyptian representations of the women who made the lamentations for the dead—who has read what Herodotus has written about the Egyptian mourning women—without being reminded of it all when he sees the women of modern Cairo who attend a funeral smear their breast and brow with mud, raise their arms, and strike their head with their hands? When we meet such a funeral procession, we may well believe that our "to-day" is united without interruption with the days of Neferhotep. The mourning women at the funeral of deceased Cairenes appear to be the direct successors of those whom we see on innumerable sculptures, striking their forehead with loud lamentations. To what Arabic song must we refer the Linos-song, which Herodotus heard among the Greeks, Phœnicians, and in Cyprus, and which is said to have been called *Mancrōs* on the Nile? Perhaps the melody often sung, beginning "*Dās ja lelli*," may be taken for it. I have heard the following dedication sung, not only a thousand times in Egypt, but also, of course in a somewhat altered form, in Andalusia, where many Moorish songs still remain:



It must be noted that this song was not only sung on melancholy but also on joyful occasions.\*

\* For this reason we cannot agree with the meaning which Brugsch in his "*Adonislied und Linoslied*" gives to Linos and Mancros. Wilkinson is reminded by the "*jalelli*" of the

As in the celebrations of mourning so in those of joy, ancient and modern are mingled. One of the most licentious figures in the popular festivals of Cairo carries an emblem which was of much importance in many a celebration in the time of the Pharaohs, and works with it in mad play. It owes its name to Saladin's Vizier Karakusch. The snake charmers whom one meets in the open streets and at all popular festivities, form a family in which the secret of taming poisonous adders, of driving them out of the course, of making them dance, etc., has been handed down from father to son for thousands of years. Every child knows of the tricks which the magicians of Pharaoh played before Moses; but we possess also a satirical papyrus of the time of Ramses III., on which we see in front of the "Sublime Porte," the palace of the king, a ram and an ass playing lute and harp, and a crocodile practising magic on a snake. Receipts for driving noxious animals from a house are found in the Ebers papyrus. Lane asserts that the modern snake-charmers carry about with them only snakes from which they have previously extracted the fangs.

The same scholar tells of an institution which existed in Cairo not long since, and in which, as we know from the best sources, many still living Cairenes took part. All the guilds and trades of the town had their president or *schêcho*, and even the common thieves recognized such an officer over them. People often went to him to recover stolen goods and bring the thieves to justice, and they commonly succeeded with his help. Compare with that the following passage which we borrow *verbatim* from "Diodorus of Sicily":

"It was ordained that those who practised the avocation of thief should inscribe their names with the president of the thieves. If they had stolen anything, they had at once to confess what they had done and show him their booty. The robbed person was then required to send to this president of thieves a written statement of all the things he had missed, and mention place, day and hour of their disappearance. In this way everything was easily found, and the robbed person received his lost

property on paying a fourth of it. As it was impossible to prevent theft entirely, the law-giver thus invented a means of getting back what was stolen in return for a certain redemption money, which was willingly paid."

How remarkable is the long duration of this apparently absurd custom!

Unquestionably ancient Egyptian is also a part of the calendar which is still in use among the Cairenes to-day. From the variable nature of the Moslem lunar year, the periodical feasts fall at different times in different years, and it is natural that the present Egyptians should prefer using the Coptic calendar to their own, in the case of feasts that depend on regularly recurring natural events, because the Coptic calendar is founded on the ancient Egyptian solar year, which was also made the basis of our own calendar by Julius Caesar. Many religious and superstitious usages of the Mussulmans connect themselves with the Christian feast-days in the Coptic calendar. For example, the forty-nine days of the Chamsin, or hot S.W. wind, are placed in the period between the third day of the Coptic Easter feast and Whitsunday. Again, the commencement of the rising of the Nile is fixed, not according to the Moslem calendar, but according to the Coptic, and many an ancient Egyptian survival continues in the celebration of this natural event. Stern has shown in his paper on the Nile-stele of Gebel Silsile, that the two Nile feasts instituted by Ramses II. are to be regarded as the predecessors of those which are celebrated in the metropolis of Egypt to-day. The one is the "Night of the Drop," which always falls on the 11th Bauneh (17th June), when the Nile is at its lowest; the other, the Cutting of the Dam, is fixed according to the state of the water. They are two months apart, just like the festivals mentioned on the Nile-stele of the age of the Pharaohs. We learn from the classical writers (Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny) that the amount of taxation was determined every year after the abatement of the overflow, and that for a fruitful year it was counted necessary that the water should have reached a height of fourteen to sixteen ells. Who does not know of the "Father Nile" in the Vatican surrounded by sixteen genie

Hebrew *hallel* to sing, from which *hallelu-ja* comes. Among the Cairenes it is an expression of joy.

children as allegorical incorporations of these sixteen ells? The desired height of the water here mentioned was, as Aristides expressly states, indicated by the Nile-gauge at Memphis, and we know that this gauge was transferred from the left bank of the Nile to the right, or more precisely to the island Roda, opposite Fostat, and that it has retained its importance for the whole country to this day. We have treated in another place of the cutting of the dam and the feast connected therewith. Here we shall only add that some primitive usages are still associated with it. One of the chief of these is the preparation of a cone of earth, called *El-Arus*—i.e., the bride, which is so placed on the dam that the rising flood must wash it away from eight to fourteen days before it reaches its height. The circumstance that a little corn is put on the top of it shows that it had originally the significance of an offering. And, in fact, its recurrence appears to stand in close connection with the ancient custom of throwing an offering into the Nile shortly before the commencement of its rising. This was practised in heathen times at Memphis, for Pliny mentions that at the Nile feast called *Neilsa*, a gold or silver dish was thrown by the priests into the so-called source of the Nile at Memphis.

The following story which Ibn Ajās has preserved, is well known. Shortly after the foundation of Fostat by 'Amr, the Nile refused to rise, and the Copts wished to throw into the water a maiden, the usual offering cast annually into the arms of the river, for they thought the Nile would not rise unless it received this its customary tribute. When the flood still delayed coming, the commander went to the Caliph, and informed him of the circumstance. The messenger returned, bringing a letter from Omar, which 'Amr was directed to cast into the river. This was done, and on the very next night the water rose to the necessary level of sixteen ells. The Caliph's letter contained the following words: "To the blessed Nile of Egypt. If thou hast hitherto flowed only according to thine own pleasure, then suspend thy rising; but if thou obeyest the commands of the Most High

God, then we pray Him to increase thy flood." This story is certainly founded on fact, for in the days of the trustworthy Makrissi (†1442) the Christian part of the population of Cairo still threw a casket containing the finger of a saint into the Nile, in order to move it to a favorable rise. But when we remember that those who are said shortly after the foundation of Fostat to have pressed for the offering of a virgin were Christians, and that human sacrifices were actually practised among the heathen Egyptians, we feel ourselves compelled to infer some transposition or distortion in the narrative of Ibn Ajās. The overflow of the Nile was naturally not less impatiently waited for in the time of the Pharaohs than in the seventh century A.D. and in our own day, and from the character of the ancient Egyptian cultus we must assume that shortly before the commencement of the rising of the Nile great processions took place, and many kinds of offerings were made. These must have been addressed to the Nile-god Hapi, and to Osiris. The latter was considered the great aboriginal power that ruled all things and awakened all fresh life, working and producing everything in the under world, and by consequence also in the Nile, moving through the abode of the dead, and raising his own to new life. In pantheistic texts Osiris is called the Nile, and just as he brings light out of darkness, and animates the dead to fresh exertions, and withered vegetation to new bloom, so also he makes the river of Egypt to rise in its season.

These ideas are contained likewise in the Christian teaching of the Copts; but since the Copts could not look on a heathen deity as anything but a demon, they transferred his divine energy, which was displayed most actively in the regularly recurring rise of the river, to their own holy Orion. In a Christian Egyptian papyrus, written in Greek hexameters, and belonging apparently to the fifth or sixth century A.D., the following passage occurs in an exorcism: "Come to me, holy Orion, thou who restest in the north, thou who movest the flood of the Nile and minglest it with the sea." This formula is very like heathen Egyptian ones of the same kind,



and it may be here mentioned that in texts belonging to the period of the Pharaohs Osiris is addressed as the constellation of Orion. A disguised Osiris-worship had thus certainly continued among the Copts up till the Mussulman invasion, and when we hear of the offerings of many sorts which the ancient Egyptians threw into the Nile (*e.g.*, the dish already mentioned), we may safely assume that the Copts had not yet renounced this custom of their ancestors when 'Amr built Fostat. We cannot, indeed, attribute to them the offering of a real maiden, a virgin of flesh and blood, but when we find in Porphyry a statement of Manetho to the effect that the Egyptians had in earlier times sacrificed men in great numbers, and that Amasis had abolished this horrible custom and substituted wax figures for the men, we may perhaps discover in this some clew to the solution of the enigma. What the Copts proposed must have been to throw into the river the wax statue of a maiden with certain ceremonies, but 'Amr thought he could not tolerate this, because as a monotheistic Arab, the foe of images, he did not wish to owe anything to an idol. Perhaps the bride which the Arabs at the present day make out of the Nile mud may be considered the successor of the wax figure. This guess wins some support from the accounts found in the hieroglyphic texts of the ceremonies practised at the Nile feasts. According to these texts the image of Hathor, whose fair bosom was uncovered on a certain day before the worshippers, was carried at the time of the Nile rising in a solemn procession to Edfu in order to visit her son Hor Hud there. At this peculiar season the goddess Neith is said, according to the Feast Calendar of Esne (on 13 Epiphi), to bear her son anew. Her head is seen as she lies bearing him, stretched in the water.

The image of a goddess (Neith) thus appears actually to have been placed in the river during the rising. Most of the statements in these texts relate to ceremonies observed with the images of deities. Perhaps the custom practised by Christians in the time of 'Amr is connected with this usage; perhaps we must see in it another ceremony con-

nected with the worship of Osiris, into which we cannot enter further here.\*

A tear of Ifas, when her heart was breaking with anxiety for the return of her husband, fell, according to the belief of heathen times, into the river and made it swell, and then, after Horus had conquered Set (the dry), it brought back the husband (Osiris-Nile) to the mourning wife (the earth longing for fertilization); but this tear the Arabs have converted into the "divine drop," which, as they think, causes the rising of the Nile.

The inquirer in Cairo thus finds the old in the new everywhere, in art, in science, in civil and public life. The physical law of the conservation of matter is true also of the acquisitions of the mind. They seem to disappear, vanish, and go to nothing, but they are only forgotten, and in reality transmute themselves into new and no longer recognizable forms, or disappear perhaps temporarily under dust or behind clouds. But they still live and work on, and it is one of the greatest joys of the investigator to seek and recognize them under rubbish heaps or in thick wrappings. What an enjoyment it is to search through Cairo for the remains of antiquity. May those to whom it is to-day given to guide the destinies of the Nile Valley, not forget that with every monument of ancient Egypt they destroy, they destroy a part of her greatness. History eschews wreaths, but flourishes the whip, and she has engraved on her tables in much deeper letters the destructive work of the Vandals than all their brave and glorious deeds.—*Contemporary Review*.

\* In the nineteenth Upper Egyptian province, that of the Oxyrynchites of the Greeks, whose sacred animal, the first Oxyrynchos, was closely connected with the worship of Osiris, Horus is said, after he overthrew Set, the enemy of his father Osiris, to have cut off his leg and given it to the priests of the *merchet*, or (according to Dæmichen's explanation of the word) observatory of the Nile rising. Now, an animal's leg is said to have been thrown into the river by these priests as an offering, but that circumstance is susceptible of another explanation than that just suggested. This animal's leg is called *alodsch* or *arodsch*, and it is possible to take this word of Ibn Ajās for the Arabic *úrūs*, and in that case the offering of a leg is a commutation for the offering of a *bride* or a *young maiden* (*úrūs*).

## THE RINALDO OF TORQUATO TASSO.

THE title of this paper will unavoidably suggest a false idea to the reader's mind. He will expect from it a disquisition on the character of Rinaldo, the youthful hero of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered;" an examination into the extent to which the Italian poet's brilliant copy of the Homeric Achilles falls short of the Hellenic delineation of the "divine wrath" of the son of Peleus; and a comparison of Armida with Dido, and of Eneas with Rinaldo, in that fine episode of his work in which Tasso owes so much to Virgil. It is desirable, therefore, to explain at once that the Rinaldo now to be treated of is not the creation of Tasso, but of the old romancers—not the son of Berthold and Sophia, but the son of Aymon and Beatrice; not the individual property, so to speak, of the singer of the Crusade, but the figure already made familiar to the Italian public in the pages of Boiardo and of Ariosto.

Of him Tasso, while yet a student at Padua, wrote, taking his hero's earliest youth as his theme; a theme congenial to his own age, which was then but eighteen. The poem in octaves which he indited in Rinaldo's honor is more than half the length of the "Jerusalem Delivered," and is contained in twelve books. Forgotten now—so completely, that it is very probable that these words may give the first intimation to many readers that they ever had of its existence—it was yet extremely popular at its first appearance, encircled its youthful author's head with a halo of celebrity, and forged one of the earliest links in that chain—golden at first, but afterward of iron—which drew him to Ferrara and to the Court of Alphonso of Este.

Although in itself lacking several of the attributes necessary to secure abiding popularity to so long a poem, the Rinaldo, alike for its own undoubted merits, and still more as the first essay of the yet immature genius which was afterward to produce such great results, is not unworthy of attention; and it may be that a short account of it may win the gratitude of some reader curious in Italian literature, or succeed not un-

acceptably in occupying a vacant half-hour for some lover of the tales of chivalry.

The epoch of the Rinaldo, then, is, as has been already intimated, the time of Charlemagne—whose great conflicts with the Saracens, so vigorously depicted by Ariosto, form only a background for Tasso's picture of a young champion who fights, in the first place, for love—in the second, for mere personal glory. His hero is first exhibited to us as fired with generous emulation by the exploits of his cousin Orlando, the Roland of northern song; he laments in a secluded meadow near Paris the inglorious days which he has himself been spending. A kindred regret has been awakened likewise in the breast of another cousin of Rinaldo, that potent enchanter Malagigi, so familiar to readers of the "Orlando Furioso," and he hastens to assist his young kinsman, who, attracted by the neighing of a war-horse, sees a splendid suit of armor hanging ready for his use on the tree to which the courser is tethered, and knows that it is meant for him by seeing his ancestral crest, the panther, on the shield. Rinaldo has already received knighthood from the hands of Charlemagne on the day on which, a mere boy, he vindicated his mother's honor from unjust aspersions; but the vow which he then made, to wear no sword till he has taken some brave warrior's weapon by force, still binds him; and so, while putting on the arms provided for him by Malagigi's thoughtful care, he leaves the sword behind. Nor is the horse which he now mounts destined long to bear him. His sorcerer kinsman knows that the hour has come for him to win a nobler steed which the fates are reserving for him. In the forest of Ardennes roves, free and terrible to all who meet him, the mighty Bayard—brought there of old by Amadis of Gaul,\* and laid,

\* Here the young Torquato links his work to his father Bernardo's, whose 'Amadigi' was his loved employment in prosperity, and the consolation of his exiled years. The old romances made Malagigi, not Rinaldo, subdue Bayard; and indeed Tasso was indebted to

after his death, under a spell which preserves him in perpetual youth for the use of a descendant of his former owner who shall be his equal in valor. Both these conditions are fulfilled by Rinaldo, and Malagigi impels him to the enterprise.

On his way to seek it, the knight has an encounter of vast influence on his future life. A sunshine is made in the shady places of the forest through which he rides by a beauteous lady, who is there chasing a milk-white hind. Her golden hair waves freely to the wind, a sweet light shines from her eyes, lilies and roses mingle on her cheeks, while from her brow of ivory there "descends a grace able to gladden any sorrowful soul." Rinaldo looks and loves at once, bursting forth into the reverent salutation—"Lady or goddess, which-soever you be, may heaven ever bring you safety and peace! and even as it has already made you charming and beautiful, so may each star rain blessedness upon your head!" Then vowing himself to the damsel's service, he humbly asks her name. Thereupon the unknown beauty is disclosed to him as Clarice, sister of the Count of Gascony, and hears in return that she sees before her the descendant of Constantine, the son of Aymon, Count of Claremont. "Who has not heard of your ancestors, and of the exploits of your father, and of your cousin Orlando against the Moors?" rejoins the lady; "but as yet fame has reported to us none of yours." "With your favor I would not fear to meet that paladin in arms, and would bring you a good account of him," answers Rinaldo, stung to the heart by the implied doubt. Just at this moment Clarice's own attendant knights ride up in search of her; and she, with the recklessness of consequences usual in the chivalric romances, smilingly bids Rinaldo prove himself on them—saying that he who is a match for Orlando can easily overthrow them all. The knight takes her at her word, challenges the whole troop to show who is worthiest to guard their lady, and a terrible, and, alas! bloody combat follows—in which, despite of being swordless, Rinaldo by

dexterity and strength remains the victor. Saluted as such by Clarice, he courteously escorts her to her castle's gate. But when she bids him enter with her to greet her mother, he declines. Though secretly smitten with love for the brave stranger, the lady had not encouraged the suit which he tried to prefer as they rode together. The knight's own consciousness of small desert makes him forbear as yet to press it; and so he "denies himself his own desire," and, with a divided heart, rides on in search of adventures. Although thus speedily parted, each breast feels the beatings of an unwonted passion. If Rinaldo seven times turns his horse's head to go back and as often returns to his first purpose, Clarice sighs and laments at home, and bathes her lovely face with tears, saying, "Whence comes this bitter sweetness, this sorrowful delight, this hope full of grief?" She answers her own question:

Alas! too plainly now I come to know,  
Now that to know can profit me no more,  
That Love, of proudest souls the overthrow,  
Makes pitiless proof on me—unfelt before.  
'Tis Love I feel with proud, firm footsteps go  
Within my heart, as having forced the door;  
'Tis Love who kindles hope there and desire,  
Stirs anguish there and ever-ardent fire.

—Canto ii. 10.

While thus fair Clarice bewails herself in her chamber, Rinaldo pursues his quest of Bayard. A knight, whom he finds seated under an oak, fights with him for the privilege of undertaking the adventure; and after being defeated is permitted to share it. Isolier, as he is called, approaches the enchanted cave in Rinaldo's company, and they soon see its occupant. Bay, as his name indicates, with a silver star on his forehead, and splendidly proportioned, Bayard's skin is invulnerable by Isolier's weapons, as, fierce and snorting fire, he receives their attack, and knocks their wielder down. Rinaldo, however, succeeds in subduing him by a mixture of force and dexterity; and Bayard, submitting to him as to his rightful master, thenceforward proves his faithful and devoted servant.

Mounted on his predestined charger, Rinaldo rides on with Isolier in search of adventures. The result of one of these brings him into contact with the ambassador of Francardo, King of

them for very little but the names of his hero and heroine.

Armenia, from whom he hears the unwelcome news that he has a powerful rival in that monarch for the hand of Clarice. Francardo's first love with an Assyrian princess, Clarinea, for love of whom he roamed over Asia, and, maintaining whose charms to be peerless, overthrew the King of Tyre and three doughty giants—not to mention a leopard-like man who fell before him in the lists, presided over by the Soldan of Babylon himself. But after a while, hearing of the temple of beauty in India—a great magician's work—Francardo, unluckily for Clarinea, resolved to behold its marvels, slew the wild beasts set to guard it, and forced his way inside. There he beheld the all but breathing images of the five or six loveliest women of each century, set there by the enchanter's art. After gazing on the shapes of departed loveliness, the king naturally turned to the fair ones of his own day in search of the Princess Clarinea's form. Alas! it was not to be found there; and a glance told him that, great as might be her charms, they were eclipsed by those of the ladies preferred to her; especially by those of Yvo of Gascony's sister, Clarice. Hereupon Francardo, resolving to make her his wife, sent Rinaldo's informant, the Knight of the Siren, to demand her of the emperor in marriage, promising both to respect her religion and to bring up their children in the Christian faith; but threatening war if her hand is refused him. The answer the ambassador has received from the emperor has been not unfavorable; and he is now on his way to procure the assent of Clarice herself and of her mother. How Clarinea bears her desertion remains untold.

"Mad is that lord who thinks by sword and lance  
To terrify the cavaliers of France,"

is Rinaldo's exclamation on hearing this tale. But after the Armenian knight has left him and proceeded on his errand, many fears disturb his mind not that he doubts his own ability to defend Clarice against a world in arms, but that he dreads her being dazzled by the offer of an Eastern diadem.

This new-born jealousy must plead his excuse for an act of apparent dis-

courtesy. For, coming shortly afterward to the Seine, he sees a boat with sails of cloth-of-silver and awnings of cloth-of-gold, and on its flower-wreathed decks maidens who play sweet instruments and sing. It is an attendant satellite on the car of Galerana, Queen of France; a car with golden axles, on which blaze orient gems, and with pearl-embroidered purple coverings, drawn by ten milk-white stags with gold collars and azure bridles, and escorted by a hundred knights in rich armor. Like the sun's fair sister amid the stars, like Thetis among her nymphs, sits the majestic queen on her raised seat in the chariot, surrounded by her damsels. One of them is Clarice. Rinaldo, at sight of the lady whose loss he has begun to dread, cannot restrain himself. He at once challenges the knights attendant, among whom the lance which Tristram used of old\* works great havoc. Having soon, ably seconded by Isolier, routed or slain her whole guard, he approaches the queen, and, with a show of courteous submission, begs her pardon for taking away one lady from her goodly company. But he brooks no refusal, lifts the pale and trembling Clarice on to a palfrey without asking her own consent, and leads her off, though her downcast eyes are full of tears at this rough method of wooing. The result, however, justifies his boldness in so far as an easily obtained pardon can go. For no sooner has Rinaldo raised his vizor, and, assuring Clarice of his respectful obedience to her every wish, disclosed to her the Armenian embassy as his reason for wishing to place her in safe-keeping, than the lady dries her tears and feels the tempests of her heart calmed by Rinaldo's eyes—as, says the

\* Just before this, Rinaldo and his friend came to the bronze statues of Lancelot and Tristram, erected by Merlin's art, each grasping a lance which will only be yielded up to a knight who surpasses its former owner in strength. Tristram holds his too tight for Isolier to take, but readily relinquishes it to Rinaldo. Lancelot is unattempted by either. Like other episodes by which Tasso seeks to enhance the impression of his young hero's might, this is brought in with some lack of art; and the reader is in danger of growing weary of adventures which succeed each other without definitely advancing the progress of the story.



classically-minded poet, are the storms of ocean by the shining sons of Leda. But the experienced reader who observes that the poem is as yet only in its fourth canto, knows well that this peace cannot be of long duration, and marvels not to see Malagigi appear on the scene to disturb it. That potent enchanter, fearing a too early interruption of Rinaldo's victorious career, meets the enamored pair in the guise of a black knight, bearing a dragon on his shield. Before his onslaught even Bayard falls; and ere Rinaldo can raise him, the stranger strikes the earth with his lance, a car like Pluto's, drawn by four black horses snorting fire, rises from the cleft, and, white and half dead with terror, Clarice, a second Proserpine, is whirled away in it out of sight.

Rinaldo seeks her, but in vain, and finds no comfort in his transports of rage and grief. Thick mists prevent Bayard, risen mightier than ever when released from the magic spell, from pursuing the flying car; and its rider's despair exceeds his poet's power to paint. A faint hope of recovering his lost lady keeps her cavalier alive; and he records a vow to seek her for years and lustrums if needful, alike when winter whitens the fields and when spring adorns them with her roses and her lilies.

He is alone in his sorrow; for Isolier disappears at this point from the poem, being last seen in vain pursuit of the robber and his prey.

But Rinaldo's solitude is relieved before long; and he finds a congenial companion in a young shepherd who is lamenting his own hopeless love—the story whereof the knight hears seated at his side upon the grass. No shepherd, but the supposed son of a wealthy Spanish noble, Florindo had fixed his affections on Olinda, daughter of the King of Numantia. His boldness has displeased her; and, an exile for her sake, he is now wandering, the pilgrim of love, in search of a cave where Cupid gives oracles. This cavern, as he has just heard, is nigh to the spot where they are seated, and he invites Rinaldo to accompany him thither. The entrance is defended by flames which only faithful lovers can pass through unscathed. But Florindo and his new friend alike abide the test, and each receives a favorable

answer; Florindo, yet a pagan, in requital of sacrifice duly offered—the Christian Rinaldo, because Cupid's image is Merlin's work, and so framed by him that it denies a faithful response to no man who fulfils the indispensable conditions. The cavern shakes with a sound as of winds and waves, Cupid's golden bow and quiver rattle as he claps his wings and speaks. Then Rinaldo learns what Malagigi has done, and why, and that he has restored Clarice safely to her mother; and is further cheered by being promised that he shall yet wed her if he perseveres in the career of arms. Florindo, too, is assured of happiness when his own princely birth shall in due time be disclosed, and bidden meanwhile to follow the same course.

Thus both the young men depart with uplifted hearts from the cavern, and at once betake themselves to join Charlemagne's army in the south of Italy, to aid, if fate permit, in completing his victory over the Saracens. Rinaldo's respectful salutation of the imperial land, as he descends on it from the Alps, may be not unknown to some readers:

Hail! land by glorious palms and trophies  
 good  
 Adorned, and lofty deeds and noble hearts;  
 Hail! of unconquered heroes' godlike brood  
 Yet fruitful mother—and of arms and arts;  
 Whose lofty standards, warriors unsubdued,  
 Have faced the western main, the Parthian  
 darts—  
 So breaking down each barrier raised by foes,  
 With strong just laws to give the world repose.  
 —Canto vi.

But the warriors whom Rinaldo seeks on the shores of the Bay of Naples are not sons of Italy. The Saracens are entrenched on Aspramonte—beleaguered there after a severe defeat by the hosts of the great German emperor. The martial show of the Northern forces is thus described:

Led by the Hours, the Sun his burning wheel  
 Unclouded from the sea was lifting high;  
 And, striking full upon the varied steel,  
 Flashed thousand lucent lightnings to the sky:  
 The tremulous bright sparks that they reveal,  
 Dazzling yet gladsome smote the gazer's eye,  
 So that the camp seemed Etna when the air  
 With many flames it colors and makes fair.  
 —Canto vi. 6.

Florindo presents himself to Charles; and, having received knighthood from his hand, delivers a challenge to his host

in his own and his friend's name, who, as he says, are prepared to maintain against all comers, "That no man can mount to true honor unless he have love for his guide." The challenge is eagerly taken up, not only by Christians, but by knights of the Saracen host, to which it is transmitted by a herald. Men who have never known love, or who now delivered from its chains still have them in painful remembrance, are eager to fight Love's champions. The great Charles himself comes down into the plain where the lists are set to see the joust.

First to attack Rinaldo, and first to leave his saddle empty, is Walter of Montlyon; followed in his fall in rapid succession by twelve other Christian knights. Next the steel-clad Saracen, Atlas—a giant on an elephantine charger—finds his steel all too weak to withstand the shock of Bayard's impact. Disengaging himself from his dead charger, as his courteous antagonist gives him full time to do, the Paynim renews the fight with his good sword Fusberta, that "priceless brand," as Tasso calls it, which, like Orlando's Durindana, and Arthur's Excalibur, is treated in the tales of knight-errantry rather as a person than as a thing. This is the sword predestined for Rinaldo's use, who is to be henceforward known as the striker with Fusberta as well as the rider of Bayard. But ere he wins the famous weapon he narrowly escapes meeting his death by it; for Atlas, stung to fury by a wound from his opponent's lance, grasps it suddenly with both hands, wrests it from his hold, and then prepares to deal him a deadly blow.

"What wilt thou do, Rinaldo? who will aid?  
How thus defenceless canst thou death  
evade?"

is the poet's exclamation as he beholds his hero's peril. But a timely leap to one side makes Atlas miss his stroke, and fall himself overbalanced to the ground. A wound from Rinaldo's dagger loosens his grasp of his peerless sword; and Fusberta, snatched by the young champion, severs her former master's head from his shoulders.

The Saracen's death pleases the Christian host well; but when equally hard measure is dealt to some of them-

selves, and Sir Hugh, a knight dear as his own soul to Charlemagne, is likewise slain, the emperor sees it time to interfere, and calls on his nephew Orlando to repress this audacious stranger. He, though unwillingly, obeys, puts on the helmet which he won from Almonte, mounts his famous Brigliadoro, and rides to meet the unknown knight, whose valor has gained his heart. Evenly matched in strength, both horses go down after the first encounter, and then the contest between their riders is continued on foot, reflecting equal honor on the skill and valor of each. Orlando is amazed at being matched alike as a fencer and a wrestler, and longs to know the name of his antagonist. The emperor, too, feels moved by so much valor to forgive his knights' loss, and to interfere lest either of such brave champions should be injured; so that, after the combat has been long continued without visible advantage to either side, he himself rides within the barrier and parts the two knights.

Rinaldo refuses to disclose his name, though requested to do so, saying modestly that it is as yet too obscure; and departs with the likewise victorious Florindo, after a mutual interchange of compliments and gifts, to seek elsewhere the adventures which the Moors, obstinately shut up within their entrenchments, seem unlikely to afford them. But on their way they see a sad sight: the shades of night are lit up by many funeral torches, and their lurid glare discloses to them the slain Hugh's father, lamenting bitterly over the corpse of his beloved and only son. As he weeps over its severed head he cries:

Whither is gone of these fair eyes the light?  
Where the clear honor of this beauteous face?  
How from these cheeks, these lips, the hue  
once bright

Has strayed, alas! and all the smiling grace!  
Is this the brow, so dark and dim to sight,  
That filled my heart with joy? Ah, woful  
case,

If all it gave me once of joy and gladness  
Is now to me made greater grief and sadness!

Son, those last duties now to thee I pay,  
The which thy youth to me more justly owes;  
Farewell, farewell forever, while I say  
Lo! with my wretched hands thine eyes I  
close—

'Tis all that heaven will let them do this day,  
Nor may they wreak thy death upon thy foes;

For its long circling years have wasted now  
Their vigor, made their strength to age to  
bow.  
—Canto vii. 10, 11.

Rinaldo dares not offer the consolations which he longs to give, and rides on in the darkness; only, however, feeling sorrow, not remorse—for he has taken Hugh's life in fair field, and "naught he did in hate, but all in honor."

The next day's light discloses to him another woful spectacle, and one full of fantastic horror. Entombed in a transparent sepulchre, her fair flesh made, by magic, incorruptible, lies the beautiful Clytia; a second Procris, who has met with the fate of her Greek prototype, and been slain—betrayed by the movement of the bushes behind which she lurked, a spy on her hunter-husband—by the dart which he cast at the wild beast which he ignorantly supposed her to be. Now his anguish at his involuntary crime has found strange expression. Day and night he watches the fair corpse in its thin alabaster tomb, and constrains all who pass by to drink of the magic spring beside it—the fountain of sorrow, which at once makes them partners in his grief. It is thus that Tasso describes the approach of Rinaldo and Florindo to the dolorous forest:

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas at the hour when in dim caverns hiding  
The shadows flee the conquering steps of  
morn,  
That they, by broken and steep pathways  
riding,  
Came to a forest gloomy and forlorn,  
Which, on its own harm bent, shut out the  
day,  
Nor from the sun received one friendly ray.  
And through it with a crooked foot unclean  
Crept on a stream that rose in neighboring  
ground;  
No pebbles bright beneath its waves were  
seen,  
No sportive Nymph, no fish, was in them  
found;  
At last collected pond-wisè, mantling green  
They formed a pool spread in wide circle  
round,  
With banks where thorn and brier a thicket  
made—  
The yew and juniper their only shade.  
The knights around them gaze, but nothing  
there  
To waken pleasant thoughts can they descry;  
Nor art, nor nature, makes that region fair,  
Here all things sadden the beholder's eye;  
Here ever dull and murky is the air,

Ever alike sad and obscure the sky,  
Ever the shade is black and thick the stream,  
Ever the soil must bare and flowerless seem.

Whilst yet the youths advance they near at  
hand  
Discern a high sepulchral monument;  
And, pressing round it close, a serried band  
Of warriors with grieved faces downward  
bent,  
Who tear their hair, and beat their breasts, and  
stand  
Woful, as on some bitter care intent;  
The while aye fresh their tears of anguish fall,  
The forest echoes to their plaintive call.

The tomb they compassed of such living  
stone  
Was wrought, stone so transparent to the  
light,  
That, like to glass or water, it made known  
Its inmost secrets to the gazer's sight;  
So that to both the warriors soon were shown  
Its mysteries hard to comprehend aright:  
A ladye, lay there, beautiful of face  
And lovesome. Ah! what did she in that  
place?

She lay there dead, yet dead to fire she seemed  
With lovè the sky and all the earth around.  
Through her fair breast out at the shoulder  
gleamed  
A dart's sharp point all bleeding from the  
wound:  
Her face was white as snow by Juno streamed  
From off her frozen veil upon the ground;  
Her eyes were closed—nathless in them I  
ween  
Could all the treasures vast of love be seen.  
—Canto vii. 13-18.

The chief mourner among the knights puts on his helmet, mounts his horse, and commands the two strangers to drink the sorrowful water, or die by his hand. Rinaldo resists, and, by his victorious lance, brings the hapless widower's anguish to an end. He dies after telling his strange tale; nor does the magician who has so long befriended him desert him in death; for a second tomb rises at once beside the first, to keep his corpse in all honor beside that of his beautiful wife and victim. The former spell is broken by the death of the doleful knight; the cavaliers whom it bound before now cease from their lamentations, thank Rinaldo as their deliverer, and hasten to quit the forest.

Once more our two young adventurers proceed on their quest, seeking opportunities of distinction by mountain, wood, and plain. The gloomy shades which they leave behind them render doubly welcome the bright scenes amid which they soon find themselves; as

they return to that Bay of Naples which Tasso has such pleasure in describing, and so reviving the happy memories of his own childhood, spent beside it :

On the third day, while the sun equally  
Apart was standing from the East and West,  
Placid and smooth they saw the Tyrrhene Sea  
Beat its fair shore with sound of waves sup-  
pressed,

And reached a flowery plain that beauteously  
Smiled, by so many, and more, colors dressed  
Than are the charms adorning that dear face  
Which thralls my heart and spirit by its grace.

Here that fair youth was seen, whom pitiless  
The discus slew, to hyacinth now turned ;  
He too whom to his death did madness press,  
Poor wretch ! while for himself he vainly  
burned ;

And he from whom thy heart sweet love's  
distress,

O beauteous goddess soft and courteous !  
learned,

By whom from Mars, and Vulcan too, be-  
guiled

Thou thy third heaven didst change for sylvan  
wild.

Here nard, acanthus, crocus, lilies show  
Their opening petals gladly to the air ;  
And flowers that in this spot alone can blow  
By Nature sent to make none other fair ;  
Amid the which, with sweet hoarse murmur,  
slow

A limpid stream creeps sinuous on, to bear  
Gifts to the sea of coral and of gold,  
Than which no richer Thetis' treasures hold.

Here rise not fir, or beech, or oak and pine,  
The green earth's bosom from hot rays de-  
fending,

But laurels, myrtles, and sweet shrubs com-  
bine

To shield it, odorous tresses green extending ;  
Here hardest bosoms must to love incline,  
To gentle thoughts at song of birds unbending,  
That sporting on the boughs from screen of  
leaves

Call, and each call an answer sweet receives.

While on this lovely place they gaze around,  
And think, that garden fair was such to sight  
Where our first parents once their dwelling  
found,

Eve with great Adam, in unblamed delight,  
Not far away a horn they hear with sound  
That gently seems upon the air to smite,  
And see two graceful damsels onward speed-  
ing,

In charms and beauty other maids exceed-  
ing.

—Canto vii. 53-57.

These ladies, clad, the one in purple  
embroidered with gold *fleurs-de-lys*, the  
other in hunter's green sparkling with  
gems—their white horses caparisoned  
with housings of cloth-of-silver—are  
emissaries from the Palace of Courtesy ;

a stately building erected not far from  
Posilippo by Alba, Queen of Naples,  
and by her order so enchanted that none  
can dwell there who are not pure in life  
and willing to spend their time in doing  
courteous acts to others. Of the goodly  
company of blameless damsels that in-  
habit it, one is chosen yearly to rule  
the rest ; two of whom ride forth in turn  
daily to invite strangers to the shelter  
of their house. Rinaldo and Florindo  
willingly follow the two messengers, and  
climb first the hill on which their castle  
is seated, and then the alabaster stair  
which leads to its hall. From thence  
they gaze enraptured at the fair prospect  
at their feet ; while inside the room the  
goddess of Courtesy, imaged above her  
own altar in its midst, first claims their  
attention, which is afterward drawn to  
the portraits that hang on its walls and  
represent the knights and ladies who in  
future days are to be the most eminently  
courteous. Among these Tasso takes  
care especially to place his own friends  
and those whose patronage he was  
already soliciting ; especially the Duke  
Alphonso of Este, whose courtesy toward  
the poet was one day to fail so  
utterly—the Prince of Urbino, his early  
school friend—and his first patron,  
Cardinal Lewis. Among the pictures of  
courteous ladies, he describes his ami-  
able and learned hostess, Claudia Ran-  
gona, and the three princesses of Este—  
with two of whom his own fortunes  
were to be so closely involved. Of  
these, however, he only mentions one  
by name, and that (so little real was the  
gift of prophecy here assumed), not  
Leonora, but her elder sister Lucretia,  
of whom he says :

Lucrece of Esté see, whose hair of gold  
Shall be the snare and net of chastest love,  
Her bright eyes filled with treasures manifold  
By heaven's high Maker from His throne  
above ;

Through whom men Pallas, Muses famed of  
old,  
Shall praise and yet with greater blame re-  
prove—

Praise when they see her imitate their skill,  
Blame when by her surpassed their work shows  
ill.

—Canto viii. 14.

In this hall the knights sit down with  
twenty fair damsels to a sumptuous ban-  
quet, spread for them and waited on by  
twenty more. Another score act as  
cup-bearers, while yet another play and



sing in chorus during the feast. Each had vied with the rest in readiness to disarm them, and to bring scented waters in golden vessels for their hands before it began. When the strangers have heard the story of the castle, they are filled with desire to enter its enchanted bark, which, as they learn, Alba prepared of old to carry knights-errant forth to suitable adventures, and which now lies moored in the bay below. So purposing, they retire to rest.

On their rising—

When now Aurora, wakened by sweet strain  
Of wanton birds, came lovely forth to sight,  
With rosy hands the mantle dark of grain  
Tearing that wraps the gloomy form of night,  
While air, earth, water, gleesome laughed  
again,

Rejoicing in her treasures rich and bright,  
And from her fair face heaven kept sprinkling  
round

With pearls, of morning dew congealed, the  
ground,— —Canto viii. i.

they bid a grateful farewell to their courteous entertainers, receive their parting gifts—a silver jewelled saddle and accoutrements for Bayard; a surcoat, embroidered, as if by Arachne or Pallas, with the story of Niobe, for Florindo—and get into the enchanted boat; which straightway, flying like an arrow from the bow, carries them at once out of sight of shore. Its rapid course is stayed at evening beside a galley of Saracen corsairs, who have just captured a vessel. Rinaldo leaps on to their deck with his friend and slays the captain of the robber crew; who instantly rush upon him, like bees on an intruder on their hive, but prove powerless to avenge their leader's death, and only procure their own. One alone survives the combat (sent back afterward by the knights with their defiance to his master); and from him Rinaldo learns that those whom he has killed were servants of the great Paynim king, Mambrino, and that their newly made captives, whom he at once restores to liberty, were destined by them for their monarch's harem. Auristella, the beautiful Queen of Arabia, with a train of fair damsels and her attendant knights, owes freedom and honor to Rinaldo, whom she would have gladly gifted with the treasures of the ship to which he restores her. Accepting her thanks only, the two friends return to their magic

skiff, which, after it has landed them and their horses on an unknown shore, shoots back as swiftly as it came to Posilippo, there to await the coming of fresh adventures.

In the strange land in which he finds himself, Rinaldo is speedily reminded of his absent lady; for a pavilion, palatial in size and decorations, which attracts his notice, proves to have been erected to the glory of Clarice by the enamored Francardo. Her image stands on an alabaster column in the midst of the sumptuous tabernacle; and before it sacrifices smoke and incense burns continually. Hard by the Paynim lover stands, sword in hand, to demand the homage of all comers for his beauteous idol. By the clear light shining from the altar-flame Rinaldo discerns through the air, thick with Arabian perfumes, the eyes whence love first wounded him, the smile to him so inexpressibly sweet, and the love-locks that first bound his heart. But while he gazes, Francardo's voice summons him harshly to dismount, and offer sacrifice to the image; confessing the while that none but he who thus presides over her worship is worthy to be her lover. "Who art thou? and what thy desert?" is Rinaldo's rejoinder: "my present purpose is to agree to the first, and dispute the second, proposition." This purpose grows doubly strong when the young man hears his long-despised rival's name; the blood rushes to his brow, and he declares himself ready to maintain with his sword that Francardo is of all men most unworthy of the privilege of placing his thoughts so high. At this defiance, the Paynim straightway assails him, without taking time to put on his armor. Rinaldo, refusing the encounter on such unequal terms, stands merely on the defensive. Francardo, too enraged to observe the laws of chivalry, rains blows on him notwithstanding; till Florindo's reproaches make him turn his arms against him. In the duel which ensues between Rinaldo's friend and Rinaldo's rival, the former receives a severe wound, but the latter is slain. A general *mêlée* follows. Francardo's soldiers rush from the surrounding tents to avenge their general's fall. They are headed by his cousin, Mambrino's brother Clarello, the Warrior of the Lion

—so called from the single combat in which he subdued an enormous lion, which now follows him faithfully to the field. Both attack Rinaldo; but Bayard's kicks keep the king of beasts at bay, till both he and his master fall before the paladin; who, however, mindful of the generosity with which the creature strove to avenge Clarello, changes his cognizance thenceforth, in his honor, from the panther to the lion. Meanwhile Florindo is getting hard pressed by the other warriors, till Rinaldo, coming to his assistance, makes their mutual victory complete. The survivors take to flight, and no one remains to dispute Rinaldo's right to fair Clarice's image; which he lifts from its pedestal, kisses, and bears away with him.

So soon as Florindo's wounds are healed, the friends pursue their conquering course through Asia; delivering the oppressed, and earning a title to the gratitude of travellers by destroying two knights (brothers likewise of Mambrino), who, the one by fraud, the other by force, had long been their terror.

Over the two months so spent, Tasso passes hastily to arrive at the least pleasing episode of his poem—borrowed, without much judgment, from Virgil, in oblivion of the total difference of the circumstances of *Aeneas* and Rinaldo, and only interesting as a sort of first sketch of the great episode of *Armida* in the "Jerusalem Delivered."

Floriana, Queen of Media, is holding her court on a flowery plain, overshadowed by pleasant trees, when the two knights-errant appear before her. Struck by their martial bearing, she at once sends a page to invite them to a joust with her warriors. They accept the challenge. Eight approved cavaliers, whose names are given, are overthrown by them in rapid succession; and the nameless throng that succeeds them meets with a like fate. A stroke—the last received in the conflict—which deprives Rinaldo of his helmet, shows the queen that the stranger is as handsome as he is valiant; and while her ladies are applauding his victory, she is falling more suddenly in love with him than did Dido with her Trojan guest. Her palfrey, as she returns to the city, is led by the Christian knight. With

her he enters her palace—richly furnished with cloth-of-gold hangings from its ivory cornices, and Persian carpets of exceeding beauty on its floors—to banquet with her at the table, loaded with massive gold and silver, embossed with stories of the Median kings. While the song resounds during the feast to the music of the golden lyre, Floriana has eyes for Rinaldo only. When it is over, she lends a willing ear to his tales of Roland and Charlemagne, whose fame is not unknown to her; and bids him tell how, while yet almost a child, he had defended his mother's honor, and forced her calumniator, with his lance, to recant the slanders with which he had defamed her.

Forgetful that love, the pastime of Virgil's hero, is the business of his own, and that Rinaldo's engagement to Clarice is so entirely his poem's main-spring, that its violation is as grave an artistic as it is a moral defect, Tasso proceeds to make his hero return Floriana's passion, and forget in her society, for a while, the lady of his vows. The ancient flame is rekindled in his bosom by a dream:

Love's gracious star was in the heaven displaying  
Begirt with blazing beams her golden hair,  
The sun was with fresh light his locks arraying,  
That in the Orient he might rise more fair,  
When to Rinaldo, by sweet sleep allaying  
Fatigue, and resting from each thoughtful care,  
Appeared in vision, looking sad to sight,  
A youthful woman clad in robe of white.

Yet did such splendor that grieved face adorn,  
So o'er those moist eyes rose the brow serene,  
That at the first he did but think the morn  
Which leads back beauteous day by him was  
seen.

Yet knowledge of more steadfast gazing born,  
Although his eye scarce bore that light so keen,  
Bade him his own fair Clarice there to know—  
True and not feigned by false and phantom  
show.

—Canto ix. 82, 83.

Nor does he only see. The vision speaks, and chides the knight so effaciously for his broken faith and ingratitude to one who has never ceased to love him, and who is now suffering for his sake, that Rinaldo on his awakening resolves, despite his pity for Floriana, to depart at once. When he has executed his purpose and gone away secretly along with Florindo, the forsaken queen, first in her anger sends soldiers

to compel his return, and then, on their coming back, ignominiously defeated, without him, weeps piteously, and resolves to stab herself with a dagger, once Rinaldo's, which she thus apostrophizes :

O weapon pitiful of cruel lord !

The wound he gave me be it thine to heal ;  
He by his secret going hence has gored  
This heart, and bade it torturing anguish feel ;  
With open force death to its griefs afford,  
Now all its hopes are lying dead, kind steel ;  
Sweet, as the first was grievous, ending woe  
Shall be that second and yet mightier blow.

—*Ib.* 24.

But, only a weak copy of Virgil's despairing Dido, Floriana does not succeed in finding the death she covets. Her aunt, a potent enchantress, snatches the weapon from her grasp, bathes her eyes in dews of Lethe, and transports her in her magic car to the Island of Pleasure, where all annoyance loses its force, and every comer becomes glad.

There on the grass the queen she gently laid,  
New wakened from that salutary sleep ;  
No thorn of love her quiet could invade,  
Or thought of blessing lost now make her weep :

Though in her mind was fixed the ill sustained,  
She could remember it, yet not be pained.

—*Canto x.* 34.

Rinaldo, however, does not escape all punishment. At least the violent storm which he and Florindo encounter on their way back to Europe may seem a chastisement of his perfidy. The mast of their ship snaps amid the shrieks of despairing sailors, the vessel goes to pieces, and the two paladins are obliged to commit themselves to the frail support of a plank, off which a great wave washes Florindo, leaving Rinaldo alone to lament his loss.

Having at length swum to shore near Ostia, the paladin seems for a while destitute of all things. But a courteous baron receives him into his castle, and supplies him with a horse and with armor. Nor is he long in regaining his own ; for how could Tasso deprive his hero thus early in his career of the renowned horse and sword which had already figured so largely in the more famous accounts by other poets of his later adventures ? Accordingly—defying probability with as much boldness as heretofore—he saves Bayard and Rinaldo's armor in the boat which brings the ship's crew to land before him.

They are sold by the sailors to a knight, who speedily has to fight with their old owner for their possession, and is left senseless by him on the ground, though not till he has slightly wounded Rinaldo with his own sword. Bayard neighs with joy to feel his rightful master on his back again, and caresses him like a faithful dog.

After this Rinaldo rides back to Paris, where he finds Charlemagne—his campaign against the Saracens ended—once more holding peaceful jousts. As the young cavalier presents himself on the field, he is at once challenged by Grifon to acknowledge the superiority of an unnamed lady. "Less beautiful by much than my own," is the instant reply ; and suiting the action to the word, Rinaldo speedily lays his adversary in the dust. All beg to know the name of so stalwart a champion. The knight raises his visor, and is received with great joy by his father and by the whole court. Only Clarice looks sad and draws back in tears. For she was herself the damsel whose charms Grifon—though not by her permission—had been so highly exalting. She forgets that Rinaldo could not know this ; and only remembers that he has avouched another lady to be her superior, whom she hastily concludes to be the fair one depicted on his shield. Now that shield was the property of the cavalier from whom Rinaldo reclaimed his horse and armor : in doing which, having spoiled his own, the paladin had seized on the shield of his vanquished antagonist, whose own lady-love is painted on it. The sight of this apparently successful rival to her charms stings Clarice with jealousy, "the cruel daughter of fear and love, that daughter who often slays her parent." Rinaldo comes forward to lift her on to her palfrey, and to guide it back to the city, as other favored knights were doing to their ladies ; but Clarice receives him with such coldness that he exclaims :

Ah ! bad it is from beggar's hand to steal  
The fruit of toil both wearisome and long ;  
Hard is the breast that can no pity feel,  
Nor comfort give the wretch in anguish strong.  
Thus, lady, I my thought with tears reveal,  
Now that my labors find withheld by wrong  
Their sole, sweet guerdon ; now that in such  
grief

Your hand takes from me soothing and relief.

Shall then that pain in many wanderings borne,  
 And all in arms for you alone I wrought,  
 No recompense enjoy save angry scorn,  
 Scorn to this heart with bitter sorrow fraught ?  
 Scorn that a cloud in this my state forlorn  
 Has o'er your beauteous eyes, sweet radiance  
 brought ;  
 Eyes whence my wearied mind once strength  
 could gain,  
 Refreshment welcome, and escape from pain.

—Canto xi. 11, 12.

Clarice interrupts this expostulation sharply with the words—

Get aid in this your ill, get aid from her  
 Who gave you strength and courage me to  
 spurn ;

Whose face not only in your heart you wear,  
 But even emblazoned on your shield you bear ;

and, refusing to listen to any explanation, she denies him leave to visit her in Paris. To add to Rinaldo's difficulties he is shortly after engaged in a dispute for the hand of the fair Alda in the dance—a privilege which he only sought in order to invoke her intercession with the offended Clarice ; in consequence of which he is insulted by Anselm of Maganza, one of the old enemies of his family, and provoked to kill him. Banished on this account from the city, he departs without having made his peace with Clarice—nay, knowing that she now holds him for wholly false and fickle. Too late, he flings the shield, the primary cause of his troubles, into the Seine. No consoling message from his lady follows him. He rides on, he knows not and cares not whither—

"The while eight times all vermeil in the sky  
 The dawn appeared, while pearly dew-drops  
 flowed

From her bright hair of gold and radiant eye,  
 Straying by devious and uncertain road ;"

and, on the ninth day, finds himself in the Valley of Grief.

This dolorous dale is shaded by weird trees, from amidst whose dark and poisonous leaves black, ill-omened birds send cries which pierce the heart with a sense of desolation. Rinaldo, overwhelmed by a sudden feeling of unutterable sadness, flings himself from his horse and joins a sufferer, whom he finds crouching on the ground, in his lamentations. There he spends a miserable day and night amid the varied forms of horror which beset that woful dale. And there might the young warrior have

easily mourned his life away, had not the ever-watchful Malagigi come timely to the rescue. A sudden movement startles Rinaldo from his lethargy ; and looking up he sees that a knightly form has grasped Bayard's bridle and is leading him away. Rinaldo rouses himself to the pursuit, stung by hearing the stranger say that such a courser is too good for a master who gives way to sorrow like a woman. As he follows, he finds his way through the dark wood by the light of the captor's armor, which casts bright gleams through its gloomy recesses.

Presently the dusky shades are left behind, and he finds himself in an open and smiling country where all looks cheerful and glad, and where he feels his mind lightened of his burden. Bayard is restored to him ; and hope revives in his heart at the sight of the fish darting through clear water, the gay flowers that enliven the mead, and the fresh green grass in which they bloom.

Nor do the happy presentiments so inspired deceive him. For when, on hearing a sudden clang of arms, Rinaldo hastens to the fray, and helps a single knight beset by many assailants to complete their overthrow, he has the delight of discovering in him the Florindo whom he believed (as the other believed him) to have been drowned in their shipwreck. He learns from his equally delighted friend, how, cast inanimate on the sea-beach near Ostia, and tenderly nursed by a Roman knight, the descendant of Scipio, he had been discovered, by means of an indelible mark on his side, to be that very knight's long-lost son Lelius, who had been stolen from him in his infancy by corsairs. Nor had he refused to embrace the faith of his ancestors when his father entreated him to do so : the piety so conspicuous afterward in the "Jerusalem Delivered" appearing, as in germ, when Lelius says of his conversion—

"I, by his wise paternal counsel led,  
 Or rather by God's mighty will impelled,  
 And with a light divine upon me shed  
 To scatter clouds that o'er me darkness held,  
 Resolved to worship Him who for us, dead  
 And living, showed His love, and Pluto  
 quelled :  
 So was I washed in clear and holy wave  
 Which, the soul cleansing, doth the body  
 lave."  
 —Canto xi. 95.



The reason why Lelius (as he is henceforth called) has so speedily left his new-found home, and been met by Rinaldo in the south of France, is his hope that Olinda may now no longer despise his suit, which he is on his way to Spain to prosecute. As he cannot explain why the strange soldiers attacked him, Rinaldo asks the reason of one of the few who have survived the combat, and hears from him heavy tidings. Mambrino himself is their leader, come to Europe both for love of the as yet unseen Clarice, and from hate to Rinaldo; upon whom he burns to avenge the rescue of Auristella from his sailors, and the death of his own three brothers. And though he has not as yet attained his second object, yet, as the soldier says, he has been completely successful in his first; for, as Clarice fearlessly disported herself in the open air not far from Paris, Mambrino, who was lurking near in ambush, rushed forth and carried her away. Swiftly traversing France, he had come near to the Mediterranean, on which he meant to put to sea with her, when, seeing the brave show in arms of Lelius, he detached this unlucky troop to capture and bring him after him. Their defeat can give Rinaldo no pleasure now that he has learned his lady's imminent peril. For a moment he feels a chill as of death strike through him; the next instant, flaming with wrath, he is spurring Bayard forward, with but faint hope of intercepting Clarice and her captors before they can reach the sea. An impassable torrent after a while bars the road against him and the faithful Lelius. They are ferried across it, nevertheless, by the ever ready Malagigi, who has provided, moreover, a strong horse for the one, and a fresh suit of armor for the other. Galloping on through the night, the cavaliers come up at daybreak with the enemy's squadron, in the midst of which rides fair Clarice, sad, and so weary that she can hardly keep her seat upon her palfrey. Overcome by wrath and pity, Rinaldo rushes forward to deliver her; and unhappy in very deed, says the poet, was he who first opposed himself to his fury. The usual catalogue follows of the mighty Eastern princes who fell before it. Mambrino, invulnerable in his enchanted vermilion

armor, his turban surmounted by a crown, and his shield displaying a wounded lion with this device, "I know who wounded me, and I never forgive," stands a while amazed to see Rinaldo mowing down his troops "like a countryman plying his scythe in a green meadow," ably seconded by Lelius and Malagigi. But at length he comprehends the critical nature of the situation, and comes forward himself to defy the champion of Clarice; and a fight ensues which the poet likens to one between an elephant and a lion. Rinaldo's dexterous and rapid movements give him at first an advantage over his ponderous antagonist:

The giant, amid thousand strokes, at last  
On the knight's forehead dealt one mighty  
blow,

Just as, his courser spurring forward fast,  
Rinaldo came to work him shame and woe.  
Like to Typhoeus 'neath the mountain vast,  
He all but sank, by weighty steel laid low;  
While, like to night obscure the world o'er-  
shading,

Camp mists and darkness dim his eyes invad-  
ing.

Yet soon his limbs their strength, his eyes their  
sight

Regained, its wonted courage too his heart;  
Such evil chance made sad at soul the knight,  
And bade his breast with wrath fresh kindled  
smart;

So much the more as Clarice' cheeks turned  
white

He saw, her eyes made dim by tears that start;  
Hence struck he so the foe that, though un-  
wounded,

His every bone felt by the pain confounded.

Fearing his cruel death, her own disgrace,  
Clarice stands gazing on her lover dear,  
And as she views his combat's changeful case,  
So change her look and heart from hope to  
fear:

Now deadly pallor covers all her face,  
Now colors bright and roseate there appear,  
Like as, while frosts keep from the spring re-  
treating,

March skies show gleams of light and dark  
clouds fleeting.

—Canto xii. 60-62.

At last Rinaldo wins the day; and Mambrino lies on the ground, stupefied, although unwounded, by his blows. To cut the laces of his helmet and then sever his head from his body would seem only the work of a few moments. But those few moments cannot be spared. The vast host prepares to rush down, and the choice is left to the knight between love and vengeance. Seeing that

he cannot secure both, he wisely gives Clarice the preference; and at once placing her behind him on Bayard, bids her intrust herself fearlessly to one to whom her honor is dearer than his own life. Even so, however, their escape seems doubtful; so numerous are the foes who try to intercept it. But Malagigi is determined that his cousin shall not have parted with the honor of slaying the gigantic Mambrino for nothing. He hastily mutters a charm, and sprinkles some magic drops on the advancing soldiers; when they instantly begin to fight with one another. Rinaldo, amazed beyond measure, recognizes his sorcerer kinsman by his handiwork, and at once implores him to reverse his spell, nor thus ignobly destroy such brave and noble warriors.

The wizard consents, and, turning thrice to the east and thrice to the west, once more pronounces words of power, and scatters herbs of occult virtue. Forthwith the Saracens desist from their mutual blows, and rush with one accord toward Rinaldo; but between them and him arises a wall of fire which makes their assault impossible, and which even the paladin, though eager for the conflict, finds that he cannot traverse.

Malagigi bids him come at once to his own sumptuous castle, which is near at hand, and look forward to renewing the combat on a fast approaching day, when there shall be none to impede its being fairly fought out. For Mambrino's troops are but the advanced-guard of that great invasion of France by the Moslems, whereof Ariosto sang. Rinaldo's work will for many a long day be in the tented field; and the short breathing-time left cannot be more wisely employed than in securing the hand of Clarice. To such union the lady, disabused by her knight of her wrongful suspicions of his fidelity, consents; all the more gladly, we may suppose, from her painful experience of the perils of her unprotected position. And so the poem ends with the joyful wedding of Rinaldo and Clarice; with the young poet's affectionate farewell to them and to the little book, the companion of his brief leasures from the severer studies by the banks of the Brenta; and with its respectful dedication to his patron the cardinal, and to Bernardo Tasso, that

dear and honored father, to whom his son gladly acknowledges that he owes any merits which it may possess.

Doubtless the death of the giant Mambrino would have formed a more imposing close than does his mere overthrow to the story. But here, as elsewhere, its author was hampered by respect for the work of his predecessors. Nor can his invention have felt otherwise than straitened throughout by the fertility of Ariosto's, so that he must all along have seemed to himself a mere gleaner in a very thoroughly reaped field; driven to ghastly sources of interest, like the corpse of the murdered Clytia, by finding all the sunnier spaces already preoccupied.

Like the "Amadis" and the "Floridante" of Bernardo, the "Rinaldo" of Torquato Tasso is after all but an arrow shot at a near mark from the bow which, in the hands of a mightier master, had amazed the world by the distance reached by its feathered messengers, and the force with which they had been speeded to their goal. No wonder, therefore, that, despite the very considerable charm of its versification, and of its, on the whole, pleasing stories, of its "lively and delicate descriptions, of its numerous and often original and striking comparisons,"\* the "Rinaldo's" popularity proved short-lived, and that the poem was little remembered among its author's greater successes. It wants the fibre of which great poems are made. It is too purely and simply a love-tale to satisfy the mind of any but a very young reader; while as an episode in that vast epic of Charlemagne and his twelve peers, at which the mediæval poets labored, and of which Ariosto himself only produced a brilliant fragment, it is of disproportioned length.

It was by a reverse process to that which he here employed that Tasso a few years later made himself famous; by constructing a solid framework for his love episodes out of the real story of the First Crusade, and by subordinating the private joys and sorrows of individuals, in the necessary degree, to that public enterprise which stirred the heart of Christendom so powerfully. But the

\* Panizzi.

"Rinaldo" is interesting as marking one of the steps by which its author arrived at the "Jerusalem Delivered."

It contains the first sketches of several finished pictures in that great poem. It shows the extent to which classic influences had already begun to affect his composition. Its mythologic allusions, ill as they fit its story; its regular development—for its intended conclusion is early announced, and to that conclusion most of its incidents contribute; and its episodes derived from the ancient poets—all alike foreshadow that blending of things new and old, of the classic

with the romantic school, which were to strike every reader in Tasso's great epic.

And besides acting as the harbinger of the poem by which it was to be itself eclipsed, the "Rinaldo" seems to predict its own writer's destiny. Like his own hero, he was to be guided by Love into the forest where the dews are tears and the boughs are stirred by human sighs. But, alas! he was doomed to wait longer there than he, before the bright gleam appeared in the distance to announce that the deliverer was at hand.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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CHOPIN.

BY L. E.

AMONG the great pianist celebrities in this century Chopin stands in a certain sense alone. It is the misfortune of the piano not to give forth its music unless the performer happens to possess very extraordinary qualities both mental and physical. Hence the eagerness of all those who wish to distinguish themselves on that instrument, to study mechanical skill, in order before all things to overcome difficulties of fingering. For this purpose they devote an incredible number of hours and much patience to the acquirement of that physical dexterity, that flexibility of wrist and strength, so that they may not only astonish people, but—sweetest of all satisfactions—surpass all rivals. But patience is given to many, and figures can always be added to, so that he who studies ten hours a day feels himself inferior to her who practises twelve hours. Quantity in fact can always be beaten, but not quality, as I said some years ago to an American manufacturer, at the exhibition in Boston. (Do not correct me, I mean Boston, not Philadelphia.) There they had the sublime idea of giving Verdi's Anvil Chorus from *Il Trovatore*, accompanied by fifty firemen with fifty anvils, and—most delicate addition—ten real guns, which, at a given sign from the conductor, were fired off every minute. You should have seen the knowing, deeply-satisfied look with which the gentleman mentioned winked at me at

every boom! as much as to say, "You cannot beat that. You may have a chorus entirely consisting of Italian voices, or your famous Lancashire girls, ay, and the best orchestra under Sir Michael Costa; but you have never had any guns. Listen—boom!" and he drew himself up, never saying a word, too proud for that, but expecting to see me crushed by the magnitude of the demonstration. When it was nearly finished, I probably did not appear to him sufficiently "flattened," for he said:

"Well, sir, what is your opinion of this?"—Boom!—"There! you hear this? What do you think of it?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied, with all the hypocrisy which I could muster at the time—"undoubtedly the most sonorous effect in music I ever heard."

"I should think so!" he replied. "Can't be beaten!"

"Well," I timidly observed, "as to 'can't be beaten,' I am not so sure of that."

"What, sir! Do you mean to underrate our grand demonstration? I say it can't be beaten!"

"Well, come now," I ventured to say, "suppose somebody in Europe, in a small place, say London, should get together twenty-five guns and seventy-five firemen, would that not be even a greater sonority?"

"Never," he said, "never! First

of all, it would not be American, and that concludes the matter. I tell you this can't be beaten, and you know it. *Good-morning!*" and he left me a disgusted unbeliever in American infallibility.

Well, just as the number of guns and firemen might be increased, so might be the number of hours for exercise; and, since so many pianists represent literally nothing but the number of hours passed at the instrument, there are so many rivalling each other in feats like conjurers or dancers on the tight-rope, or other purely mechanical work. Thalberg, who was endowed by nature with upholstered finger-tips, which gave him such a charming touch; Liszt, whose wrist was so light in octave playing that you would have thought in certain movements the hand would fly off altogether; Rubinstein, whose Kalmuk strength is such that sometimes people look under the piano to see whether he did not smash the key-board through and come out with his hand *under* it—they all, notwithstanding their undeniably great talent, more or less belong to the effect-producing virtuosi, who, with a fine conception of the great masters combine an astonishing execution; and this is just what the mass of the people want. They want to be astonished, they crave the excitement of the moment.

Not so was Chopin. He, whom Schumann, no mean judge, called the boldest and loftiest *poetic* spirit of the age, acquired execution not as his highest aim or as a means of astonishing the natives, not as a race in which to get rid of so many hundreds of notes per minute; but Chopin studied execution as the painter studies colors and color-grouping—he studied execution, not to be hindered when the florid Byzantine style of his tone columns rendered *fioriture* desirable. In his deep-suffering, poetic soul, singing, expression, poetry were the chief attractions, and therefore both in his compositions and in his playing, his plaintive, original style formed the special feature and novelty.

It has often been stated that an all-pervading patriotism, despair at seeing his beloved country subjugated and tyrannized over, was the primary cause of that poetical charm so prominent in nearly all his works, great or small.

Others think that his excessively sensitive nature was especially given to creating this dolorous kind of work, because he was sick, weak, and suffering from an over-excited nervous system. Doubtless both reasons, more particularly the latter, had a great deal to do with it, for, say what we may, the coats of the stomach have a greater influence on the free working of our brains than we like to admit. "*C'est le ventre qui gouverne le monde,*" said Napoleon I., who knew something about human weakness. Let anybody, however gifted, try after a plentiful dinner to sit down and write a delicate sentimental piece, or let him fast for a day and then give birth to a heroic march, and I am very much afraid the sentimental piece will sound somniferous and the heroic march will be a poor performance.

The state of our physique is of paramount importance in writing.

And so it was with Chopin, that most inspired pianist, and with Berlioz, the incarnate revolution in orchestral works. To be appreciated at his full value, Chopin had to do one thing, *viz.*, to die. It is the privilege of mediocrity to be understood without discussion, but those who run before their time cannot expect to be valued in their day, and that is why prophets in their own time are not recognized. It has been said, and I fancy rightly so, that whenever a young genius, an innovator, a man who does not do what is usually done, or does that which he does, not in the usual way, is instantly called before the areopagus of the dead, and, so to say, the living are killed, crushed by the dead. When we have had time to understand and to get accustomed to the way of the dead, then no vanity is hurt by acknowledging the dead, as it is by having to admit the superiority of the living. The real reason at the bottom of all the opposition which genius so often meets with beside jealousy, is a disease common to many men, which I may call thought-idleness. People may have an idea, a thought, but they are too idle to think that thought thoroughly out to its logical conclusion, and it is only the *esprits d'élite*, the searchers for truth, the philosophers, who have the patience, the power, and the perseverance to think a thought really out. It rarely happens



if a new idea arises, that serious and thorough consideration is given to it, without which the new remains only the unaccustomed. Chopin came in the midst of the revolution which created romanticism in poetry, in music, in art generally. He was unconcerned about laws and rules laid down, not from ignorance or irreverence, far from it, but from the proud desire to go his own way, where he might open a new path, and not follow the tedious old beaten track. So he followed his own course both in the idea and in the mode of expressing it. Of course he met with opposition on the part of those who found it more easy and more convenient for their idleness, not to weary their brains (?) with finding out whether this innovator was worth studying, but simply to stick to the text that he did not do as others had done before him.

A contributor to Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," and one of its most valuable, says that, in the face of the biographers who state that Chopin was weak and suffering, he maintains that Chopin was not so until the last ten years of his life. Chopin died at forty; he was certainly not known before twenty-five; if really he had been suffering from a failing organization *only* for the last ten years of his life, does not that show that his constitution was broken at thirty? Then what does the difference amount to? Besides, it is acknowledged that there was consumption in his family; his gifted sister Emily died from it at the age of fourteen.

One thing before all must be conceded to Chopin—an interesting and decided originality. Whether he was moved by his sufferings politically or physically, whether the persecution of his countrymen, or his failing strength, was the cause of his plaintive melodies, they are always attractive, always refined, always new. There are two ways of complaining: that of the beggar who, requiring your help, professes his own weakness, his inability to help himself, and who thereby may excite your pity, not your interest; and that of the courageously, intensely and undeservedly suffering man, who, although laying the undeniable fact before you, bears with heroism, suffers with resignation, and too proud to whine and beg

for advice, shows his strength to carry a burden which must be borne, and thereby gains your admiration and your interest. Chopin, like the man who changed into gold everything he touched, had the talent of ennobling the most common forms of music, vales, mazurkas, studies, etc. He had the strength to struggle without being subjugated by his fate, and he was weak only in one way, where weakness cannot be a reproach to an artistically romantic soul—that is, when he met another gifted being, who met him with uncommon impulse, and made him believe, as always happens, in the indissoluble eternity of the union of two minds. Alas, too soon it became evident that his too-confiding love-eager soul was doomed to disappointment, which had a fatal influence on his already shattered nerves, and his over-excited artistic organization. I said that this was the only proof of his weakness, because it was the weakness of the ivy, which wants a column, a trunk, a wall, to wind its branches lovingly round; and faithful to the device: "*Je meurs où je m'attache*," Chopin had to submit to the fate of the ivy. There are men, great men, who love strongly and who sustain the ivy like an oak-tree spreading the protecting branches against all accidents. There are others, and such was Chopin, who find in a woman's wilful but strong nature the support without which their own weakness would not enable them to walk the sinuous path of life. If they are not happy enough to find a soul strong enough and generous enough not to take advantage of this inverted mission of strength, they must break down physically and mentally.

To understand Chopin rightly, it is necessary to comprehend the struggle which his passion waged against the weakness of his constitution, which weakness defeated the possibility of adequate expression.

Chopin's cage was his body—it broke his will, it hindered the free expression of his passionate genius.

If I compare him to a lion imprisoned, I may perhaps be allowed to say that those who have not seen a lion free and know him only behind secure and immovable bars, which break his spirit like the chains of a political prisoner buried

in the subterranean mines of Siberia, have no more conception of what a lion is, than they can judge from a photograph of an eruption of Vesuvius.

It was my lucky escape from an encounter with the king of the desert which enables me to say this, because I have learned from my own experience what it means to see that angry eye, in the full consciousness of its irresistible power, glaring at you, small and humiliated.

It was in the year 1861 at Tenji-telad that I was invited to join a lion-hunting expedition, the lion sought for having committed horrible depredations on the herds of some Arabs, and on one occasion having even carried away a child.

We went out in the morning, three Zouaves well armed, ten or twelve Arabs, with their awkward long rifles, a Frenchman, and I. It was very early, and as we came out in the fields I saw nothing as far as the eye could reach but some long-stretched cornfields and a few trees, and I wondered how far we should have to go and search for his bearded majesty, when suddenly an Arab touched me, and said :

"The lion is coming !"

"Where ?" I asked. I could see nothing.

"Straight before you, you see him coming."

"I do not," I replied.

"Yes you do," said he. "You see that corn moving ?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, that is the tail of the lion beating the ears."

We wisely halted to learn the enemy's intentions, when with incomprehensible stupidity, one of the Arabs shouldered his rifle and shot it off in the direction of the lion. Even if that rifle had been a Devismes or a Lepage, unless the Arab had hit the lion between the eyes, the only result was the wounding and exciting the lion. The consequences had not long to be waited for. The lion instantly began bounding forward in fearful strides, and our courage being equal to the occasion, we climbed up the nearest trees as quickly as we could, considering discretion the better part of valor. But the lion had seen us, and he approached like a steam-

engine. As fate would have it, he looked round and chose the tree on which I sat with two Zouaves, roaring tremendously, and wildly beating the air with his tail.

He then went a few steps back, never for one moment losing sight of us, and with a sudden bound jumped at the tree and tore a big bit of bark and wood out and shook us in the branches like grapes. A second time he tried the same experiment with a rage grand to behold ; but after the third time, failing to break the trunk, which fortunately was a very solid one, or to make us fall down, he began, first in a large circle, then gradually in narrower ones, to pace round the tree, his tail always in the air ready to strike. He never for a moment turned his eye away from the inhabitants of the leafy roof. I confess here, that I did not feel comfortable, and if any one tells you he met a lion and he was perfectly calm and composed, take his narration *cum grano salis*. I know that Jules Gérard, who killed eight-and-twenty lions, and who made that sort of thing his profession, once, only once in his life, after having waited a whole night for a lion, suddenly heard some wood cracking behind him, and turning round, beheld the head of the beast. Then he said, "I looked at him and he looked at me for what I fancy was a full minute, but may have been half a minute or less, and when I thought the comedy had lasted quite long enough, bringing my rifle into position, I let the whole courtesy" (this was his expression) "into the lion's eye, and I have no doubt that one second later it would have been—too late."

Anyhow, we felt a curious sensation with this monster so near and seemingly so determined to wait any length of time, for he looked up at us with the clearest possible expression, as much as to say: You just come down, you cowards, and let us have a fair fight ; we will soon see who will get the best of it. And he continued slowly walking round the tree, watching us as if to espy every movement of ours. At last he marched so slowly and so near, always holding up his proud, majestic head, that I said to my comrades : "We have six good shots. The next time he comes within my range I shall slowly take aim

and fire ; if I miss him, do not be rash, wait your chance—one of us must kill him." When he neared me I took aim slowly and cautiously, knowing the danger if I failed. One second more—I pressed the trigger, the ball went straight in at the corner of his eye and he fell. Now was the question, was he dead or did he, as they often do, pretend and lie motionless? The blood, however, flowed freely and he seemed not to have any life, when one of the Zouaves said : " Si Monsieur me donne cent francs (£4), je descends et je lui donne son reste." I said : " I will give you the amount with pleasure, but I do not wish you to risk your life for a paltry sum, because if he is not quite dead, you are dead the moment you come near him." Well, the man thought he would risk it, being of opinion the beast was dead. He descended, his rifle under his arm, his finger on the trigger, but as he with the utmost caution neared the lion, a violent, spasmodic stroke with the tail made us fear that it was all over with the man. At this critical moment he let the whole charge in at the lion's ear and fortunately killed it. Then of course we all came down, and now the Arabs began insulting him ; " You robber, you thief, you stole my sheep ; you dishonorable brigand, you murdered my lamb," etc., etc. I don't know whether the lion despised calumny but he replied nothing, which seems the most practical means of silencing gossiping tongues, and after cutting his head off, which was borne in triumph into the village, this exciting event was over.

Chopin's lion soul imprisoned in a most fragile cage naturally destroyed the weak tie which prevented its free movement, and at the comparatively early age of forty, when a man is usually in the fullest enjoyment of his powers, he died—sharing in this respect the fate of Mendelssohn, Schubert and Mozart.

Chopin was born in 1809, of a French father and a Polish mother. He was distinguished and aristocratic in appearance, with silky golden hair and sky-blue eyes, rather effeminate-looking, tender-hearted, albeit mildly sarcastic. The same refinement is seen in his work, which is carefully conceived, neatly and elegantly ornamented ; but

of much greater and more serious value than the elegant decoration, is the deep, passionate feeling which pervaded both his great and his small compositions. The same master hand, the same careful elaboration, the same inspired pen, are visible in the two-page mazurkas or nocturnes, as in the *Ballades* and concertos. Great has been the astonishment of many people to see what Chopin was able to do with a mazurka. But they forgot that he was a Pole, and that Poles only know what a mazurka is, just as the Austrians alone understand the real whirlpool of a waltz ; the French, the incorporated grace of a contredanse ; and the South-Italians the mad fury of the tarantella. The character of the nations is in each dance, and it is because the English are so collected and so calm—until they get excited and jolly—that the formal Sir Roger de Coverley, commencing so solemnly and ending in such fun, is their national dance.

Chopin had his great quality so agreeable for the world, so happy for him who possesses it, he saw in everything only the beautiful side, and he was the most lenient, amiable judge of others, although most exacting to himself. His mild satire, however, which I before mentioned, found sometimes occasion to show itself. For instance, one of the millionaire bankers of Paris once invited him to dinner, and barely was dinner over and the guests just repaired to the drawing-room, than the host had the bad taste to show him a piano, and at once to urge him to play something. Many people have this vulgar habit of making you unmistakably pay for your dinner. But Chopin turned round and deprecatingly said : " Mais, Monsieur le Baron, j'ai si peu mangé !"

Chopin, although he was the outcome of that period of romanticism which set itself up in opposition to the strictly classical, did not indorse the wild flights and eccentricities of the romantic school, which repelled him by too much realism. His hatred of what was not artistically beautiful went so far that though he adored the powerful imagination of Shakespeare, he made his reserve where he found the characters " too true," not sufficiently deprived—for his sensitive nature—of the crude reality

which gives such real life to Shakespeare's sculptures. One of the greatest judges in matters artistic, Lessing, in his essay on *Æsthetics* ("Vorschule der Ästhetik"), says: "What is not beautiful ought not to be made a subject for art. (Was nicht schön ist, gehört nicht in die Kunst.)" Of course Chopin's god was Mozart, whose marked simplicity yet never condescended to a crude or vulgar bar, so much so, that old Mozart, who was a good musician himself, reproached his son with his appeal to the elevated taste only, and after hearing *Idomeneo* he said to him: "Wolferl" (diminutive of Wolfgang), believe me, you were wrong not to put in something for the long-ears."

That so poetic a nature, one which so utterly repelled everything which was not thoroughly poetic, should attract another organization as exalted as his own, though an eccentric one, dreaming the life impossible to describe, but a life which may possibly exist in the planets, is not to be wondered at. These two natures forgot that while they made their flight on supernatural wing toward the moon, they were sure to meet with the fate of that astronomer who, walking in the street, his eye unmoved and fixed on the moon, struck his foot against a stone, fell, and broke his neck. However dry reality may appear, however inspired a dream may be, life consists of trifles which must be regarded; and just as you can enjoy in a dream the most rosy illusions, wherever the fairy land which has been the scene of your dream, you must awake and breakfast or starve, so it is difficult for two people who live on such exalted ideas not to be at length reminded of the weakness inherent to the human body, to the sad, unpoetical, but unavoidable reality of butcher and baker.

Chopin was twenty-seven years old when symptoms of consumption appeared so decidedly that a sojourn in Paris was thought impossible, and he went to the isle of Majorca with her . . . . Madame Armantine Lucile Aurore Dudevant, in literature known as George Sand—who accompanied and nursed him as only a loving woman can nurse the object of her affection. Chopin was both attracted and frightened by the superiority of this gifted

woman, and avoided at first the *bas bleu*, a type which as a rule he abhorred. But George Sand had made up her mind to find her ideal in him, and the slight resistance only increased her determination. He therefore had no voice in the matter, as very rarely men have. I remember asking an excessively elegant young Frenchman who was celebrated for his numerous *bonnes aventures*, how it was that he, so fond of fair golden hair, had had several well-known adventures with raven-haired ladies, and at last even married a very dark brown girl. "Mais, parce qu'elles l'ont voulu," he said. ("Because they willed it so.") A man rarely marries the woman he desires, but the woman who wants him to want her. She struggled with Chopin's disease and vanquished it for a time. Is it not very suggestive that women are the stronger sex, that they can do what no man could do, remain with the same perseverance, the same inexhaustible care and undisturbed evenness of temper for weeks, for months at the bedside of a patient, be it a child or the man they love, without showing any fatigue? But if Madame Sand was a woman and capable of all that sex's supernatural abnegation, she was French too, which excludes consistency, but recognizes only one desirable object: *autre chose* (something else). It is not because they want a Republic that a French revolution upsets a Monarchy, it is not because they want a King that they try to upset the Republic, it is because they want—something else. The proof of it is, that the moment they have it, their heart yearns after what they just left, because that in its turn has become the ever desired—something else. That national fickleness overcame Chopin's friend too, and although his adoration of the "genius who had conquered him from death" never diminished to his dying day, she suddenly found that she had to leave him to his cough and to his Muse, and, as the French say: "Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut," as she had decided so she did. As to himself, he died from it—that is all.

His last appearance in public was in the summer season of 1848 in London, where he was heard in private and in public. At the memorable evening party at Stafford House which the



Queen left with the words, "I leave your palace to return to my house," Chopin was introduced to her Majesty by the Duchess of Sutherland, mother of the present Duke, a majestic woman, and the kindest patron of art and artists known. On his return to Paris, he imagined a task which above all men was impossible for him. He began writing a piano manual. A few pages, and he gave it up. At his death, beside his sister and some very intimate friends, was present the Countess Delphine Potocka, one of the most gifted of that gifted nation; handsome, intelligent, thoroughly artistic, the possessor of one of the most beautiful voices. With the last strength Chopin could gather, he asked her to sing him that famous air, *Pietà Signor*, composed by Stradella, of which it is said that two assassins, who had been hired to murder him, arrived at his house while he was singing it. Although they approached him cautiously with criminal intent, they were so moved by the beauty of the performance that they dropped their daggers and fell on their knees before him. This same air she sang to him, and when she had finished it, he prayed to hear it a second time, and she, although barely able to control her deep emotion, had the sublime courage to sing it again.

Schumann compares Chopin's compositions to Byron's creations, "so tender and bold, so full of love and scorn." About the *Ballades* he says: "The refined, *spirituel* Polish gentleman who moves in the highest aristocratic circles of Paris, is easily recognized by his fine style; the poetic aroma of which ought not to be analyzed."

Chopin's birthday, Madame Sand, and after her, numerous biographers, gave as the 1st of March, 1810. This date was corroborated by the Abbé Liszt, because Madame Catalani gave Chopin a watch on which was engraved: "From Madame Catalani to young Frédéric Chopin, aged ten years; 1820." But Liszt himself adds that Chopin was a very dreamy child, and never knew his age for certain. Karasowski, who five years ago published one of the most reliable biographies of Chopin, gives the year of his birth authentically as 1809, and mentions that on numberless occasions, even on

Chopin's tombstone in the Père Lachaise, the year has been erroneously given as 1810. Chopin's nerves were over-excitable when he was a child; whenever he heard music he was impressed by it to such a degree that he usually burst out crying. But he overcame to a great extent this weak organization at a comparatively early age, and studied so successfully that when nine years old he already made his *début* in a concert. His mother, anxious to adorn her pet before all, put him on a chair, to see whether there was any flaw in his appearance, and rendered him especially happy by adding to the charms of a little velvet coat a lace collar. After the concert, where he was very much applauded, his mother asked him what the public had liked best? "Oh, mamma," he said, "I certainly believe it was my collar." The success of this concert launched him instantly into aristocratic circles, which contributed much to give him the refinement and the delicate taste, that made him all his life keep aloof from everything common or vulgar.

It so happened that Chopin accidentally struck a chord of rather distant intervals, which required a bigger hand than his to span at once. In order to enable himself to do this, he invented, just as Schumann did, a contrivance with which to stretch the fingers, and not only did he often employ such chords but he wrote a study on purpose for such *arpeggiati* chords of considerable stretch. It was fortunate that Chopin was put under a master (Elsner), who although a very learned man, was liberal enough, when some scholar drew his attention to the unusual work of Chopin, to reply: "Let him alone, he does not tread in the beaten track, because he finds one of his own. He will, if left to himself, produce works for the piano of an originality unprecedented to this day."

Although Chopin's nature was intensely poetical, he was quite capable of playing pranks, and not only enjoyed good fun, but he showed great talent in private amateur theatricals. To illustrate the first part of this statement, it may suffice to say that knowing a landed proprietor, who was very rich but very mean, and who had contracted to sell to

a certain Jew a quantity of oats at a fixed price, Chopin wrote him a letter in a disguised hand, and very cleverly imitated the poor Jew's style and mistakes, in which the Jew positively declined to have the oats at the price agreed to. The landed proprietor, in a fearful rage, sent for the Jew, and would have given him very likely a good beating, had not Chopin preferred admitting his guilt and confessing the whole story.

He loved to hear the peasants play or sing their national melodies, and was always anxious to find out where those pretty mazurkas, etc., came from. There is in his Opus 13 a Kujawiak and Krakowiac—which latter word means a dance from Cracowia, just as waltzes have been called Viennoise, of surpassing beauty and passion. Chopin put into it such a deep feeling, such dolorous, touching despair, that all kinds of explanations were imagined. Some said the struggle of Poland against Russia, and the devastation of Poland were indicated, in order to explain the motives and their passionate development. The charm of national music, not only of Polish, but of any national music, Irish, Italian, Scotch, Swedish, any music really national, lies in the unartificial, generally plaintive yet sometimes warlike, but in all cases in the true accent of nature. As to the Mazurs, I can speak from experience as I suddenly heard in Poland on a journey such an interesting, sad motive played on a flute—or what sounded like a flute—that I stopped the carriage; there were no railways at that time, and I sent for the Mazurek (the peasant who played). I asked him to play the melody again, which he did, and I bought his instrument, a most primitive one, from him. He played, holding it like a clarionet, but I could do absolutely nothing with it; and it is difficult to understand how with such a piece of wood, the holes badly bored and quite unevenly distributed, these men, who never learned how to play, can produce such sweet, touching notes. It is the custom in Poland—at least it was then—that on high holidays men and women travel about in small bands, and play and sing their compositions, which, if offered a million for the trouble, they could not write down. The music is sometimes

dance music, sometimes a kind of long-drawn ballad. The Mazurs are a sort of modern troubadours, and are everywhere well received and rewarded. The music is in them, they have not learned it, they have learned nothing, very often not even how to read—they have learned no more than the lark, the thrush, the canary; but they sing, and in a most charming, interesting manner, too, because they are born to it. So was Chopin. So is every one who becomes a real composer, for without creation's powerful help no great artistic result can be reached.

Fearful was the depression of Chopin's mind and heart caused by that desperate Polish revolution in 1830, begun with hopes so sanguine, and so heroically sustained for awhile, that even such calm observers as Börne once wrote: "Is it really possible that the Colossus Russia may be overthrown by the baby Poland crawling between its legs and upsetting it?"—yet so determinedly and crushingly suppressed. The anxiety for his family added to his eagerness to return, but his father sternly forbade him.

He went to Paris, from which city he wrote the following remarkable observation: "Everything is to be found here, good and bad, sublime and ridiculous. You may do just as you please: laugh, cry, go pleasure-hunting, or think of nothing but business—nobody takes any notice of you. I do not think that there is a city on earth where there are more pianists to be found—or—more donkeys."

Nevertheless, he found real artists in sufficient number to create and propagate his reputation in the enchanting city. His letters from Paris, in which it can clearly be seen how his celebrity gradually increased, are sometimes very serious, then again a little adventure fills the space. Thus he tells us, that in the same house with him lives a tradesman who is out all day long. But his spouse, a very handsome young woman, has several times invited him during the cold days to take advantage of her new *calorifère* (a sort of iron oven). He did so once, but he says, "I would rather not return there; her oven is warm, but so are her eyes, and I am afraid Monsieur *son époux* might give me a good thrashing if he found me too well estab-

lished in his house." If, however, *la chronique scandaleuse* is correct, he seems not always to have been either so scrupulous or so afraid of consequences. He passed, in fact, for the *coqueluche* (the pet) of Parisian ladies.

That his polished, perhaps at times overpolished and ornamented playing was essentially effective in the salon, and could not be so well appreciated in big spaces, he found out when he gave a concert, crowded and patronized by the best society, aux Italiens, i.e., in the Italian Opera-house. The embellishments, which would have lost all their point had he produced them with a loud sound, could not be caught by every ear, and he at once felt that he was not in that warm sympathetic *rapport* with the public which used to make him play his best. It is one of the blessings which railway travelling has favored us with that the easy communications bring people to the theatre and the concert-room, whom otherwise the distance and the difficulty of returning home would have kept away. To accommodate those floating masses the concert-rooms, which previously were built with regard to the music that was to be heard there, are now built with an eye to business, viz., to get in as much money as it is possible to get. The consequence is that the space is quite out of proportion to what can be produced and listened to, that is to say, human lungs cannot be built bigger than they ever were before, but the space which the voice has to travel over being so much larger, the singers are induced to shout and thereby to injure their organs, and numbers of voices which with careful treatment would have lasted a lifetime, are by this incautious proceeding destroyed forever. Chopin told Liszt after this concert: "I ought not to play in public at all, that is your province, for where you cannot charm the public, you can at least astonish and crush it."

Chopin's improvisations were among the most attractive performances. His poetic utterances would recognize no fetters, and he might in truth be said to be the inventor, at all events in his frequent use of it, of the *tempo rubato*, which means that no arbitrary rule of time should hinder the *épanchement* of his compositions. *Rubato* literally

means "robbed," but he put it down, leaving to the performer's inspiration of the moment how it should be produced. When in 1835 he passed through Leipsic he had not time to arrange a concert, but played for his great friends Mendelssohn and Wieck. The latter was incensed against Chopin, who was credited—most probably quite without reason—with having said that in Germany there was not a lady who could play his compositions. Chopin would never have said so, even had he thought so, but he was simply delighted with Clara Wieck's (afterward Madame Schumann's) performance of his compositions. The greatest judges of music, Berlioz, Moscheles, Mendelssohn, were unanimous in proclaiming him the most original, interesting pianist of the day. Mendelssohn, with quiet sarcasm says of him: "How happy I am once again in hearing a real musician, not one of those half classical virtuosi, who would so much like to combine *les honneurs de la vertu et les plaisirs du vice* in music." How many hypocrites are always trying to do so in real life?

Chopin had an instinctive fear of incurable and of dying people: yet when General Cavaignac, the great Republican, felt his end approaching, he had only one desire—to hear Chopin. Louis Blanc, who is quoted in several biographies regarding the appalling scene which took place on that occasion, told me the story himself, which varies a little from the account he gave of it in his "*Histoire de la Révolution*." The fact is that Madame Cavaignac, the General's mother, asked Louis Blanc how they could render the fulfilment of her son's desire possible. Louis Blanc did not know Chopin, but he knew Madame George Sand intimately, who at that time had great influence with Chopin. It was to her, therefore, that Louis Blanc appealed, begging of her to accompany Chopin herself to General Cavaignac's house. She did so, and Chopin sat down to the piano, abandoning himself to his dreamy improvisations. While he was playing they suddenly heard sobbing near the door, and turning round, they beheld General Cavaignac who, dying, had got up on his bed and, in his night-gown like a spectre, advanced, his arms outstretched

toward the piano, frightening Chopin out of his wits. His mother in great anxiety rushed after him to bring him to bed again, but he said to her: "Don't fear, mother, I heard the music of the spheres sung by angels; it did me good;" and with a smile of beatitude on his placid face he was brought back, and with what he called the celestial harmonies in his ear he ended his terrestrial sufferings.

How often does it happen in life that seemingly trifling circumstances have an important influence on our destiny! Chopin one evening ascending the stairs of an aristocratic friend, heard the rustling silk of a lady's dress behind him, and a perfume of violets overcame him, so that he instinctively felt an attraction which impressed him ominously. He did not turn round, however, but sat quietly in the countess's salon listening to the conversation, and it was not until a great number of people had departed that he went to the piano and before the more intimate friends of the house began improvising. When he had done, the violet perfume overcame him again, but the lady whose dress seemed the source of this all-pervading fragrantcy never approached him, although her dark eyes seemed to pierce his very soul. A few minutes later Liszt advanced toward him, that very lady on his arm, whose few but refined, flattering words, pronounced with that deep, warm, sympathetic contralto organ of hers, quite upset the excitable young pianist's brains. I need not say that this was George Sand. His love for her, after two of his countrywomen had treacherously jilted him, was deep and true—whereas her love for him was passionate, wild, uncontrolled and went the way that such outbursts always go. He loved her without exaggerated protestations to the end of his life, her straw fire rose up like a column toward heaven, and burned itself out in no time. She was the woman of whom Alfred de Musset, another of her ephemeral flames, said: "If I no longer believe in tears it is because I have seen her cry. (*Si je ne crois plus aux larmes, c'est que je l'ai vue pleurer.*)"

Chopin had studied much the works of Sebastian Bach, indeed, more than any other compositions, and he played his

own compositions in a manner which no other pianist could reach. The greatest pianists of his time, Liszt and Hiller, challenged him, and Chopin proposed that all three of them should play the famous Polish mazurka, *Jesztsho Polska nje skeenella* (Poland is not yet lost). Liszt began and did wonders; after him came Hiller, the classical player; but when Chopin took up the theme, both his rivals admitted that he had outdone their efforts. Perhaps I may be allowed here to correct an error into which Chopin's biographer Karasowski has fallen. He speaks of little Filtsch as Chopin's pupil. I knew this marvellous little boy in Vienna, where the Countess Bánffy took care of his education. He was a pupil of Liszt, who made him come to Paris, where at the early age of thirteen he died. Though an undoubted genius, he was at that early age so spoiled that he could not bear the slightest criticism.

Chopin's glory as composer, performer and teacher—the famous Princess Marcelline Czartoryska was one of his most gifted pupils—is quite great enough without encroaching on any one else's triumphs. A model of a friend, a perfect gentleman, the most reliable man known, his slight and fragile body contained a strong and believing soul. When on his death-bed, he quietly talked to all his friends, asking them to arrange certain music at his funeral. Having all his life professed an adoration for Mozart, he begged that his Requiem might be played for him. Suddenly he said: "Maintenant j'entre en agonie," and without complaint, gentle as a martyr, he passed away.

The greatest passion in his life, his love for George Sand, never took away a grain of his pride, and when he observed how her solicitude diminished and her sympathy for him began to cool down, he said to her: "I become a burden to you; I go, and you shall never hear of me again," and as he said it, he did it. But when later on the fickle Frenchwoman, in a salon, hidden behind an ivy screen, listening to his exquisite playing, suddenly burst out in a sob, and cried: "Frédéric," Chopin turned to her, became deadly pale, but without saying a single word quitted, and never spoke to her again.



His grave in the Père Lachaise was for many years covered with flowers more than any other grave. On All Soul's Day, even to this time, those of his pupils and friends who still live and

love him, consider it their pious duty to bring him what Chopin loved so much in life, and what is stamped on every one of his compositions—poetry and flowers.  
—*Temple Bar.*

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THE BOURBONS.

THE oldest reigning family, as it is so often called, does not at present reign anywhere except perhaps in Spain, and its chances of reigning elsewhere depend very much, it would seem, on the turn events may take during the next few months or even days. We are told that the Count of Chambord is very ill; that the Count of Paris has gone to Frohsdorf to visit him; that he has made a "political testament" in which the younger Count is named heir to his pretensions and a certain "Don Jayme" to his possessions; and people who have not very clear heads for "endless genealogies" may well feel puzzled. There has been so much written on the subject by historians, heralds, and politicians that the difficulty is to obtain a clear and simple account of the exact position with respect to each other and with respect to the hereditary succession of the various personages we have just mentioned. Some of us have long been accustomed to think that on the death of the Count of Chambord the representation of the old French monarchy devolves directly on the heir of Louis Philippe. But this is precisely the question now at issue. Who is the heir, in the ordinary sense of the word, or, as we may say, the heir-at-law of the Count of Chambord? His nearest relative is his sister, the Duchess of Parma; and her son might be looked upon as the next representative of his uncle. But this would be a violation of the so-called Salic law, which refuses to recognize succession through females. We must therefore look for the nearest relative in the male line only. The Count of Chambord is the senior male descendant of Louis XIV., being the son of the Duke of Berri, who was the son of King Charles X., the last king of France. Charles X. was son to Louis, the Dauphin, son of Louis XV., who was the great-grandson of his predecessor on the throne, Louis

XIV. But Louis XIV. had other descendants besides those who succeeded him on the throne of France, and there are numerous representatives in existence of Philip of Anjou, his second grandson. We should naturally therefore turn to them to find the nearest male heir of the empty dignities of the Count of Chambord. Philip is best known in history as Philip V. of Spain, and had a very numerous progeny. Besides daughters, he had seven sons, one of whom succeeded him, one became King of Naples, and another Duke of Parma—the ancestor, in fact, of the prince named above. Later Kings of Spain have also left large families. One King of Naples had seven sons and another five. In short, the descendants of Louis XIV. in the male line are at present very numerous, yet it is to the Count of Paris, who is descended, not from Louis XIV., but from Louis XIII., that most of us are accustomed to look for the next successor to the claims of the so-called Henry V.

So far it has been possible to avoid any very complicated statement of facts, but when we come to ask how it is that none of the descendants of Philip of Anjou are to be reckoned heirs of the Count of Chambord we encounter one of the most insoluble problems presented by contemporary history. The case may be thus presented. Philip of Anjou, when he ascended the throne of Spain, renounced for himself and for his descendants all rights to the throne of France. He did not, of course, foresee what has happened. He, or his grandfather, or his advisers, assumed that the Spanish crown would descend, like the French to males only. But in course of time, it came to pass that a king of Spain had two daughters and no son; and it happened also that the same King was exceedingly feeble in mind, and that he was married to a lady

(his own niece) who was by no means so deficient in mental force, and by whose arrangement the Spanish crown, setting at naught the French or Salic law, devolved upon one of the daughters, to the prejudice of the numerous male descendants of Philip V. already mentioned. The Carlist wars and the intrigues of Louis Philippe about the Spanish marriages—that is, about the marriages of the two daughters of this feeble King Ferdinand of Spain—are not yet forgotten by the present generation. Meanwhile, the young Queen of Spain married her cousin Francis, the eldest son of her uncle, another Francis, the second brother of King Ferdinand. The present King of Spain is the reputed offspring of this marriage; and, allowing the purity of his descent, he represents in the male line one branch of the descendants of Philip of Anjou. But it is the younger branch. King Ferdinand had another brother older than Francis, and this brother, known to fame as Don Carlos, was father of the late Don Carlos, and grandfather of the present bearer of that ill-omened name, whose young son is the Don Jayme mentioned above. A question therefore arises which may be briefly put as follows: From the time of King Hugh the crown of France has regularly descended to the direct male heir; if the descendants of Louis XIV. renounced the crown of France for that of Spain, but now, in the direct line at least, enjoy neither, does the renunciation made by Philip V. hold good? The second Lord Ashburton, of the Dunning family, left, at his death in 1823, a very curious treatise on the Royal House of France, and even then stated the very case which has since arisen. An opinion was very prevalent that the right of succession to the crown of France was so indefeasibly inherent in the head of the family as to render the renunciation null and void. Many English politicians, indeed, accused Louis XIV. of acting fraudulently in giving his consent to a renunciation which he knew not to be binding; and it must be allowed that if the political will of which we have heard so much lately names the Count of Paris rather than Don Carlos as heir of the dynasty, we shall have the strange spectacle of a younger branch claiming France and an elder branch claiming Spain. It may

of course be asserted that as long as Don Carlos claims to be King of Spain he cannot claim to be King of France, but this only postpones the question. At any time he may change his mind. It may come to pass—and stranger things have happened—that at some future period the throne of France may be occupied by a descendant of Louis XIII., and that a descendant of Louis XIV. may renounce Spain and prove a dangerous claimant to France. In short, the anomalies introduced by the ambition of Louis XIV. and his grandson are in complete accordance with what was foreseen more than fifty years ago; for Lord Ashburton observes that though the descent of the French crown was regulated by the Salic law, it was by no means clear that the Salic law would prevail in Spain; and he continues, "If in the course of time any King of Spain should ever die, leaving a daughter but no son, that daughter might inherit the crown of Spain to the exclusion of collateral heirs male; and thus the direct heir male of Philip V., or, in other words, the future chief of the branch descended from him, might be merely a private individual in Spain." This is exactly what has happened, except that Don Carlos has, by his own act, made himself a private individual in England or Austria rather than in Spain.

Such is a brief statement of the case, avoiding side issues as much as possible. Of course the claim of one prince to France may be just as worthless as that of another to Spain; or, on the other hand, the French may wish to try once more the experiment of a constitutional monarchy, which so signally failed under Louis Philippe and Guizot, and may see in the not undisputed succession of the Orleans family just that element of doubt which in England has so firmly established the House of Hanover. The House of Hanover was neither by male nor by female descent the heir of the Stuarts. The House of Orleans is at least descended in the male line from Louis XIII., and if the renunciation made by Philip V. be held valid for all his descendants, whether on the throne of Spain or not, is also the next heir to Louis XIV. Which view will have been taken by the Count of Chambord no one knows yet, though there are many in-

dications that the renunciation is held to be valid. It is unquestionable that Louis Philippe looked on himself as the next heir, though on ascending the throne of Charles X. he reverted to an old form of the royal title, and called himself "Roi des Français." It remains, however, one of the grim lessons of history that the ambition of Louis XIV. may have the effect of disinheriting his own descendants, and that a family which has astonished the world by the length of its reign and the wideness of its sway should be divided in such a manner that the younger branch shall supplant the elder, and the hypothetical case put half a century ago should be possibly coming true; when the direct male heir of Hugh Capet will be a private person, while a younger branch reigns over his inheritance. So far the strict Salic law of succession has never been broken in France. From the time of King Hugh to that of John I., the posthumous son of Louis X., the crown descended without a break. John lived and reigned but four days, when he was succeeded, not by his sister, but by his uncle. This was in 1316, and six years later the daughters of Philip V. were similarly set aside, and in eleven years, reckoning from the death of the infantine John to the accession of Philip of Valois, the Salic law operated thus three times. The only wars of succession France has had were with English claimants in the female line; but the male succession was adhered to

without wavering; and from the accession of Philip VI. to the death of Charles VIII., for more than a century and a half the crown descended regularly, reverting to a cousin, Louis XII., on the death, without sons, of Charles VIII. Francis I. was a cousin of Louis XII., and the House of Valois became extinct in the male line on the death of Henry III. The houses of Naples and of Burgundy were similarly extinct, as were the more remote families of Alençon and Evreux, and the succession devolved on the head of the Bourbon branch, sprung from the younger son of a king so remote as Louis IX., so that Henry III. and his successor, Henry IV., were "tenth cousins, once removed," or, in other words, only related to each other in the twenty-first degree. The distance in blood between the Count of Chambord and his eighth cousin, the Count of Paris, or his sixth cousin, Don Carlos, is not therefore without precedent. We have to go back to the obscurities of Egyptian history for such a succession of kings in one family, but cannot be sure that Rameses XIV. was descended in the male line from Rameses I. It is, in short, impossible, little as we can admire the majority of the Bourbon kings and princes, not to have a certain feeling of veneration for the representative of what at its fall was the oldest reigning house in Europe.—*Saturday Review*.

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#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE longevity of members of the French Institute has often attracted attention. Now, seven of them are more than eighty years old each. The eldest is M. Chevreul, the chemist, who is ninety-eight, and is still able to lecture regularly. M. Dumas, the chemist, and M. Milne-Edwards, the biologist, have each lived eighty-four years. M. Mignet, the historian, is eighty-seven, and is one of the hardest and most constant workers in the Institute.

THERE have just been published the posthumous works of M. Marie Ronalt, the founder and curator of the Geological Museum at Rennes, France, who died in 1881. He was originally an unlettered shepherd and afterward a barber. He taught himself the elements of

natural science, worked out the geological structure of a part of Brittany, and left valuable MSS., treating specially of the palæozoic fauna.

DR. STEPHAN, Director-General of the German Imperial Postal and Telegraphic Department, heartily enjoys a joke, even at his own expense. Recently on a tour of inspection he entered the telegraphic office at Dirschau, just in time to catch the operator receiving an official dispatch from Berlin, reading: "Be on your guard. Stephan is on the rampage. He puts his nose into everybody's pie." The Director-General laughed heartily and then ordered the operator to telegraph back to Berlin: "Too late. Nose is already in my pie."

PRINCE KRAPOTKINE has about given up hope of getting out of the Clairvaux prison. His health is so poor now that he has to relinquish literary labor for days at a time. He intended to write a book on Siberia, but found that he could not do so without discussing politics, which is forbidden, so he has abandoned it, and is writing a scientific work on Finland and various articles for *The Encyclopedia Britannica*.

A LONDON journal describes Kraszewski, the poet, placed under arrest not long ago by the German government. He is a man of ample means, living in good style in his own villa in Dresden. Besides the handsome income which his writings bring him, he receives large supplies from his son, who is one of the greatest contractors in Russia. His villa is situated in one of those picturesque spots for which Dresden is famous, and the exterior alone shows the peculiar tastes of its owner. The balcony outside his study is fitted up as an aviary for doves, and the surrounding gardens are beautifully laid out, in a great measure by his own hand. In his waiting-room numerous articles of *virtu* are scattered about, most of which were presented to him on his literary jubilee in 1879. In his study the walls are literally covered with landscapes sketched by himself during his long travels, and on the tables are albums of caricatures with which he has amused himself in his leisure moments. For some time past he has been oppressed by occasional fits of melancholy, during which he sits for hours and hours engaged in composing music. Before leaving for Pau, as if with some presentiment of coming evil, he made a will, for the first time in his life, in which he directed that his heart should be taken to Warsaw, and deposited in the church where he received his first communion.

WE may expect in October another Indian poem by Mr. Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia." It will be composed of the following idyls from the Sanskrit of the "Mahabharata": 1. "Savitri; or, Love and Death;" 2. "Nala and Damayanti;" 3. "The Enchanted Lake;" 4. "The Saint's Temptation;" 5. "The Birth of Death." Messrs. Trübner & Co., the publishers of the work, are preparing for publication during the ensuing season an illustrated edition of Mr. Arnold's "Light of Asia."

It is well known that Leipzig has been for a long time the centre of the publishing trade in Germany; but Berlin promises to surpass it in this respect. In the year 1881 more books were published in the imperial capital than in Leipzig, the respective numbers being 2464

and 2432. In 1882 Leipzig took the lead again, issuing 2628 volumes against 2245 of Berlin. In the departments of jurisprudence and politics the latter city published many more works. As to the change in orthography, the omission of the letter *h* when not pronounced, this innovation promises to become universal, however awkward it appears to those who have been accustomed to the old orthography.

THE *Revue Politique et Littéraire* for July 7th printed a letter by M. James Darmesteter, addressed to M. Guillaume Guizot, upon "The Study of English in France," which will serve as a preface to a forthcoming volume of "Essais de Littérature Anglaise" by the former writer. Though short, it gives a careful comparison of the claims of English and of German to be studied in France. The conclusion is—German for science; English for commerce, for literary value and for political instruction.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, four names were mentioned for a vacancy among the corresponding members in the department of history. Of these four names, three were English; but Prof. Waitz, the veteran historian of Berlin, was elected.

THE late Louis Veuillot, the well-known editor of the *Univers*, has left behind him a large number of papers, from which his brother intends to publish a selection—two volumes of "Œuvres inédites;" two volumes of "Derniers Mélanges;" and two volumes of "Correspondance."

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET has resumed in the *Nouvelle Revue* his "Histoire de mes Levres," or chapters of literary autobiography. In the number for July 1, he treats of "Les Lettres de mon Moulin," which began to appear in a Paris newspaper in 1866, and won no great success when published in 1869 in book-form. Two thousand copies were sold with difficulty; but says M. Daudet now: "N'importe! c'est encore là mon livre préféré, non pas au point de vue littéraire, mais parce qu'il me rappelle les plus belles heures de ma jeunesse."

THE *London Athenæum* prints the following communication from Mr. Andrew Tuer, which contains an interesting suggestion: "The fire by which an enormous stock of books in the warehouse of a prominent London publisher was recently destroyed has naturally given rise to a good deal of discussion in connection with an old but admitted grievance—the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of insuring authors' manuscripts. To cite instances which must



be familiar to most of your readers, where, by no fault of their own, authors have found the labor of years reduced to ashes and themselves to despair, would be wasting valuable space. From the author's point of view, his manuscript has a distinct monetary value, and ought, he thinks, to be as readily insurable as pictures or plate. From the insurance companies' point of view, however, a manuscript *may* be valuable, but they argue that there can be no positive proof that it *is*, and their representatives shrewdly suspect that were they to accept such risks a few pounds' weight of spoiled paper from the butter-man's could and would be made to represent the brain-work of a budding Carlyle or an immature Darwin. While beset with difficulties, the subject, now that everybody writes books, is one of growing importance, and it is, I think, to the interest of established insurance companies to propose conditions and restrictions under which they will be prepared to insure an author's manuscript until the book is published or duplicate proofs have been received from the printer."

THE following story is told in the London correspondence of one of the provincial English journals: "An enterprising publisher recently issued a cheap edition of Johnson's ever-famous Abyssinian story, 'Rasselas.' It was reviewed in a Scotch paper, and the review came under the notice of the secretary of an artistic and literary agency. Being of an enterprising nature, he sat himself down and addressed a letter to 'Samuel Johnson, LL.D.,' calling his attention to a favorable review of his work, stating that it was among the most popular of its author's many writings, and offering to glean for the hero of Boswell and transmit to him cuttings in the original text from all London and provincial, and as many American, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, and other journals as noticed the production. Here is the envelope—'Samuel Johnson, LL.D., care of Mr. So-and-So, publisher.'"

STERNE is one of the English writers who are as much honored in the literary circles of France as in the country of their birth, and his admirers across the Channel are preparing an *édition de luxe* of his "Sentimental Journey" which will throw into the shade all the similar editions which have been produced in England. Two hundred copies will be struck off, and the price of subscription will be fixed, according to the size of the paper, at three hundred or five hundred francs. The special character of this edition lies in the fact that each copy will contain a unique water-color by M. Maurice Leloir on a different subject. Judging by analogy it is probable that in the next century some book

collector will devote his energies and his fortune to the task of collecting in his own library all the impressions of this edition which money can secure.

AN interesting book of Voltaire's, hitherto unpublished, has just been brought out in Paris. Voltaire, like most men of letters, kept a commonplace book, in which, besides making notes of his own, he entered any stories or sayings which struck his fancy, and one such book he labelled "Le Sottisier." The manuscript passed into the hands of the Empress Catherine II., who bought his library from his niece, M<sup>me</sup>. Denys, in 1778, and it was only in 1844, when the Beuchot edition was already completed, that Prince Lobanoff sent the editors a copy of most of the book. MM. Garnier Frères have now inserted the whole of it (with a few, perhaps, judicious omissions) in their new edition of Voltaire's works, and have also struck off a separate impression of it, uniform with the well-known Charpentier series. It would require all the industry and ingenuity of a new Voltaire society to separate what are merely citations or records of conversations from the original entries and to explain the allusions in many of the latter to current events. But the "Sottisier" contains also, in spite of its name, many notes and epigrams of permanent interest which are said to be well worthy of being included in any complete edition of Voltaire's works.

THE new literary convention between France and Germany, which has just been signed, is interesting to authors, book-buyers, and publishers. The contracting powers, in the case of magazines and periodical journals, protect the author or the editor against the reprint of serial novels, essays, and scientific articles without the author's or editor's consent; except in the case of brief extracts inserted in other articles, or in school-books. Every attempt will be made to prevent the publication and sale of cheap reprints of standard books. In the case of works which are anonymous or known by a pseudonym, the publisher will be regarded as the author's representative. The author has a right of translation for ten years, and the necessity of printing a notice of reserved right and of registration is abolished. When a work is issued in parts the ten years are to be counted from the last issue. Acting plays are placed on the same footing as books; and the treaty applies to books already published, so it is retroactive. In all cases the appearance of the author's name on the title-page is considered presumptive proof of his rights, unless there be overwhelming proof of fraud. The treaty has been signed for a period of six years, with the stipulation that either party may give

a twelve months' notice of withdrawal, maugre which the agreement holds good for another six years. Lastly, in case of either of the two contracting governments making a future literary convention with a third government, any clauses more favorable than the others then in force shall be applicable to the latter also.

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### MISCELLANY.

QUEER EXCUSES.—Few people when found fault with seem to forget the adage, "Any excuse is better than none." "Cabby, if you do not drive faster, I will give you no *pour-boire*," said a French gentleman. "I have already run over two persons, and monsieur is not yet satisfied," was the unexpected reply. An equally ready excuse was made by another driver in Paris for *not* running over a foot-passenger. The horse was just about to knock down a lady, when the cabby, by a superhuman effort, reined the animal in, checking it so sharply that it reared up upon its haunches. "Bravo, coachee; nobly done!" exclaimed a spectator. "I wouldn't have upset her for the world," replied the coachman. "She would have been my thirteenth this month, and thirteen is always an unlucky number." The other day, a Paris lady abruptly entered her kitchen, and saw the cook skimming the soup with a silver spoon. She said to her: "Françoise, I expressly forbade you to use the silver in the kitchen." "But, madame, the spoon was dirty."—"This is the sixth time that you have been here without saying a word about the money you owe me, monsieur," said the mistress of a Marseilles cigar-shop to a young Bohemian journalist. "What am I to understand by it?" "Ah, madame," said the clever journalist, "when one sees *you*, one forgets everything!" A pretty enough compliment, it is true, but a peculiar defence for running into debt.—Most youngsters from constant practice get fertile in inventing excuses. "Why, Georgie, you are smoking!" exclaimed an amazed mother, who came upon her little son as he was puffing away at a cigar. "N—no, ma; I am only keeping it lighted for another boy."—"Did you break that window, boy?" said a grocer, catching hold of the fleeing urchin. "Yes, sir." "What do you mean by running off in this manner?" "Please, sir, I was running home to get the money. I was afraid if I didn't run home quick, I might forget," was the instant explanation.—It must have been an Irish boy who wrote in a post-script: "Dear father, forgive these large blots on my letter, but they came while the letter was passing through the post. I write this for fear you should think I made them myself."—

At a juvenile party, a young gentleman about eight years old kept himself aloof from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him:—"Come and play or dance, my dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife." "Not likely," cried the young cynic; "no wife for me. Do you think I want to be worried out of my life, like poor papa?"—An equally pertinent reason for remaining single was given by a young lady of twenty, whose friends tried to persuade her to wed a man of fifty. "He was neither one thing nor another," she said; "too old for a husband, and too young to hold any hope of immediate widowhood."—*Chambers's Journal*.

TIMBER AND HEALTH.—How fatal are the results which attend careless indifference on this point is singularly shown by what has followed in Italy on the disforestation of the once well-wooded peninsula. Not alone have the recent terrible inundations in the north of Italy been directly traced to this cause, but the fatal *aria cattiva*, the poisonous breath of the marsh lands, which has within twenty years or so invaded almost every province of the peninsula, now reigns supreme, driving from the once fertile plains thousands of the unhappy inhabitants. Here we see the direct influence of false economy in this one direction. When we consider, in addition, that Italy could undoubtedly, by proper management, grow a large portion of the timber which at present she has to import, we see another direction in which a false economy has impoverished and impoverishes an already poor nation. England, without having reached this sad position, cannot be said to be beyond blame. There exists in our country many a broad stretch of land which, by the action of science, might be rendered productive, and at the same time beautiful. The growth of timber is not of a nature to tempt the speculative demands of modern private initiative; it is for this reason that it behoves the government, or, at least, local authorities, to take up the question. They, at least, standing virtually independent of the consideration of immediate gain, are the only fit instruments by which such work can be done; but the system once set in order, the returns, it is evident, will be no less regular, even more so than from the ordinary sources of profit. A close study of the matter—an inquiry into the admirable methods adopted on the Continent, in France, in Belgium, and in Germany—would form an interesting subject of inquiry either for some government commission or for some privately appointed body. The question is one of something more than passing interest. Whence are we to obtain our supply of timber? Nature unaided will soon

cease to be able to satisfy our demands ; but we have here another of the many instances where science intelligently directed can solve the difficulty, and thus once again be of the utmost service to the world, not alone practically, but æsthetically.—*London Builder*.

THE MARBLES OF ANCIENT ROME.—Profuse as were the ancient Romans in their general expenditure, upon no objects did they lavish their wealth so extravagantly as upon their favorite marbles and precious stones for the decoration of their public buildings and their private houses. No effort was spared that Rome might be adorned with the richest treasures of the mineral kingdom from all parts of the world. Slaves and criminals were made to minister to this luxury in the various quarries of the Roman dominions, which were the penal settlements of antiquity. The antiquary Ficoroni counted the columns in Rome in the year 1700, and he found no less than 8000 existing entire ; and yet these were but a very small proportion of the number that must once have been there. The palaces and modern churches of Rome owe all their ornaments to this passion of the ancients. There is not a door-step nor a guard-stone at the corner of the meanest court in Rome which is not of marble, granite, or porphyry from some ancient building. The very streets in the newly-laid parts of the city are macadamised with the fragments of costly baths and pillars. I took up one day, out of mere curiosity, some of the road-metal near the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and I identified in the handful no less than a dozen varieties of the most beautiful marbles and porphyries from Greece, Africa, and Asia. And when we remember that all these foreign stones were brought into Rome during the interval between the end of the Republic and the time of Constantine—a period of between 300 and 400 years—we can form some idea of the extraordinary wealth and luxury of the Imperial City when it was in its prime. Where is there any modern city that can show within it a hundredth part of the same architectural splendor ? Notwithstanding its unparalleled wealth and luxury, and its command of the commercial resources of the earth, were all the public buildings of London to be destroyed, they would not yield in their ruins as many columns of marble and granite, worthy of the name, as one ancient Roman palace has left behind. The study of these precious relics, gleaming among the hoary ruins of the Imperial City, or transforming the resplendent churches of the Papal City into cabinets of jewels, gives one an impressive idea of the wonderful beauty as well as strength with which the Great Architect has laid the foundations of the earth, and built up its mountain walls. He has finished His

temple, unlike man's work, in the deepest and most secret parts as perfectly, and with as costly materials, as in the most conspicuous—not more for the outside crowd than for the eyes and soul of the inner worshipper. He has laid its stones with fair colors, and its foundations with sapphires ; He has made its windows of agates, its gates of carbuncles, and all its borders of pleasant stones !—*British and Foreign Evangelical Review*.

BIG FEES.—Mr. Benjamin, by far the ablest advocate in the most lucrative department of legal practice, received £25,000 in his most fortunate year—about half the yearly income many a second-rate architect or engineer or newspaper proprietor has made in the present century. The famous lawyer who has just ceased earning incomes that perhaps average £20,000 a year since he took silk in 1872, would have been more liberally rewarded in Elizabeth's England, and quite as lavishly remunerated in Charles II.'s London. The bare statement of the fee tells little of a lawyer's remuneration. Though considerable fees are sometimes taken for little trouble, or even no work at all, the sensationally magnificent fees of legal annals are always found on inquiry to have been payments for unusually heavy and arduous service. If he had not won the respect of solicitors by his dexterous management of the defence, Edward Law would have had cause to regret his employment in behalf of Warren Hastings, who paid his leading counsel something under £4000. On taking account of special outlay for the cause, and the value of the business it compelled him to decline, the eminent advocate, who received a fee of £6000 in the famous case of "*Small v. Attwood*," had reason to think himself underpaid and ill-paid. Serious payments for serious service, the big fees that now and then pass from clients to counsel through the fingers of intervening solicitors, differ widely from the munificent prodigalities by which sick millionaires occasionally exhibit their fear of death and their gratitude to the doctor. Perhaps the largest fee ever paid to a medical man was the fee of one thousand guineas, which Sir Henry Thompson received for a single visit—without any operation—to Oppenheim, the Cologne capitalist, who, when already in *extremis*, determined to lure the famous London surgeon to his bedside at any cost. Of course, such a prodigious fee—demanded by the surgeon in the hope that the demand would be declined, and paid under altogether exceptional circumstances—is a solitary and strangely abnormal incident that may scarcely be used as an example of the remunerations of "the faculty." Even in the annals of medicine and surgery it

must remain a thing of humor and surprise.—*Leisure Hour.*

**CHOLERA AND DRINKING WATER.**—The relation between a polluted water-supply and enteric and choleraic disease, says the *British Medical Journal*, receives fresh confirmation from almost every inquiry which is undertaken by competent authorities into outbreaks of typhoid fever and choleraic diarrhoea. The last official report of Mr. W. H. Power to the Local Government Board, on an epidemic prevalence of typhoid or enteric fever in the Hitchin district, which is just issued by the medical department of the Board, can be summed up once more in the words "pollution of the water-supply." The most direct relation is traced between the intermittent circumstances of pollution of the public water-service owing to accidental difficulties and the outburst of fever in the middle of January. The circumstances remind one somewhat of the history of the introduction of cholera into London on the occasion of the last outbreak at the East End. On that occasion, it was shown clearly enough that cholera was introduced into London and the epidemic was occasioned by the temporary disuse of certain filter-beds by a water company while alterations were in progress, and the taking of the water directly from the river Lea at a time when it was being polluted from a house in which resided a cholera patient who had been brought by ship to Southampton, and sent on to the banks of the Lea. So, at Hitchin, the special opportunity for pollution of the public water-supply consisted in the circumstance that, at the pumping station, an eight-inch overflow pipe, contrived to convey surplus water from the receiving tank and pumping-well into the river permitted, on occasion, reflux of the river-water into the tank. "Discovery of this defect," says Mr. Power, "in January last, was not only startling, but was in a manner satisfactory to the sanitary authority, for it went far to explain a difficulty that had for some time troubled persons concerned with the water-works, viz., that without obvious cause, suddenly and at uncertain intervals, the water in the pumping-well had been apt to become turbid." This occasional turbidity of the water-service required coincidence of two separate conditions in reference to the level of the water in the river and in the tank, but this coincidence was not unfrequently present, and on these occasions the turbidity of the water was observed. It is significant to notice the vast importance of such turbidity in connection with the reports of Professor Frankland as to the turbidity of the Thames water-supply for the drinking of Londoners, and the frequent turbidity of town waters generally. Chemical analysis and physical analysis can

only indicate the presence of this slight impurity, due to what Professor Frankland technically describes as "previous sewage contamination." The most recent researches of Professor Angus Smith, however, sufficiently indicate that the "previous sewage pollution" is not sufficiently indicated by ordinary physical and economical methods, and such cases as these at Hitchin, and such incidents, which ought always to be kept fresh in our memory, as that of the introduction of a destructive epidemic of Asiatic cholera into London, by the mere accidental pollution, during three days, of the water-supply of one company, ought to inspire the utmost caution in the use of water, subject to previous sewage-contamination, until careful precautions have been taken to scrutinize the antecedents of our drinking water. This peculiar carefulness is especially necessary during seasons such as this, when the soil and the water, and the relative lowness of the rivers, afford special opportunities for the rapid development of any poisonous germs contained in the water, and at a moment when we are threatened with the possible introduction of choleraic disease from abroad, and when, owing to the character of the season, a great deal of summer and autumnal diarrhoea is undoubtedly to be expected.

**JADE.**—A correspondent of *Nature* writes: "During the last ten years much has been written on the origin of the jade objects found in America and Europe, no raw materials of the stone having yet been discovered out of which the articles could have been manufactured. Professor H. Fischer of Freiburg in Baden therefore brought forward the hypothesis, supported by several of his scientific brethren, that the jade objects of America had been transported thither from Asia in prehistoric times, when Mongolian tribes settled in the New World, and that the intercourse of trade had later acted in the same manner. For Europe, where thousands of those objects have been found, the Aryans had done this service, when wandering from the very heart of Asia to the west, the source of the jade objects of both continents being Asia, where deposits of the mineral are known to occur in Siberia, Turkestan, and Burmah. Recently Dr. Meyer, of Dresden, has energetically opposed these views in a large folio work containing many plates, and has come forward with the opinion that the jade sources of Europe and America yet remain to be discovered. As to America we are glad to hear that this much simpler and more reasonable explanation of the problem has now been verified, the Smithsonian Institution of Washington lately having received from Louisiana an immense number of objects of jade, among them implements, knives, and



other articles, many having an admirably high finish, and with them a considerable quantity of the stone of which the objects were made. We do not doubt that similar discoveries may soon be expected in Europe, especially in Switzerland, and that we shall succeed in ascertaining the exact districts where the mineral is to be found.

THE STORY OF A MASTERPIECE.—When Antokolsky conceived his "Ivan the Terrible" he was still starving on a pound a month. It would have been mere midsummer madness to think of a studio of his own. He tried to get one in the Academy; but he tried in vain. He then asked permission to work there during the vacation in the sculptors' class rooms; and after a great deal of circumlocution the required permission was granted (1870) on condition that in return for it he mended all the broken noses and maimed hands and lame legs of the battered old bas-reliefs which had been sent in on account of the Academy gold medal. He began to work at his "Ivan the Terrible" with the passionate and indefatigable unrest peculiar to him. He wanted to finish it out of hand, under the impulse of a unique, unbroken inspiration. The incessant labor, the old unending hardships and privations, the miserable circumstances under which he lived and wrought, combined to make him seriously ill. He took a horrible cough, and began to suffer violently from pulmonary hæmorrhage. He was obliged to leave his work, and go home and rest. In a month he was back again in St. Petersburg. There a new grief was in store for him. The class-room in which his model stood, by order of the academical authorities, had been appropriated to other uses, and the terrible Tzar had been parcelled out in fragments, and stowed away in a lumber room under the roof. Antokolsky kept up his heart. He was worn to a shadow with hardship and illness; he had no light to work in and no room; he was faint and giddy and tired; but he labored on. And at last "The Terrible" was finished. Naturally enough, the artist's first idea was to show his work to his professors. He was a young man, however; and none of them were interested in his work. Had it been a veteran's, like Pimenoff or Baron Klodt, it would have been another pair of shoes. But it was only Antokolsky's; and they declined to look at it. So the artist went and called on Prince Gagarin, the President of the Academy, and asked inspection of him. The President was very civil, told him that he had long had his eye on him and that he would be delighted to come and see. He came; he saw; he was conquered. No such work had come from a Russian artist; and he knew it, and was enchanted with the knowledge. Next day he

returned with the Grand Duchess Maria Paulovna; she was every whit as much astonished and impressed as the President. "The Emperor must see your work!" she said in her ecstasy. But to make this possible another sacrifice was required of the artist. He was still under the tiles; at such a height the Emperor and he were practically ten thousand miles apart; and he was requested to cut up his work, and get it carried piecemeal downstairs and set up in a bigger room on the ground floor. This he positively refused to do. The President was persuasive; the Grand Duchess was benevolently imperious; but the sculptor stood firm. Then at a sign from Her Imperial Highness, a miracle was operated in the little garret. The floor became covered with exquisite tapestry; fair windows appeared in its walls; it grew glorious with costly furniture and silken hangings; and one evening at six o'clock there was a strange and awful jingle of spurs on the narrow stairs, and in came the Tzar. He looked affably at the majestic presentment of his predecessor; and he honored the artist with a "gracious conversation": "Who are you?" "Antokolsky." "Where from?" "Wilno." "Very good very good!" With that there was another strange and awful jingle of spurs, and the Tzar had vanished.—*Magazine of Art.*

DE LESSEPS AND ABD-EL-KADER.—A late number of the *Nouvelle Revue* contains an interesting letter on Abd-el-Kader by M. de Lesseps. After saying that others will write the history of his thirteen years' struggle against France, M. de Lesseps proceeds to give some hitherto unpublished details concerning Abd-el-Kader's existence since his defeat and capture by the French. The writer says: "On my journey to Madrid, where I was sent as Ambassador by Lamartine in 1848, I went out of my way to pay a visit to Abd-el-Kader, who was at the Château de Pau with his family. It was the first time that I had seen him, and I was struck by his noble and calm resignation. He remained faithful to France to the last moment of life, and his conduct during the massacres in Syria in 1866 did much to check the excesses inspired by Mussulman fanaticism, he and his sons being the protectors and saviours of the Christian population of Damascus. On that occasion he received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. In the following year, while I was travelling in Syria in order to find men for the works of the Suez Canal, I wrote from Jerusalem to the Emir telling him that I was about to pay him a visit at Damascus, whose inhabitants were still supposed to be badly disposed toward Europeans. When the approach of my caravan was announced to him he hastened to come and meet me, and he no

sooner saw me than he begged me to accept a seat beside him in his carriage, and we thus traversed the town of Damascus, whose inhabitants, standing in crowds in front of their houses, bowed to the very ground to the Emir and his guests. During our stay of several days we were everywhere received as friends. It will be remembered that Abd-el-Kader came to Paris to visit the International Exhibition of 1867, and that, like the Foreign Sovereigns, he received the Imperial hospitality. In 1869 he went from Damascus to do homage to the Empress at Port Said, and to take part with her in the inauguration of the Suez Canal. The steamship *Forbin*, of the French Navy, commanded by Captain Meyer (now Admiral, commanding in Tonquin) was placed at his disposal. Abd-el-Kader prolonged his stay in the Isthmus, where the Canal Company offered him the domain of Bir Aboulballah at the entrance of the Valley of Gessen (the Goshen of the Bible)." M. de Lesseps goes on to explain that owing to international jealousy this project had to be abandoned. He then refers to the assistance offered by Abd-el-Kader, and adds: "When he was informed of my journey of exploration over the territory of the inland African sea, he forwarded me a message which may be regarded as a noble legacy, for in the idea of the Emir it was to contribute to the pacification of our African possessions, and to procure for us the attachment of the three million Mussulmans destined to enjoy the blessing of our laws and civilization."

**THE BUILDING OF ST. PETERSBURG.**—At the beginning of the last century a few scattered Finnish fishermen were almost the only inhabitants of the district called Ingria, on the eastern shores of the Gulf of Finland. For nearly a century the territory, though formerly Russian, had belonged to Sweden, when, in 1702, Peter the Great, after a siege of several days, took the Swedish fort of Nyenschanz, which guarded the passage by the Neva to Lake Ladoga. Peter had resolved upon reorganizing his country, and winning for it a place among the Powers of the West. He had been longing for a "window by which the Russians might look into civilized Europe," and accordingly determined to erect a new capital upon the desolate marshes and low swampy islands among which the Neva flowed on to the Gulf of Finland. Accordingly, a vast number of peasants—Tartars, Calmucks, Cossacks, Ingrians, Finns, and Russians—were collected and set to work, and employed constantly in deepening the river channels, raising the islands, and driving innumerable piles into the

pestilential swamps. Peter personally superintended operations, dwelling in a cottage which is still in existence, and pushing forward operations with the indomitable energy of an iron will armed with absolute power. But for the enormous masses of workmen congregated together there no supplies could be obtained from the surrounding district, which had been devastated by long years of war, and the convoys that brought provisions across Lake Ladoga were often detained by contrary winds. Toiling on in cold and wet, badly fed, and almost without shelter in inclement weather, it is little to be wondered at that the foundations of the new city were laid at the cost of at least a hundred thousand lives. But the Czar had willed that a great city should rise and be inhabited, and, with him, to will was to perform. Year after year forty thousand peasants from every part of his dominions were sent there to labor. Foreign workmen were hired to build and embellish the city, and also to teach the natives. Nobles and merchants received imperative commands to come and build dwellings. The erection of stone mansions in any other part of the empire was forbidden while the new capital was in progress. To assist in keeping up the supply of building materials, no vessel, large or small, was permitted to sail up the Neva, and no peasant's cart to enter the city, without bringing a specified quantity of building stones. After Peter's death, Catherine I. continued the work, though less vigorously. Peter II. preferred Moscow, and resided there till his death. The Empress Ann did much to adorn St. Petersburg, which henceforth became the settled residence of the Court. Various edifices and monuments have been since erected by successive monarchs. The Empress Catherine lined the left bank of the Neva with a granite quay, which has not, however, prevented serious inundations since that time. As the result of so much imperial energy, and so much toil and suffering on the part of the wretched laborers, a vast and beautiful city has replaced the dreary marshes amid which Peter dwelt and planned his future capital. But its maintenance, like its foundation, is a constant struggle with nature. It rests upon a substructure of piles, without which it would sink deep into the marshes below. All large buildings, the granite quays, the very foot-pavements, rest on piles. The district produces nothing except fish from the Neva, and for six months in the year the harbor is inaccessible. The winter is so severe that it is only by the assiduous labor of a host of workmen that the city can be annually restored, in readiness for summer visitors. Half a century of neglect would insure for St. Petersburg its complete destruction.



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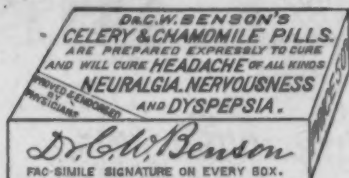
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